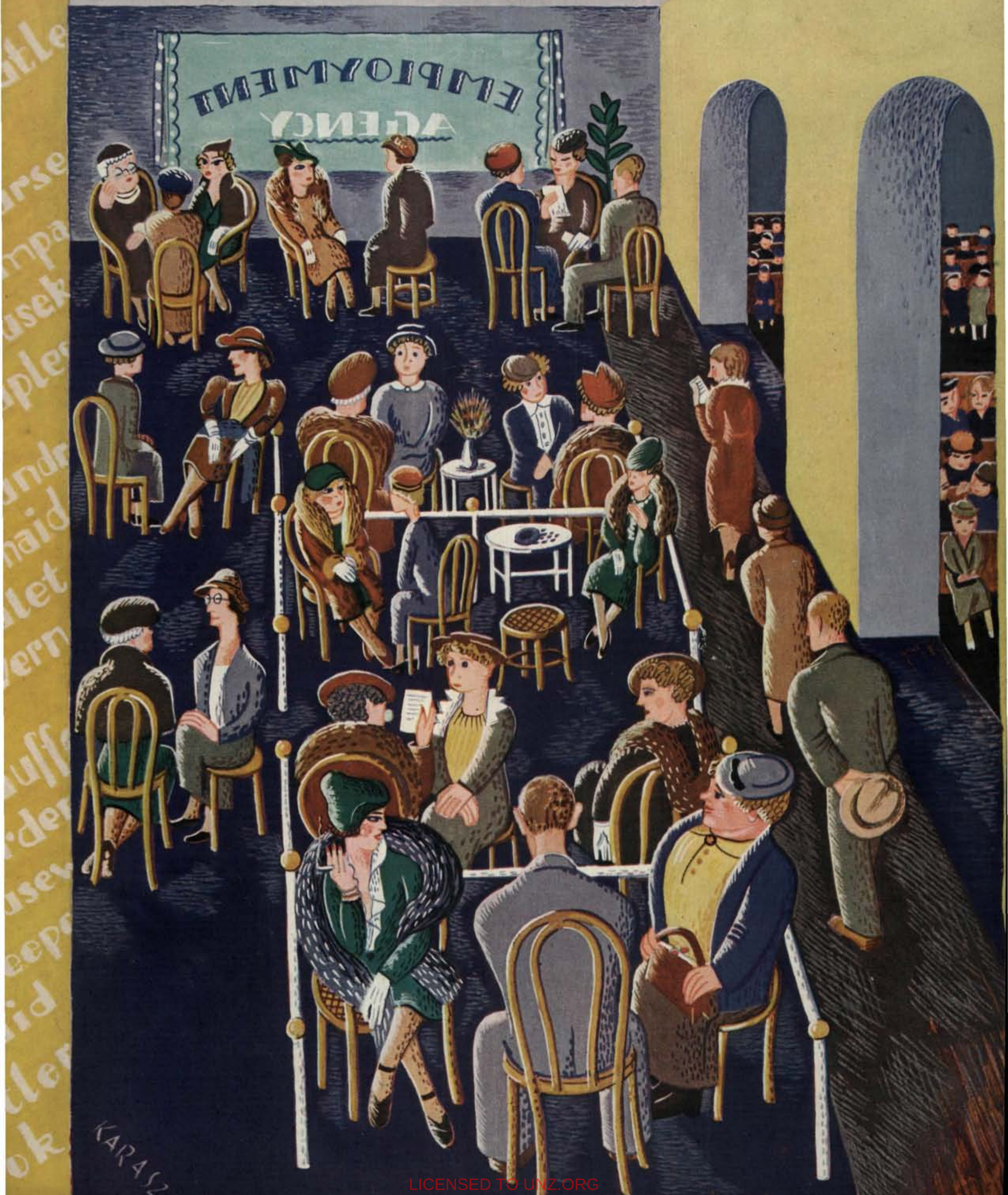
★ Oct. 5, 1940

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents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Announcing the New

MERCURY 8 FOR 1941

BEHIND the broad, masterful lines of the new Mercury 8 is written the most amazing success story in modern motor car history.

Introduced just two years ago, in a field crowded with well-established cars, the Mercury dared to challenge the recognized standards of value and performance with new ideas! And to date, it has won over 150,000 owner-friends!

The story of the Mercury's meteoric rise is its owners' story, written in the warmth of their enthusiasm. When they found the Mercury a big car in all the good things the word implies, and an economical car, they spread its praise far and wide. So contagious was their enthusiasm that they made the new Mercury one of the most popular cars in its field!

The 1941 Mercury adds to the new ideas that have made this car a name for comfort, for easy handling that is a revelation. It is a new and livelier car, a thrillingly big car—inside and out. Body and doors sweep out over the running boards. Windshield and windows are wider and deeper. New long wheelbase adds more spaciousness.

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THE BIG CAR THAT STANDS ALONE IN ECONOMY

THINGS YOU'LL LIKE ABOUT THE NEW 1941 MERCURY

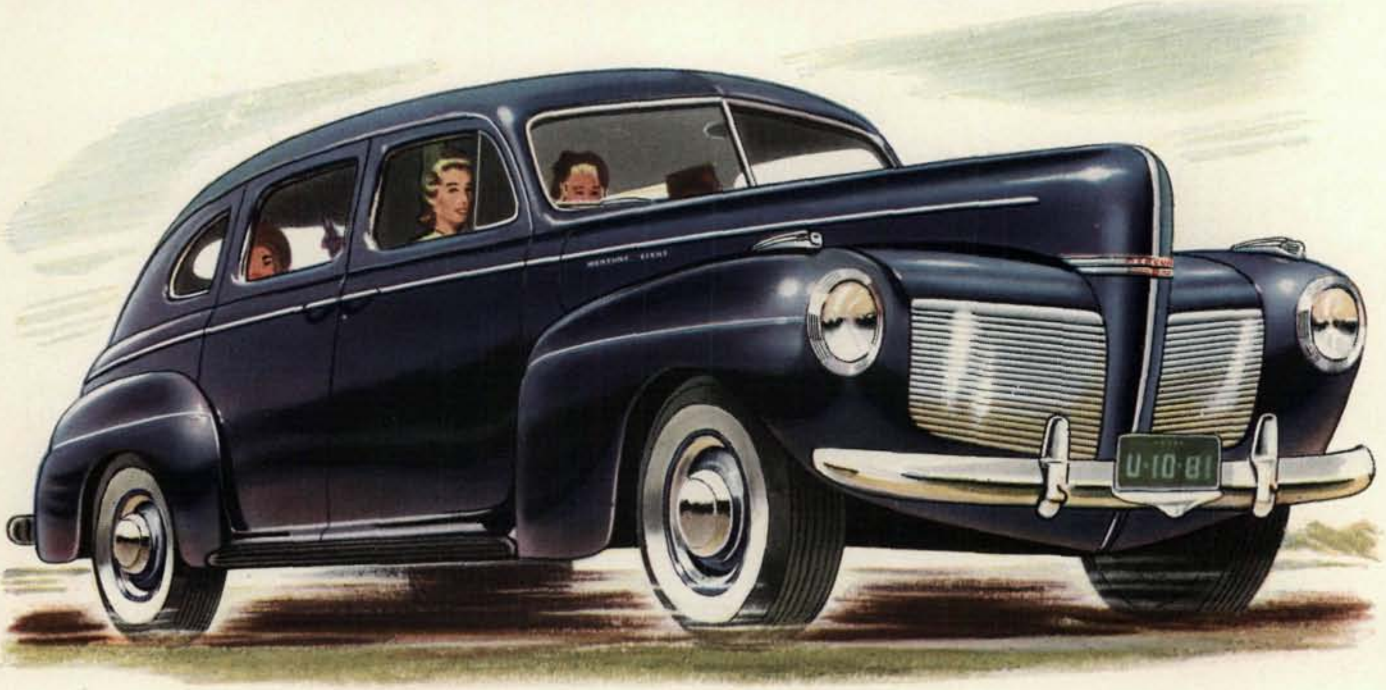
NEW EXTERIOR BEAUTY. Long and low. Wide body and superb streamlining. Choice of *new bright colors.*

BIG POWERFUL ENGINE. The only V-type, 8-cylinder engine in the lower medium price field. Brilliant acceleration, high sustained performance. Economical.

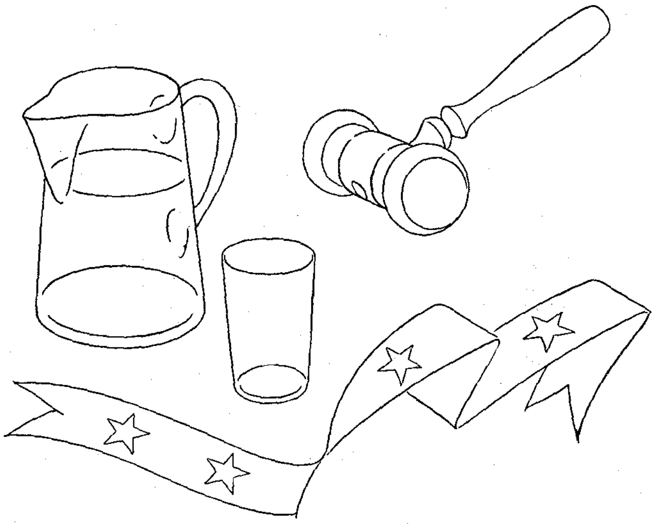
LUXURIOUS INTERIORS. Beautifully decorated in harmonizing colors. Wide seats. Resilient cushion pads of foam rubber.

EASE OF CONTROL. Finger-Tip Gearshift. Velvet-action clutch, hydraulic brakes. Newly-designed, perfected stabilizer.

NEW RIDING COMFORT. Long, flexible easy-action springs. Improved shock absorbers. Center-poise balance. The car rides like a dream.



U. S. Platform, 1940



1940, 1740 or 2140—the U. S. Platform of Business is, has been, and always will be—Quality.

Tory, Whig, Democrat, Republican, or party-to-come—it's still the fine thing, the thing well made, we specify, we buy and we want.

When we go to the Business Polls, we vote the straight ticket of quality. When the votes are counted, quality wins in a walk.

* * *

From a dollar pocket knife to a diamond-pointed drill, there is always the product that will cut, or shape, or dig or make what you ask it to.

For a little less money there is always the "little less" product that will cut, or shape, or dig or make—not what you ask it to—but all you can expect it to.

When something for kitchen, car or office has quality, you keep on being glad you bought it. When it hasn't, you're sick of it in a few days.

Quality makes you find excuses to wear one suit; lack of quality keeps you fighting another.

Quality keeps better time. Quality keeps out the water. Quality fits the feet. Quality is soft to the skin. Quality gives you better light and keeps you warmer.

No matter how many peaks and valleys there are in the business graph, the honest product, the well-made product, will win out over the long haul.

And no matter how many other planks there are in the platform, the main one will always be good old American quality.

No matter the year, no matter the issue, here is the button for American business to wear upon its lapel: *Win with Quality.*

There are many times in business when this question comes up—

"*How can we cut a few corners of expense?*"

Naturally, many businesses have extravagances which may sensibly be eliminated. The point is, "*Quality is usually no extravagance.*"

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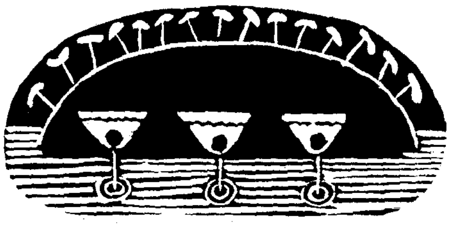
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Kind Lady—A gentle old lady is kept prisoner in her house by a lot of tough people who pretend she's crazy. Grace George is still splendid in this revival of one of the best melodramas in years. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the red-headed Day family loose on the stage in an intelligent and high-spirited comedy. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are fine as Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Oct. 6, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—This is the play about Mr. Woollcott, and very funny it is, too. George Kaufman and Moss Hart did the writing and Monty Woolley plays the great man. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Separate Rooms—Old-time bedroom roughhouse that's pleasant enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Lyle Talbot, and Alan Dinehart. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

There Shall Be No Night—Robert E. Sherwood's conviction that the struggle in Europe is everybody's business made into a powerful and eloquent play. The Lunts are excellent, and they are capably supported by Richard Whorf, Sydney Greenstreet, Montgomery Clift, and Elisabeth Fraser. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Thurs. and Sat.)

The Time of Your Life—William Saroyan's happy crew of waterfront derelicts turning up again in the play that won all those prizes last year. Eddie Dowling and Julie Haydon head the superior cast. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Du Barry Was a Lady—Bawdy in an expensive way but, at the same time, pretty funny. Gypsy Rose Lee has replaced Betty Allen in the part created by Ethel Merman, Bert Lahr is still on hand, and the music's by Cole Porter. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Lyric Opera Company, an American group, presenting "The Mikado," Thurs. through Sat., Oct. 3-5; "Trial by Jury" and "The Pirates of Penzance," Mon. through Wed., Oct. 7-9; and "The Gondoliers," Thurs. through Sat., Oct. 10-12. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—Olsen and Johnson and their private madhouse. Stay away if your nerves are weak or your sense of humor is dainty. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30. Wed. and Sat.)

Hold On to Your Hats—Al Jolson back singing all the old songs, and a lot of new ones, too. He is disguised as a radio cowboy, but you can just ignore that. Martha Raye, Jack Whiting, and many other industrious people do their share to keep things moving. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Louisiana Purchase—A fine musical comedy about New Orleans politics, possibly under the late Senator Long, written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. Victor Moore is magnificent as a New England reformer, and William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Boys and Girls Together—Ed Wynn, the De Marcos, and Jane Pickens in a new revue produced and partly written by Mr. Wynn. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Journey to Jerusalem—A play by Maxwell Anderson, staged by Elmer Rice and produced by the Playwrights' Company. Opens Sat., Oct. 5. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. 8:35. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

George Washington Slept Here—A comedy by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, with Ernest Truex, Jean Dixon, and Ruth Weston. Staged by Mr. Kaufman and produced by Sam H. Harris. Opens Mon., Oct. 7. (Lyceum, 45, E. BR 9-0546. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

It Happens on Ice—Joe Cook in an ice revue. Sonja Henie is mixed up in it somehow, but not as a performer. Norman Bel Geddes has designed the settings and costumes. Opens Thurs., Oct. 10. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Second Helping—A comedy by David Carey, produced by Monte Proser and Walter Batchelor. Opens Thurs., Oct. 10. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Sim Sala Bim—A sort of variety show, with magic and mystery, girls and music worked into a series of skits. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, including Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Labor Stage—A big pageant and concert, with some thousand people participating: Sat. Aft. and Eve., Oct. 5, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Madison Square Garden, 8 Ave. at 50. For tickets, call WA 9-6868.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A green and pleasant retreat, with Larry Siry's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Ray Heatherton and his orchestra play for dancing in the Bowman Room.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—This has been going strong ever since Felix Ferry thought it up last spring. Mili Monti sings and Bob Knight's orchestra provides the music at the supper hour.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Back again for still another season. Jack Towne's orchestra and a rumba band.

Fefe's Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—A handsome place that has just reopened, with Ted Straeter's orchestra and a rumba band. Must dress.

La Martinique, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757)—Shrine of the rumba- and conga-worshippers. Val Olman's orchestra and, of course, a rumba band. Closed Mon.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Modern and streamlined now, but its pleasant and comfortable character hasn't changed appreciably. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Le Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—An inviting spot to try if you want to have a casual good time. Val Ernie's orchestra and the Tisdale Trio.

Montparnasse, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—A favorite with uptowners, and downtowners who make the trip seem to like it too. A sextet plays for dancing.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room is scheduled to reopen on Tues., Oct. 8, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra, Dixie Dunbar, and John Buckmaster. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—This skyscraping aerie has Ben Cutler's orchestra and a show which includes Monna Montes and José Fernandez.... Barry Winton's orchestra keeps right on playing in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room is open now, with Hal Saunders' orchestra and an ice show. Must dress if you want to dance.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde's songs, accent, and personality are on display in the Café Lounge at supper. Emile Petti's orchestra is around all evening long.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Jack Harris's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Starting Fri., Oct. 4, Sheila Barrett and Paul Draper will be entertaining in this big East Side place, where you will also find Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Eddy Duchin and his orchestra will play for dancing on the Starlight Roof until it closes on Tues., Oct. 8. The following night, Duchin will move downstairs for the reopening of the formal Sert Room.... Mischa Borr's orchestra will play for dinner dancing in the informal Empire Room, beginning Wed., Oct. 9.

Miscellaneous—At **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): among the entertainers here are Billie Haywood, Cliff Allen, and, of course, Spivy herself. No dancing.... **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by Frank Mandella's orchestra.... **penthouse club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music is pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below. No dancing.... **la conga**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): downstairs, but with Eddie LeBaron's orchestra and a show good enough for any level.... **club cuba**, 125 E. 54 (EL 5-2922): full of gay young people trying out their new conga ideas.... **pago pago club**, 139 E. 55 (PL 3-8880): palm leaves, wicker chairs, and other approved South Sea fixtures, all where the old American Music Hall used to be.... **warwick**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with a mite of a dance floor. ... **roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.... **new yorker hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Woody Herman's orchestra (to be replaced by Abe Lyman's on Thurs., Oct. 10) and an ice show.... **essex house**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Al Kavelin's orchestra (to be replaced by Shep Fields' on Wed., Oct. 9). No dancing Mon.... **pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Russ Morgan's orchestra (to be replaced by Glenn Miller's on Mon., Oct. 7).... **st. moritz**, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra.... **bill's gay nineties**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course—loud but pleasant. No dancing.... **jimmy kelly's**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.... **village vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar place, with, except Mon., some Calypso singers and, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the **diamond horseshoe**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge in a Billy Rose show. ... **beachcomber**, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): a South Sea setting, with the emphasis all on Zombies; Sonny Kendis's orchestra, except Mon. ... **hurricane**, B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): another tropical place, with Eddie Bush's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.... **18 club**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White's broad humor continues to be the main attraction.

Mostly for Music—At the **hickory house**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for admirers who just sit around the bar admiring. Adele Girard is there, too, with her harp. ... **café society**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): the whole show's changed in this crowded Village place. Billie Holiday, Sister Tharpe, Art Tatum,

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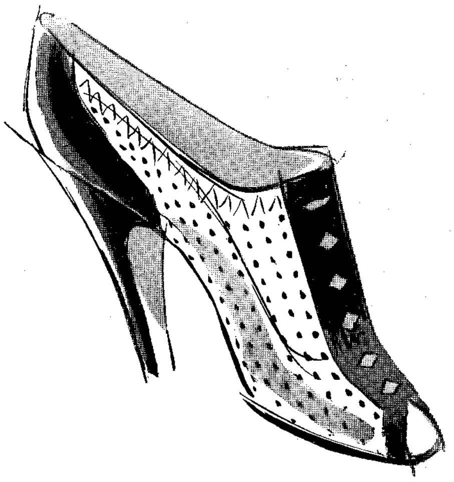

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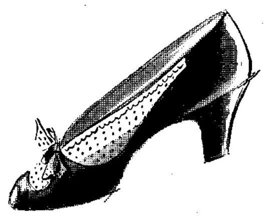

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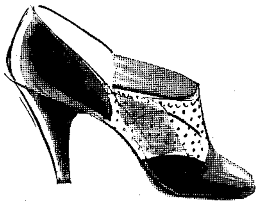

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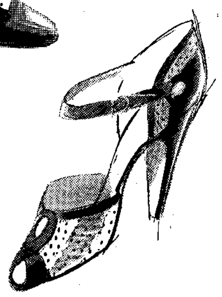

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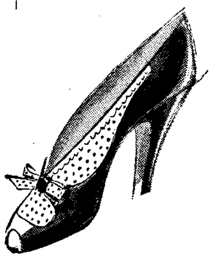

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Meade (Lux) Lewis, and Joe Sullivan's band are there now. Closed Mon. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Bobby Hackett's orchestra and the Spirits of Rhythm play every night except Mon.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: CASTLEHOLM, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and QUEEN MARY, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Polish: POLISH RESTAURANT, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: KRETCHMA, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and CLUB GAUCHO, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

OUT OF TOWN

Dancing at Nearby Places—Ben Riley's ARROWHEAD INN, Henry Hudson P'kway, at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000): Irving Conn's orchestra. . . . Ben Marden's RIVIERA, at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): Joe Reichman's orchestra, Pancho's rumba band, Sophie Tucker, Harry Richman, and Joe E. Lewis. . . . GLEN ISLAND CASINO, off Shore Rd., New Rochelle (Hamilton 4480): Gene Krupa's orchestra. . . . CHANTICLER, Millburn and Short Hills Aves., Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Jerry Livingston's orchestra. . . . MEADOWBROOK, on Route 23, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): Jan Savitt's orchestra. Closed Mon. . . . PERONA FARM, Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600): Ray Rizzony's orchestra. No dancing Mon.

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Dinner in the Country—Places to dine (usually without dancing) while motoring—BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91). . . . HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.: Catena's Restaurant (Hampton Bays 170). . . . LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.: Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790). . . . OAKDALE, L.I.: Stirrup Cup Castle (Sayville 889). . . . SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016). . . . SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill Restaurant, on Jericho Turnpike (Huntington 1371). . . . SYOSSET, L.I.: Stockholm, on Jericho Turnpike (Syosset 1749). . . . WESTHAMPTON, L.I.: Casa Basso (Westhampton 1841). . . . AMAWALK, N.Y.: Benedusi's, on Route 202 (Yorktown Heights 984). . . . COLD SPRING, N. Y.: Harbor Hill Inn, on Lane Gate Rd., off Route 301 (Cold Spring 975). . . . DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.: Old Drover's Inn, on Route 22 (Dover Plains 2781). . . . HAWTHORNE, N.Y.: Valley View Farm, on Old Saw Mill River Rd., near P'kway (Pleasantville 120). . . . MT. KISCO, N.Y.: Lawrence Farms Inn, on Route 117 (Mt. Kisco 5324). . . . NEW CITY, N.Y.: French Farms (New City 981). . . . POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371), and Rainbow Tea House (Bedford Village 616). . . . BRIDGEWATER, CONN.: Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830). . . . DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn, on Route 7 (Danbury 4548). . . . NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern, Perry and Silvermine Aves. (Norwalk 88). . . . REDDING RIDGE, CONN.: Spinning Wheel (Redding 67). . . . RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Outpost Inn, on Route 33 (Ridgefield 882); dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves. . . . WESTPORT, CONN.: Cobb's Mill Inn, on Route 57 (Westport 4330), dancing Sat. Eves.; and Red Barn, off Merritt P'kway (Westport 3971). . . . ALPINE, N.J.: Le Petit Pavillon Royal, on Route 9W (Closter 788). . . . BERNARDSVILLE, N.J.: Old Mill Inn, on Route 32 (Bernardsville 70). . . . DOYLESTOWN, PA.: Water Wheel Tavern, Old Route 611 (Doylestown 7941).

ART

De Creeft—Eight sculptures, all good and two or three of them very good, by this mingler of modernism and the archaic; also, a well-chosen group of paintings by foreign and native artists: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 12.

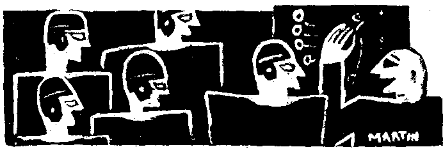
Early American—Portraits, some having considerable distinction, in a collection that includes about all the well-known Colonial painters—Stuart, Copley, etc.—as well as several who are less well known: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Oct. 12.

Europeans—Some interesting Braques and a fine nude by Despiau in a generally stirring exhibit of French and German paintings and sculptures: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 5.

Europeans and Americans—Oils by Albert Gleizes, Max Weber, Kandinsky, and other modernist pioneers: New Art Circle (formerly the Neumann-Willard Gallery), 543 Madison, at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

French—An attractively contrasted group of works by modern and modern-primitive artists of the Paris school: Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 5.

Groups—At the ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS', 711 5 Ave., at 55: tenth-anniversary exhibition of paintings and sculptures by An American Group, showing how far, both in craftsmanship and maturity of feeling, this always exciting organization has come. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 5. . . . WALKER, 108 E. 57: an agreeable collection of Americans, early and modern. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Oct. 12. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 730 5 Ave., at 57: a good early Sloan and a fine Louis Bouché are the standouts here. Thurs. and Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Oct. 5. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 38 W. 57: over a hundred painters in the annual pre-season jury show. Mainly young, their work is lively, exploratory, and generally refreshing. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 25. . . . ARTISTS', 113 W. 13: portraits by Ben-Zion, Maurice Becker, and others in an uneven but vigorously contrasted showing. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Tues. and Thurs. Eves., 8 to 10); Sun., 3 to 6, and 8 to 10 P.M.; through Oct. 14.



THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12.

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 104—A comprehensive exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and prints by contemporary Brazilian, Dominican, Ecuadorian, Mexican, and Venezuelan artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 20.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, sculptures, and black-and-whites from the Museum's permanent collection. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 23.

Here and There—At the MAYER, 41 E. 57: British and American water colors and prints. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 9. . . . HOLLAND HOUSE, 10 Rockefeller Plaza: an exhibition of cartoons by Louis Raemaekers. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 18. . . . MONTROSS, 785 5 Ave., at 60: paintings of horses by Richard L. Hubbard. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 5. . . . 460 PARK AVENUE, at 57: portraits by contemporary artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . MACBETH, 11 E. 57: paintings by present-day Americans. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . BIGNOU, 32 E. 57: paintings by Horace Pippin. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 12. . . . A.C.A., 52 W. 8: paintings by Savo Radulovic. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 12. . . . MORTON, 130 W. 57: annual water-color exhibition. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 5. . . . MILCH, 108 W. 57: recent paintings by a group of American artists. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 19. . . . FRENCH ART, 51 E. 57: an exhibition of modern French paintings. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 12.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Oct. 10, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Oct. 11, at 2:30.

Don Cossack Chorus—Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Oct. 9, at 8:30.

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—Paul Robeson, Sun. Eve., Oct. 6, at 8:30.

Town Hall—Helen Traubel, Fri. Eve., Oct. 4, at 8:15.

SPORTS

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Henry Armstrong vs. Fritzie Zivic, for the welterweight title, Fri. Eve., Oct. 4; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (15 rounds) at about 10.

Football—On SAT. AFT., OCT 5: Columbia vs. Maine, Baker Field, at 2; Fordham vs. West Virginia, Triborough Stadium, at 2; N.Y.U. vs. Lafayette, Ohio Field, at 2; Cornell vs. Colgate, Ithaca, at 2; Yale vs. Virginia, New Haven, at 2; Princeton vs. Vanderbilt, Princeton, at 2:30.

SAT. AFT., OCT. 12: Fordham vs. Tulane, Polo Grounds, at 2; N.Y.U. vs. Syracuse, Yankee Stadium, at 2; Army vs. Cornell, West Point, at 2; Dartmouth vs. Columbia, Hanover, at 2; Pennsylvania vs. Yale, Philadelphia, at 2; Princeton vs. Navy, Princeton, at 2; Harvard vs. Michigan, Cambridge, at 2:30.

The last trains which ought to get you to out-of-town games in time for the kickoff leave: for Ithaca, sleeper from Penn. Station, Fri. at 10:10 P.M.; for New Haven, from Grand Central, 12 noon; for Princeton, from Penn. Station, special trains, Oct. 5 at 12:40 P.M., and Oct. 12 at 12:20 P.M.; for West Point, from the W. 42 St. ferry, 11:03 A.M.; for Hanover, sleeper from Grand Central, 11:50 P.M.; for Philadelphia, from Penn. Station, 11:30 A.M.; for Cambridge, from Grand Central, 8 A.M. (arriving South Station, Boston, 12:40 P.M.).

PROFESSIONAL GAMES: Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Ebbets Field, Fri. Eve., Oct. 4, at 8:30; Giants vs. Jersey Giants, exhibition game, Polo Grounds, Sun. Aft., Oct. 6, at 2:30.

Horse Show—Piping Rock, Locust Valley, Thurs. and Sat., Oct. 3 and 5, at 9 A.M., and Fri., Oct. 4, at 9:30 A.M.

Hunt Races—Huntingdon Valley Hunt Club, Jenkintown, Pa., Sat., Oct. 5, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association, Ligonier, Pa., Wed. and Sat., Oct. 9 and 12, at 2:30.

Polo—High-goal play at Bostwick Field, Jericho Turnpike (Route 25), Westbury, Sun. Afts. at 3:30.

Racing—Daily at Belmont Park, at 2 P.M.; through Oct. 5. Grand National Steeplechase Handicap, Oct. 4; New York Handicap and Champagne Stakes, Oct. 5. (Special trains will leave Penn. Station at frequent intervals between 12:30 and 1:20 P.M. on Thurs. and Fri., and between 12:05 and 1:30 P.M. on Sat.) . . . Weekdays at Jamaica, at 2 P.M.; starting Mon., Oct. 7. Continental and Remsen Handicaps, Oct. 12. (Special trains will leave Penn. Station frequently between 12:15 and 1:30 P.M. on Sat., and between 12:40 and 1:25 P.M. on other weekdays.)

Skeet—North American championships, Remington Gun Club, Lordship, Stratford, Conn., Sat. and Sun., Oct. 5-6, at 9 A.M.

Trotting—Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, nightly at 8:40, weather permitting; through Sat., Oct. 5. (Special train leaves Penn. Station at 7:24 P.M. on racing evenings.)

Yachting—Stratford Shoal Race, New Rochelle Y.C., New Rochelle, Fri., Oct. 11, at 10:30 A.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Automobile Show—Eighteen manufacturers will start showing their 1941 models in the Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46, beginning at 2 P.M., Sat., Oct. 12. This year, for a change, Mr. Ford is exhibiting with the others.

Rodeo—Madison Square Garden, starting Wed. Eve., Oct. 9; performances nightly at 8:30, and Sat. and Sun. Afts. at 2:30; through Oct. 27.

Benefit—The Help England Ball, sponsored by the Allied Relief Fund, with entertainment by the Hartmans, Martha Raye, and others: Waldorf-Astoria, Thurs. Eve., Oct. 3, at 10.

Danbury Fair—The nearest New England ever gets to New York: Fair Grounds, Danbury, Conn., Sun. through Sat., Oct. 6-12. Special events: drawing matches for oxen, Tues. through Fri. Morns.; trotting and pacing races, Mon. through Fri. Afts.; dog show, Thurs.; midget auto races, Sat. Aft.

Planetarium—"Stars of the Southern Sky" is the topic of the October lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81: Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. and holidays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

Arms and Armor—An exhibition of pieces from the sixth to the sixteenth centuries, part of the Metropolitan Museum's permanent collection: The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park, Ft. Washington Ave. at 193. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Theatre Exhibition—Costumes, stage models, playbills and posters used by the Neighborhood Playhouse from its Grand Street days up to the present: Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50; daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 5.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—American and English furniture, silver, hooked rugs, glass, and prints, belonging to Frederick S. Fish, the estate of the late Harry W. Anderson, and others: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Oct. 3-5, at 2. . . . Jewelry, owned by the estate of the late Mrs. Ellis Hollingsworth: Thurs. Aft., Oct. 10, at 2:30. . . . Nineteenth-century French paintings, among others, from the estates of the late Williamson W. Fuller and Alice C. Strong: Thurs. Eve., Oct. 10, at 8:15. . . . Oriental rugs, French and English furniture, porcelains, china, and silver, the property of Mrs. Hollingsworth's estate: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Oct. 11-12, at 2.

Note—Registration polling places for voting in the November elections will be open Mon. through Thurs., Oct. 7-10, and Mon., Oct. 14, from 5 to 10:30 P.M., and Tues., Oct. 15, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

ON THE AIR

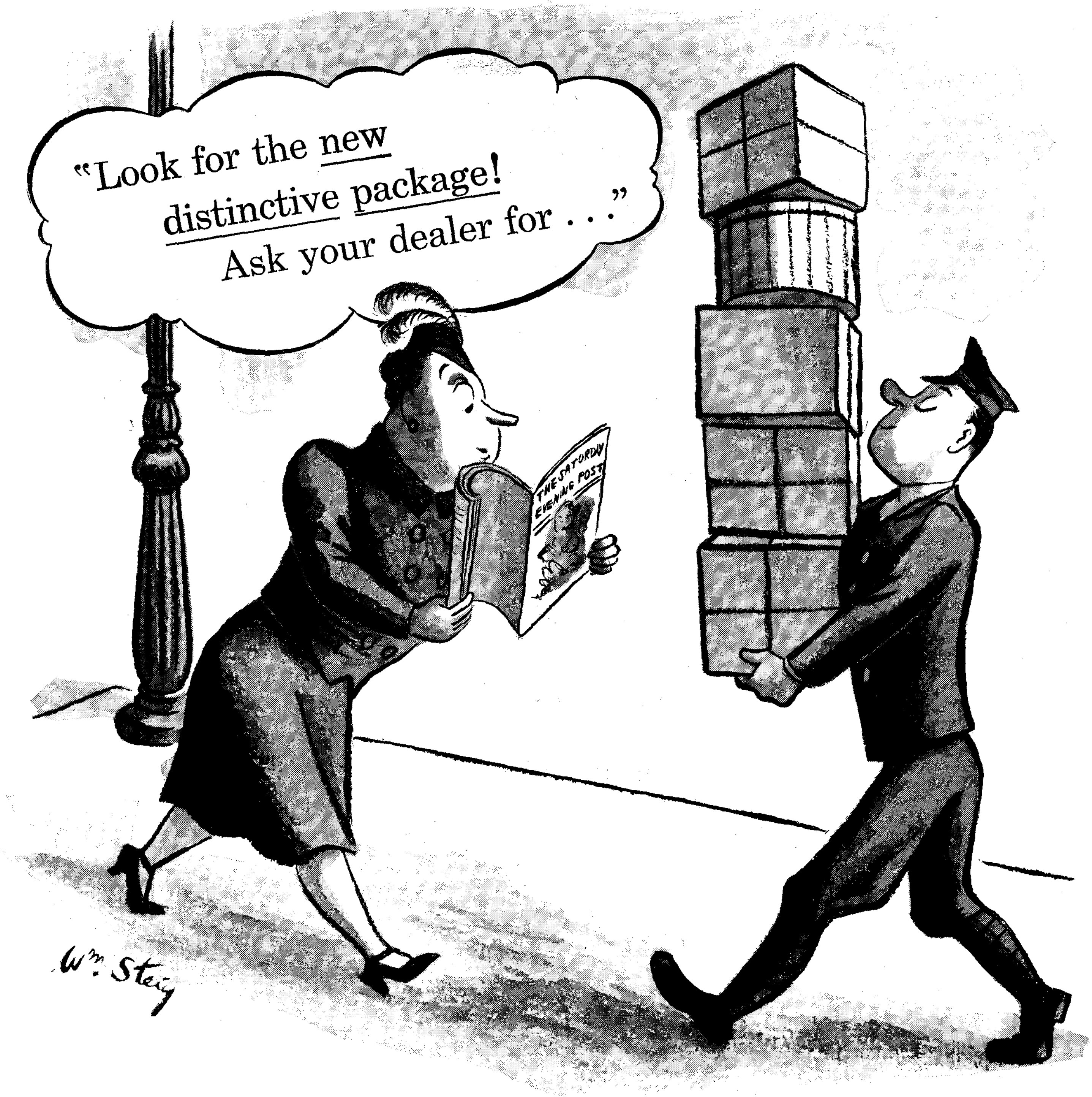
Baseball—The World Series, Cincinnati vs. Detroit, daily at 1:15 P.M., until one team has won four games; WOR.

Racing—At Belmont Park: Grand National Steeplechase Handicap, Fri. Aft., Oct. 4, at 4:30, WOR; New York Handicap, Sat. Aft., Oct. 5, at 4:30, WOR.

Boxing—Henry Armstrong vs. Fritzie Zivic: Fri. Eve., Oct. 4, at 10, WJZ.

Football—Pennsylvania vs. Yale: Sat. Aft., Oct. 12, at 1:45, WOR.

Symphony Orchestras—N.B.C. Symphony, Defauw conducting, Sat. Eve., Oct. 5, and Steinberg conducting, Sat. Eve., Oct. 12, at 10, WJZ. . . . Columbia Broadcasting Symphony, Barlow conducting, Sun. Afts. at 3, WABC. . . . Symphonic


"Look for the new distinctive package! Ask your dealer for . . ."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The impending collision of Special Delivery with Mrs. R. Gendermane Plasterpuss is symbolic—symbolic of something in the power of the Post that's never been fully explained. It's that more people read ads in the Post with more interest than in any other magazine. Which, as you can imagine, makes advertising in The Saturday Evening Post very profitable indeed.

People pay attention when you put it in the Post

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Strings, Wallenstein conducting, Tues. Eves. at 8:30, WOR.

Dance Bands—Bob Crosby, Thurs. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Glenn Miller, Tues., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at 10, WABC. . . . Eddy Duchin, Sat. Eves. at 9:45, WABC. . . . Guy Lombardo, Mon. Eves. at 10, WABC.

This and That—Alec Templeton, Fri. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Maxine Sullivan and John Kirby's orchestra, Sun. Afts. at 2:35, WABC. . . . Helen Hayes Theatre, Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC. . . . Edgar Bergen, Sun. Eves. at 8, WEAF. . . . George Burns, Gracie Allen, and Artie Shaw's orchestra, Mon. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Basin Street Chamber Music Society, Mon. Eves. at 9, WJZ. . . . "Information Please," Tues. Eves. at 8:30, WJZ. . . . Bob Hope, Tues. Eves. at 10, WEAF. . . . Fred Allen, Wed. Eves. at 9, WABC.

News Commentators—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:30, and Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF. . . . Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:05, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:45, WJZ. . . . Wythe Williams, Sun. Eves. at 7:45, and Tues. and Thurs. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

News broadcasts from abroad: weekdays at 6:45 and 10:45 P.M., WABC, and at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC, WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

All This, and Heaven Too—Murder in old Paris. From Rachel Field's best-seller, of course, and richly, handsomely presented. With Bette Davis and Charles Boyer. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 8-9. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. through Sat., Oct. 10-12.)

The Baker's Wife—Life, or very close to life anyhow, in a prewar French village, with Raimu as a husband who has a pretty but problematical wife. (World, 153 W. 49.)

The Earl of Chicago—A light Robert Montgomery item, but somewhat different from the usual run. About a racketeer and the British feudal system. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Oct. 4.)

Feldzug in Polen—The German propaganda film (in English) that's so likely to crop up in conversation. Not for isolationists. (96th Street, 3 Ave. at 96.)

Foreign Correspondent—Alfred Hitchcock's film of Europe and war and love, with Joel McCrea and a cast of experts. Very much up-to-the-minute and very exciting. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; through Tues. Aft., Oct. 8.)

The Ghost Breakers—Paulette Goddard and Bob Hope in another of those thrillers, like "The Cat and the Canary," that have a lot of laughs. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 5-8.)

Gone with the Wind—You'd better hurry along and give up a night to it. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.)

The Great McGinty—Everybody seems to like this comedy about a politician who winds up behind the eight ball. With Muriel Angelus and Brian Donlevy. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Oct. 5. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 5-7. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; starting Sat., Oct. 12.)

I Love You Again—W. S. Van Dyke directed this top-notch comedy, all about amnesia. With William Powell and Myrna Loy. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., Oct. 7. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Oct. 4-6. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 4-7. . . . Stoddard, B'way at 90; starting Thurs., Oct. 10.)

The Man I Married—What happens when an American girl discovers that her husband is a Nazi sympathizer. Recommended as one of the best of the serious Hollywood commentaries on the international situation. Joan Bennett and Francis Lederer are in it. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Fri., Oct. 4.)

The Mortal Storm—A detailed, impressive movie of German life in the earlier Hitler days, with Margaret Sullavan, Frank Morgan, and James Stewart. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 5-8.)

My Favorite Wife—Irene Dunne and Cary Grant in a funny skit about marriage. Lively and light. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Thurs., Oct. 3. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 5-7.)

Our Town—New Hampshire life according to Thornton Wilder. A successful adaptation of his play, with Frank Craven again as the interpreter. Fay Bainter, Beulah Bondi, and other experts are also involved. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 5-7. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Oct. 7-8.)

Pastor Hall—Of the days when German gentlefolk first became aware of what Hitler meant. A balanced and stirring tragedy, with Nova Pilbeam, Seymour Hicks, and Wilfrid Lawson. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

Pride and Prejudice—Hollywood has not tampered with Miss Austen's story, and there's a fine cast headed by Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., Oct. 7. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Mon. through Fri., Oct. 7-11. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Fri., Oct. 8-11.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12.

Queen of Destiny—Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook as Victoria and her consort. A Technicolor pageant, formerly called "Sixty Glorious Years." (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Oct. 5.)

The Return of Frank James—Fritz Lang comes through with a well-directed blood-and-thunder yarn starring Henry Fonda. Recommended. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., Oct. 4. . . . Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 8-9. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 10-11.)

Note—"Gateways to Panama," a March of Time short with unusually effective shots of Devil's Island, will be shown at the Plaza, 58, E. of Madison, Mon. through Fri., Oct. 7-11; and at the Colonial, B'way at 62, Tues. and Wed., Oct. 8-9.

REVIVALS

The Awful Truth (1937)—Nonsense about divorce. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., Oct. 6-7. . . . Alden, B'way at 67; Thurs. through Sat., Oct. 10-12. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; starting Sat., Oct. 12.)

Ballerina (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. French, with Mia Slavenska. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Oct. 4.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry comedy. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Beacon, B'way at 75; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 8-9.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—The Hilton story. Ronald Colman and Margo. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., Oct. 6-7. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; starting Sat., Oct. 12.)

Made for Each Other (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as an ordinary young couple. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Oct. 3.)

One Rainy Afternoon (1936)—Francis Lederer meets Ida Lupino in a movie theatre. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Oct. 6-7. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; starting Fri., Oct. 11.)

The Shop Around the Corner (1940)—Whimsy in Budapest. Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Oct. 4.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Alfred Hitchcock excitement. Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Oct. 4.)

We Are Not Alone (1939)—Paul Muni as an English country doctor. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 9-10.)

The Wizard of Oz (1939)—Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, and the Singer Midgets in Technicolor. (Beacon, B'way at 75; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 8-9.)

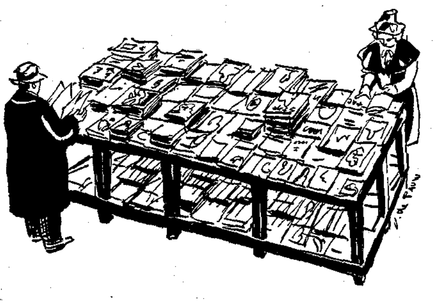
Wuthering Heights (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Mon., Oct. 7.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following comedies weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: "The General," with Buster Keaton, Thurs., Oct. 3. "Wedding Bills," with Raymond Griffith, and "Big Business," with Laurel and Hardy, Fri., Oct. 4. "The Strong Man," with Harry Langdon, and "The Professional Patient," with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, Sat., Oct. 5. "The Freshman" and "High and Dizzy," both with Harold Lloyd, Sun., Oct. 6. "Grandma's Boy," with Harold Lloyd, and "Sherlock Jr.," with Buster Keaton, Mon., Oct. 7. "Doubling for Romeo," with Will Rogers and Raymond Hatton, and "Goodness Gracious," with Clara Kimball Young and Sidney Drew, Tues., Oct. 8. "His Majesty the American," with Douglas Fairbanks, Wed., Oct. 9. Five Mack Sennett films, 1910-1920, Thurs., Oct. 10. "Mickey," with Mabel Normand, and "Stenographer Wanted," with Flora Finch and John Bunny, Fri., Oct. 11. Five 1914 Chaplin films, Sat., Oct. 12.

COMING EVENTS

(A selective list published in the first issue of each month for the convenience of foresighted readers.)

The Draft—Every man between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five, inclusive, will be expected to register for military training on Wed., Oct. 16, from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M., at whichever public school he finds the most convenient.



Ballet—Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, Oct. 14-Nov. 3; Colonel W. de Basil's Ballet Russe, opening the week of Nov. 4: 51st Street Theatre.

Boxing—Ken Overlin vs. Steve Belloise, middleweight title, Nov. 1: Madison Square Garden.

Football—On OCT. 19: Harvard vs. Army, Cambridge; Yale vs. Dartmouth, New Haven; Columbia vs. Georgia, Baker Field. . . . OCT. 26: Harvard vs. Dartmouth, Cambridge; Yale vs. Navy, New Haven; Columbia vs. Syracuse, Baker Field. . . . NOV. 2: Army vs. Notre Dame, Yankee Stadium; Harvard vs. Princeton, Cambridge; Cornell vs. Columbia, Ithaca. . . . NOV. 9: Princeton vs. Dartmouth, Princeton; Navy vs. Notre Dame, Baltimore; Yale vs. Cornell, New Haven; Columbia vs. Wisconsin, Baker Field. . . . NOV. 16: Dartmouth vs. Cornell, Hanover; Columbia vs. Navy, Baker Field; Princeton vs. Yale, Princeton; Amherst vs. Williams, Amherst. . . . NOV. 23: Army vs. Navy, Philadelphia; N.Y.U. vs. Fordham, Yankee Stadium.

Horse Show—National Horse Show, Madison Square Garden, Nov. 7-13.

Hunt Races—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, Media, Pa., Oct. 16 and 19. . . . Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association, Red Bank, N.J., Oct. 19. . . . Essex Fox Hounds, Far Hills, N.J., Oct. 23 and 26. . . . West Hills Racing Association, Huntington, L.I., Nov. 2. . . . Pickering Hunt, Phoenixville, Pa., Nov. 2. . . . United Hunts Racing Association, Belmont Park, Nov. 5 and 9. . . . Middleburg Hunt Racing Association, Middleburg, Va., Nov. 9. . . . Montpelier Hunt, Montpelier Station, Va., Nov. 16.

Music—At CARNEGIE HALL: Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, through Nov. 17. Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Oct. 15 and Nov. 12. Chicago Symphony, Stock conducting, Nov. 20 and 22. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Nov. 21 and 23 (Aft.). N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, Nov. 23. Recitals: Anderson, Oct. 20; Rubinstein, Oct. 25; Kreisler, Oct. 26 (Aft.); Heifetz, Oct. 30; Flagstad, Nov. 8; Rachmaninoff, Nov. 9 (Aft.); Serkin, Nov. 15; Rosina and Josef Lhevinne, Nov. 17. . . . TOWN HALL: New Friends of Music, season starts Oct. 20; Hofmann, Nov. 6; Bartok, Nov. 24; Robeson, Nov. 27. . . . MUSEUM OF MODERN ART: Brazilian Music Festival, Oct. 16-20. . . . METROPOLITAN OPERA: season starts Dec. 2, with "Un Ballo in Maschera."

Racing—Jamaica, through Oct. 19. . . . Laurel, Md., through Oct. 30. . . . Empire City, Oct. 21-Nov. 2. . . . Pimlico, Nov. 1-15. . . . Bowie, Nov. 16-30.

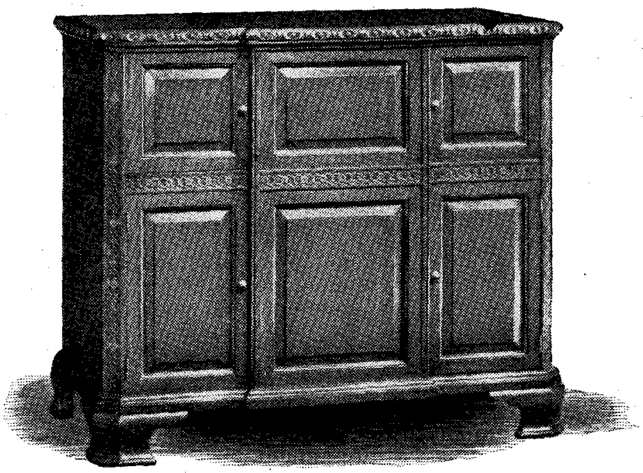
Theatre—Some of the productions scheduled to open this month and next are: "Boyd's Shop," a comedy by St. John Ervine, produced by Lee Shubert and others; "Cabin in the Sky," a Negro fantasy, with songs by Vernon Duke and lyrics by John Latouche, and a cast including Ethel Waters and Rex Ingram; "Mum's the Word," a one-man revue, with and by Jimmy Savo; "Panama Hattie," a musical comedy by B. G. DeSylva, Herbert Fields, and Cole Porter, with Ethel Merman, produced by Mr. DeSylva; "Retreat to Pleasure," a comedy by Irwin Shaw, produced by the Group Theatre; "Two Weeks with Pay," a revue with music by Cole Porter, Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, and Ira Gershwin, among others; "Suzanna and the Elders," a comedy by Lawrence Langner and Armina Marshall, produced by Jack Kirkland; "Twelfth Night," the Shakespeare comedy, with Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans, produced by the Theatre Guild and Gilbert Miller; "Mr. Big," a mystery play, produced by Lee Shubert and Dwight Deere Wiman; "Mr. and Mrs. North," a dramatization by Owen Davis of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lockridge's "The Norths Meet Murder," produced by William Harris, Jr.; "The White-Haired Boy," a comedy by Beatrice Kaufman and Charles Martin, produced by George Abbott; "Meet the People," a revue along "Pins and Needles" lines that has been highly successful in Hollywood; "The Old Foolishness," a comedy by Paul Vincent Carroll, staged by Rachel Crothers and produced by John Golden.

Yachting—Fall Regatta and Roosevelt Dinghy Trophy Races, Essex Y.C., Essex, Conn., Nov. 9-11.

Other Dates—The World's Fair closes Sun., Oct. 27. . . . Antiques Exposition, Hotel Commodore, Oct. 21-25. . . . Champagne Ball, Waldorf-Astoria, Oct. 25. . . . Benefit variety show, Waldorf-Astoria, Oct. 28. . . . Bundles for Britain Ball, Waldorf-Astoria, Nov. 7. . . . Horse Show supper dance, Waldorf-Astoria, Nov. 9. . . . "Night of Stars" benefit show, Madison Square Garden, Nov. 27. . . . State income-tax payment due Oct. 15. . . . Local hunting seasons: ducks and geese, from Oct. 16; deer, from Nov. 15. . . . Election Day is Tues., Nov. 5. . . . The official Thanksgiving Day this year is Nov. 21.

Première

THE 1941 CAPEHART



Today the curtain rises on a memorable experience for music lovers everywhere . . . the première of the new 1941 *De Luxe* Capehart automatic phonograph-radio . . . at selected music dealers' salons throughout America.

You who have heard the Capehart in the past . . . who have marveled at its fidelity of tone . . . can look forward to even greater excellence of performance. For new developments in sound-engineering give the new 1941 Capehart an almost unbelievable realism in reproducing the full musical scale, both in fundamentals and harmonics.

You will be equally delighted with the new cabinet interpretations of authentic period designs. The radio-unit is a superb example of advanced radio engineering. You will marvel at the exceptional ease and the clarity with which it receives both standard and foreign broadcasts. Equipped for Frequency Modulation reception, if you choose. . . . To see and hear the Capehart is to understand why its list of owners includes so many of the world's most distinguished names . . . famous musicians, leaders in business and social life and other music lovers.

Nothing else performs like the Capehart. It has the only record changer in the world that *turns the records over*—playing 20 records (40 selections) continuously—10-inch or 12-inch records, or both intermixed—on both sides or either side. It brings you complete symphonies, operas and other compositions in their correct sequence . . . three hours, or more, of the music of your own choice, without your having to go near the instrument.

Shown above is the Chippendale, at $795. Other *De Luxe* Capeharts—$495 to $2500.* They may be purchased with a modest initial payment and convenient terms.

Also available are individually designed concealed installations of complete automatic phonograph and radio, with speakers and control stations throughout your home.

Visit your Capehart dealer or write for illustrated brochure. The Capehart Division, Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

The new Capehart-Panamuse is a more moderately priced instrument built by Capehart craftsmen. Models range from $149.50 to $299.50.* They may be purchased on a small down payment and convenient terms.

* *Prices slightly higher on the West Coast*

The CAPEHART

THE FINEST IN MUSICAL REPRODUCTION

THE WORLD'S FAIR

A SELECTIVE GUIDE FOR THE INDULGENT FAIRGOER

A CODE LETTER, CORRESPONDING TO ONE ON THE MAP BELOW, INDICATES THE SECTION OF THE FAIR IN WHICH EACH PLACE MENTIONED IS TO BE FOUND.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Gates open daily at 9 A.M. Admission: adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents. Most shows in the exhibit, transportation, and foreign-federal areas open at 10 A.M. and close at 10 P.M., but some restaurants and bars there stay open later if trade warrants. Amusement area is at its best at night and keeps going until 2 A.M.... Fountain and fireworks displays nightly on the Lagoon at 9:15, on Liberty Lake at 10.... The places you most want to see are almost sure to be crowded.... The Fair will close for good on Sun., Oct. 27.

TRANSPORTATION

By Rail—The **L.I.R.R.**: the fastest way to get there. Daily shuttle service to exhibit-area gate. Trains every 10 or 15 minutes, 9 A.M. to 9 P.M., from Track 16, Penn. Station (L.I. side). From the Fair, trains every 15 or 20 minutes; last train leaves at 2 A.M. A 10- or 15-minute run.... **INDEPENDENT SUBWAY:** best for amusement area. Take Queens train marked "E" to Continental Ave. station, cross platform, board train marked "GG." A half-hour trip from midtown Manhattan. ... **I.R.T.** and **B.-M.T.**: Flushing trains on both lines stop at exhibit-area gate.

By Auto—Cars are not admitted to Fair. Parking lots, a short bus ride from gates, 25 cents a day. Triborough Bridge is pleasantest route from midtown Manhattan.

By Bus—Double-decker Fifth Avenue bus (No. 15, marked "World's Fair") starts at 25th St., turns east on 57th St., and crosses the Queensboro Bridge, providing a slow but reasonably comfortable trip to the transportation-area gate.

At the Fair—Roller and motor chairs with guides may be hired. Buses and tractor-pulled trains of open coaches have regular routes about the grounds. Ferries operate across the lake to the Florida Building (I) from the docks near Heineken's (H) and American Jubilee (K).

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Be prepared for last-minute changes in programs and schedules.)

MORE OR LESS SERIOUS

Ford (G)—Once an hour the Ballet Caravan puts on a gay little sketch suggesting that Mr. Ford, among others, has set the horse free. By day, a flock of tractors goes through a lively drill in a field outside and winds up by tilling the soil in earnest.

Gardens on Parade (A)—A well-arranged display of seasonal flowers, both growing and cut. Admission, 25 cents.

General Motors (F)—The queues of visitors waiting to see the Futurama on crowded days are a sight in themselves. Your chances of getting in are best on weekdays. Opens at 9 A.M.

House of Jewels (C)—It's wise to tackle this at off hours, too. Quantities of precious stones displayed to make the most of their costly glitter. Opens at 11 A.M., closes at 9 P.M.

Masterpieces of Art (C)—An exhibit of some 400 canvases, ranging from the sixteenth to the twentieth century. Perhaps not quite what it was last year, but still good. Admission: 50 cents weekdays, 25 cents Sun.

Railroads (F)—"Railroads on Parade," a historical pageant with real locomotives and Kurt Weill music, is presented daily at 11:30 A.M., and 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. Admission, 25 and 55 cents.... "Railroads in Action," a thirty-minute show of model trains, runs continuously from 10:15 A.M. to 8:15 P.M.

Telephones (C)—Somebody's always winning a free phone call to the folks back home, and everybody's invited to taste the joys of a party wire by listening in. Then, too, there's the Voder, the machine that talks like a man.

Trylon and Perisphere—Inside the great sphere you get a rosy picture of the way we may, or may not, be living a few years hence. Admission, 25 cents.

World of Fashion (D)—A handsome display of fashions and feminine accessories arranged by some of the leading shops and designers hereabouts. A fashion show, with models appearing in the latest furs, is presented daily, except Mon., at 4:30 and 8 P.M.

Others of Interest—At **AMERICA AT HOME** (C): trick arrangements of model interiors, from which you may get some good ideas.... **AMERICAN ART TODAY** (A): a lively WPA exhibit of paintings, sculptures, prints, and folk art. ... **AVIATION** (G): up-to-the-minute fighting planes. ... **BORDEN'S** (D): cows without a care on their minds; Elsie's back with her calf.... **CHRYSLER** (F): a talking car full of wisecracks, and an apparently three-dimensional movie of how a Plymouth is put together.... **CONSOLIDATED EDISON** (D): a diorama of the city, with trains in action and everything. ... **DU PONT** (D): studious young men demonstrating how the test tube has created such things as nylon.... **ELECTRIC UTILITIES** (E): New York in its gaslit days.... **ELECTRIFIED FARM** (A): just that.... **FIRESTONE** (G): turning out tires on a real production line, and a menagerie of wild animals in a jungle setting.... **GENERAL ELECTRIC** (E): an artificial bolt of lightning that seems terrifyingly real; next door, calmer electrical tricks.... **GLASS CENTER** (D): glass-blowers blowing glass.... **GOODRICH** (F): daredevil driving, with a cast that includes two ladies; shows Mon. through Fri. at 11 A.M., noon, and 2, 4, 6, and 7 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. every hour from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.... **HALL OF INVENTIONS** (D): the original models of what the bright minds of the nineteenth century thought up for the Patent Office.... **KODAK** (D): colored photographs impressively projected on several screens all at the same time.... **PETROLEUM** (D): if there's oil under Flushing, the full-sized derrick drilling here will surely find it.... **R.C.A.** (C): what's been going on in television.... **STAMP EXHIBIT**, in the British Building (A): an unusual assortment that was to have been exhibited in London this year to commemorate the one-hundredth anniversary of the stick-on stamp.... **WESTINGHOUSE** (E): a flash of light killing the denizens of a drop of water in a show called the Microblitzkrieg. ... **ZOOLOGICAL WONDERS** (H): in addition to a panda, an electric eel, and a colony of penguins, there's Mr. Beebe's old bathysphere.

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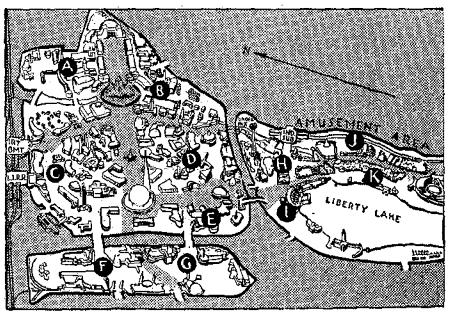
Foreign Buildings—All are in the foreign-federal area (A and B) unless otherwise noted. Among the attractive ones are those of Great Britain, France, Poland, Finland, Brazil, and Italy. The pavilions of Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, and Sweden (D) are run by sympathetic private groups. Many of the buildings have restful gardens and pleasant bars.

State Exhibits—Most of these are cluttered up with statistics, but Florida's (I) has an inviting beach on the lake front and an inviting interior, too. New York's (I) offers some rare historical documents, and the New England group (B) shows a full-rigged ship, which children like to clamber over.



THAT GREAT WHITE WAY

American Jubilee (K)—A huge and rather heavy-handed historical pageant, with plenty of songs by Oscar Hammerstein II and Arthur Schwartz. Lucy Monroe, Ray Middleton, and Paul Haakon head the cast. Daily at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Aquacade (I)—Billy Rose's, of course, and still one of the best shows out there. Eleanor Holm heads the large cast, which includes Buster Crabbe, Everett Marshall, and Vincent Lopez's orchestra. Daily at 3, 5, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Gay New Orleans (H)—Michael Todd's sprawling and highly popular arrangement of restaurants, bars, and an outdoor platform on which Negro and white revues, handsomely staged by Hassard Short, alternate almost continuously.

Zombie (J)—Music and drinks in a tropical setting—a sidekick of the Beachcomber on Broadway. A rumba band plays in the garden at night.

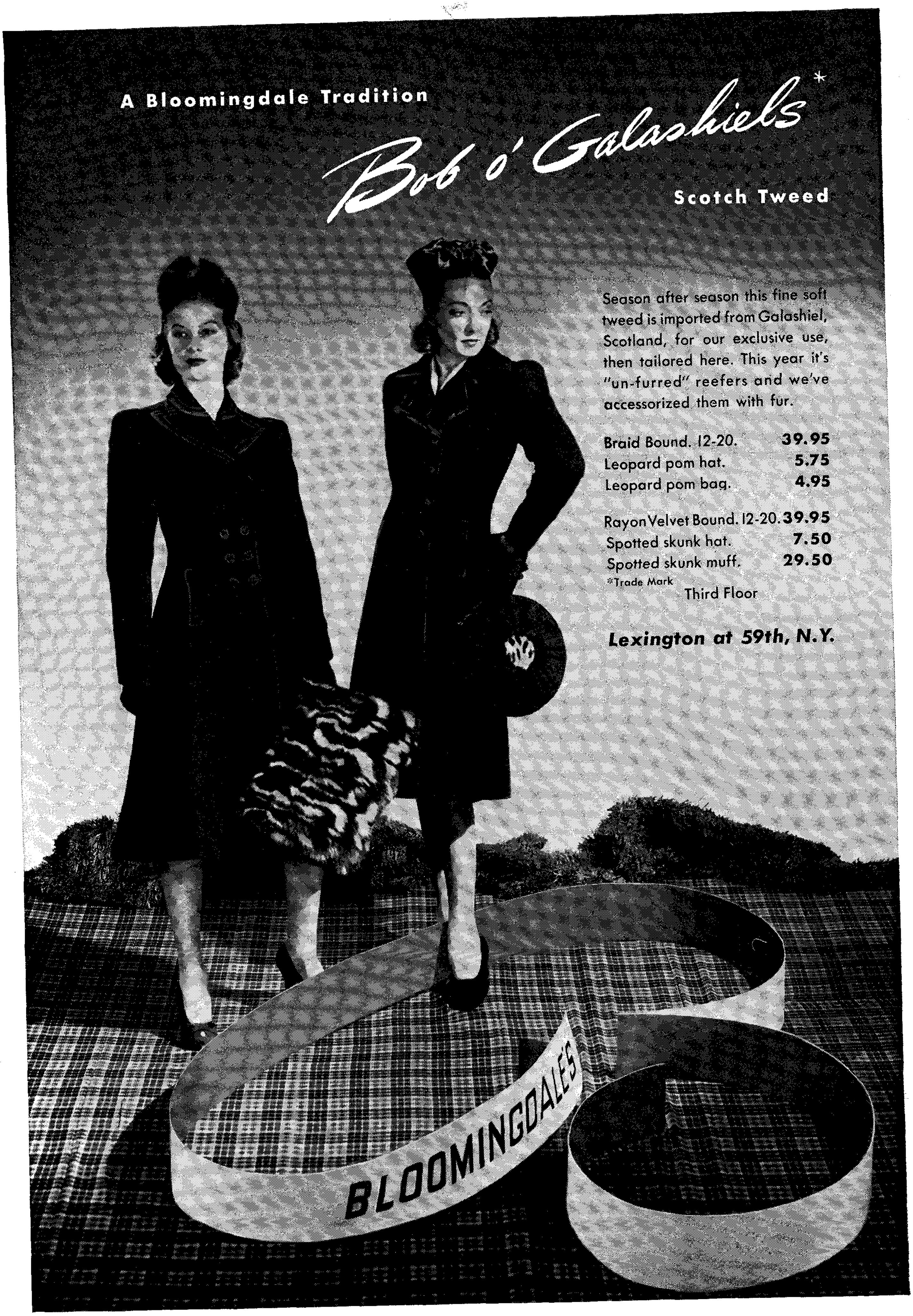
Some Other Places—At **BARBARY COAST** (J): Kay Parsons and other musical folk leading the customers in harmonizing, more or less, on the old chestnuts.... **DANCING CAMPUS** (I): an outdoor dance floor for the antic young and those who like to ape or watch them; dancing from about 6 P.M. on.... **JUNGLELAND** (J): an excellent zoo, plenty of trained-animal acts in a tent, and elephants for kids to ride on.... **MIDGET TOWN** (H): Morris Gest's troupe of small folk in a miniature village.... **ODDITORIUM** (K): Ripley's "Believe It or Not" collection of strange people.... **PARACHUTE JUMP** (H): they drop you twenty floors, and once you start going up you can't change your mind.... **WALL OF DEATH** (K): hair-raising stunts by motorcyclists on the vertical walls of a motordrome.... **WINTER WONDERLAND** (J): a show done on skates, skis, and toboggans; numerous performances during the late afternoon and evening.

RESTAURANTS

(This is a list of some eating places at the Fair which, for one reason or another—frequently the setting—seem to call for special notice, but there are many others equally satisfactory. The service at any of them may be sketchy during hours when they're crowded.)

BALLANTINE'S (H): the veteran of the amusement area, providing food without too many frills and offering an outdoor bar.... **BELGIAN BUILDING** (B): an awninged terrace, with one of the best views of the Lagoon show.... **BRAZILIAN BUILDING** (A): lilting music most of the time and dancing at dinner.... **FRENCH BUILDING** (A): excellent à-la-carte meals in a truly de-luxe setting.... **GARDENS ON PARADE** (A): simple, satisfying fare outdoors in the shade; an admission fee helps cut down the crowd.... **HEINEKEN'S** (H): Dutch cooking, but, unfortunately, no more Holland beer.... **HUNGARIAN PAVILION** (A): you can get goulash at the standup bar or retire to the restaurant upstairs for a greater variety of those good paprika dishes.... **IRAQ PAVILION** (A): the Bagdad Restaurant, serving the kind of food that makes the Arabs strong.... **MCGINNIS** (C): sea food and charcoal-broiled steaks in rambling, informal surroundings.... **NORWEGIAN BUILDING** (B): you won't want to miss the *smörgåsbord*.... **PABST** (K): a lakeside setting gives this modest beer garden a lift. ... **POLISH BUILDING** (A): they haven't much left in the way of supplies from the home country, but the cooking's just as good as it ever was.... **PONCE DE LEON PATIO** (I): real Spanish dishes served against the Florida Building's tropical background.... **RUBY FOO'S LAMA TEMPLE** (J): you ought to like Chinese cooking in these surroundings even if you never liked it before.... **SWEDISH BUILDING** (D): snacks in a large courtyard; more elaborate meals inside.... **SWISS BUILDING** (A): gaily informal, either indoors or out under the maples.... **WASHINGTON HALL** (K): the screened veranda overlooking the lake has a more leisurely air about it than you'd perhaps expect to find in the amusement area.

The following are also recommended: British Buttery (A), Childs (B), Czecho-Slovakian Pavilion (B), Finnish Pavilion (A), Gay New Orleans (H), Schaefer Center (D), Turf-Trylon Restaurant (C), Winter Wonderland (J), and World of Fashion (D).



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Bob o' Galashiels*

Scotch Tweed

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Braid Bound. 12-20.	**39.95**
Leopard pom hat.	**5.75**
Leopard pom bag.	**4.95**
Rayon Velvet Bound. 12-20.	**39.95**
Spotted skunk hat.	**7.50**
Spotted skunk muff.	**29.50**

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one of our famous town-and-country classics, exquisitely tailored for Altman and nobody else. That unmistakable look of quality, in fine wool jersey with a stitched leather belt. Dyed in colors to blend with our Meadowbrook coats ... ripe wheat, maple brown, dahlia red, mist blue, laurel green, 12 to 40, 25.00. Meadowbrook shop . . . third floor

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

BETWEEN the tenth of September and the twenty-fifth—when we got tired of counting—there were only three days on which the *Herald Tribune* failed to print Mr. Willkie's name as part of the top, left-hand headline on its front page. In every case, except one, it was the first word: "Willkie Scores Roosevelt for Europe's Ruin," "Willkie Links Rise of Hitler to Roosevelt," and so on, thirteen times. This strikes us as an admirable record, very close to the party ideal. Presuming that the same killing pace can be maintained right up to Election Day, it may also provide us with a sure and convenient means of identifying a loyal Republican at sight. A man whose head is set just a little askew on his neck, leaning ever so faintly to the left, got that way from reading about his hero at the breakfast table. He is a man of property, judgment, and high principle. You can safely trust him with your sister.

OUR other political note for the week is in the form of a press release from Mr. Oren Root, Jr., national chairman of the Associated Willkie Clubs of America. It reads in part: "Indian chiefs who are using Willkie Worker Kits to campaign for the election of Wendell Willkie are Chief Ben American Horse, Kyle, South Dakota; Chief William Spotted Crow, Pine Ride, South Dakota; Chief Black Horn, Porcupine, South Dakota; Chief Archie Prairie Chicken, Allen, South Dakota; Chief Ben Red Bear, Denby, South Dakota; Mr. Oliver Jumping Eagle, Manderson, South Dakota; and Mr. Andrew Left Hand, Pine Ridge, South Dakota. The kit the Indians will use is a new device in political campaigning. . . . It contains the tools used to obtain the pledges of ten voters and to start three persons as Willkie Workers. Besides the pledge cards, the kit contains buttons for the supporters to wear, phamphlets [*sic*] about the candidate, and other paraphennalia [also *sic*]." We are almost as pleased by the spelling as we are by the vision of Chief Ben American Horse getting to work on a reluctant voter with a kit of tools. A lovely document, no matter how you look at it.

THE deep vaults of great banks and insurance companies are the latest refuges to be offered to the stricken people of London. Somehow or other, we can't help feeling that this is about the least heartening milieu in which a moderately free fancy could find itself. An hour of meditation on the past, present, and future at the core of a world made up entirely of tottering values and meaningless securities, and we don't think we'd be inclined to respond when the all-clear signal sounded. We haven't, however, a very clear idea of the sort of cocoon we would prefer. Our grandfather, a believer in real estate who died before the disappearance of Florida, would have dug himself a hole at the corner of a vacant lot and found perfect tranquillity, but not even the earth itself strikes us as being especially dependable this year.

THIS LOT FOR SALE

HAVING nothing much on our mind one rainy afternoon, we got to reading about a visit that Agnes Adams, a *Post* reporter, made to Lester Gaba, who styles soap, whatever that may mean. "My apartment is near the heart of the busiest, largest city in America," she says he said. "I strive, therefore, to create an illusion of detachment from the world." There followed all the details—the living room "painted with clouds to give a faraway, hilltop sensation," the dining room painted the color of mustard, the red ceiling, so flattering to women. Clucking our tongue, we read every word, until we came to the kitchen, neat and surgically clean, with "the name of the current maid painted in script on the ceiling." Mr. Gaba's maid these days is called Estelle. It was here that we detected the flaw in the master's plan, the small extra touch of perfection that so often spells ruin. We don't know anything about Estelle, but we have a clear picture of our own maid turned loose in such a joint. Let the silly girl wander among the clouds a while, take her through the mustard and crimson rooms to the kitchen to see her name in handwriting on the ceiling, and she would just stand there with her mouth open—uncertain whether to take orders from us or wait until God said something.

WE know that the Vichy government still has a long road to travel before it can be considered a mature totalitarian state because the language it uses doesn't remind us at all of Berlin, Rome, or Tokio. Something special happens to the official language of a state in the last stages of becoming all-powerful, and this hasn't happened around Vichy yet. A study of three recent statements, all issued on the same day, should make clear what we mean. The Italian statement (to Egypt's Farouk): "Take courage, young monarch. Youthful Italy will aid you. All we ask is some concrete indication of your desire to be delivered." The Japanese statement: "Christianity, a device of Jewish origin which is encroaching on the Japanese spirit, must be eliminated." The Vichy statement: "The whole country learned with indignant stupor of the unrighteous attack. . . ." The first two statements are immediately recognizable as mature totalitarianese; the third doesn't quite ring the bell, though it tries. A certain meaning can be got out of it with a little study, but the words themselves keep on sounding like nonsense. The other two statements, products of an older culture, have practically no meaning at all, but the lack of meaning is well expressed. This is a trick it takes time to master.

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POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE: At 209 East 116th Street, Manhattan, is the headquarters of the Uphill Republican Club.

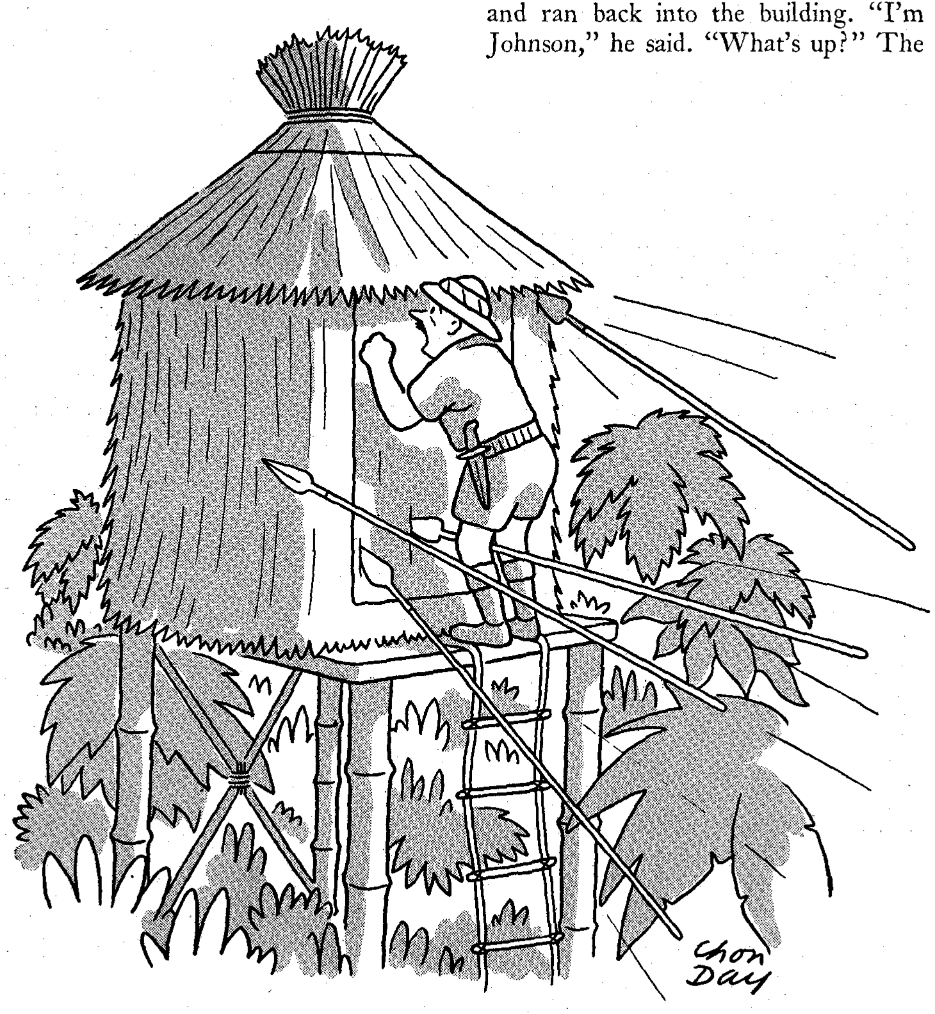
A political observer who is occasionally a luncheon guest at the Union League Club reports that a month ago most of the members were wearing Willkie buttons and the waiters and busboys wore no buttons at all. Last week it was the other way round—Willkie buttons on the staff, none on the members. No Roosevelt buttons on either group, either time.

A week ago Saturday, when Mrs. Roosevelt visited Macy's by appointment to look at some Early American furniture, the staff were instructed to hide their Willkie buttons.

If you call up Mrs. D——, a wealthy matron of Scarsdale, the butler says, "Mrs. D——'s residence. Win with Willkie."

Take-Off

A CERTAIN Mr. Johnson, after a full business day in Boston, had just enough time to taxi to the East Boston Airport and board the New York plane. They were holding it when he arrived, as a matter of fact, with the loudspeaker screaming "Mr. Johnson! Mr. Johnson!" He showed his travel card at the desk, filled in the necessary form, and boarded the plane. He had barely settled in his seat when the loudspeaker began again, "Mr. Johnson! Will Mr. Johnson report at the desk?" The passenger leaped from the plane and ran back into the building. "I'm Johnson," he said. "What's up?" The clerk smiled gently. "You almost got away with my pencil," he said.

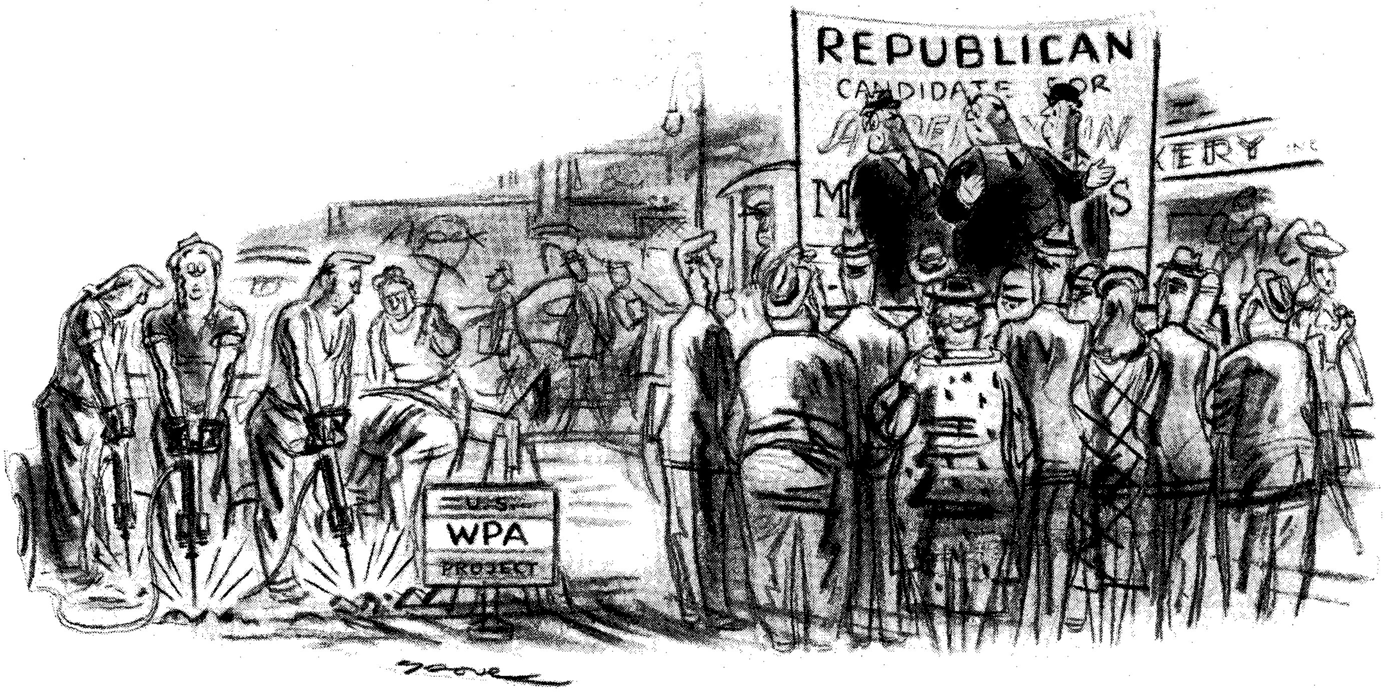


"All right, then. It is I!"

Business As Usual

A YOUNG man we overheard sounding off on the subject of governmental extravagance in a barroom the other night gave as an example the fact that, though few people travel to Europe these days, the force of customs inspectors remains at full strength. It cost us a trip all the way down to the Custom House to discover that his indignation was unfounded. According to Gregory W. O'Keefe, Assistant Collector of Customs for the Port of New York, the force remains at full strength for the very good reason that it has more work than ever before, and anyway Civil Service employees can't be summarily laid off. Mr. O'Keefe, in fact, refers to the present situation as "an emergency" and says that the increase in paperwork has made it necessary to transfer twenty-five customs inspectors from the docks to the office.

Even when travel to Europe was at its peak, "baggage fees," the duty on any foreign merchandise brought home by a traveller and valued at more than $100, was never above a million dollars a year. Not much, in view of the Port of New York's annual gross income, which was, before the war, about two hundred million. This baggage-fee income is practically gone, but the government is still raking money in from over a hundred sources. It gets tariff revenue from imports, which makes up the bulk of the Port's receipts, and also such income as fines imposed for violation of the tariff laws, fees for the certification of marine documents, tea-tasting fees, and storage charges collected at government warehouses. It receives fees collected for medical inspection of vessels and crews, treatment of seamen, and the sale of dead sailors' property, gets the tonnage tax on vessels clearing the port, the head tax on aliens and immigration fines, and so it goes; a lot of money coming in, even though there are no more ladies bringing home Chanel gowns. The gross tonnage of vessels arriving here has fallen off since the war started, but the number of vessels has increased, making it harder than ever for the customs men. In August, 1939, the total receipts at the Custom House came to $13,545,862.01 (never mind the penny). Much to everyone's surprise, receipts for each of the first eleven months of war were near the average prewar figures, with normal seasonal



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fluctuations. This August, receipts were $9,229,663.49. Not bad, considering, is the opinion around the Custom House.

There are five hundred customs inspectors, and only a small part of their work was at the passenger-line piers. And rummaging through your baggage was only one thing they did, at that. Other chores, which still remain, involve checking cargo, overseeing its delivery to the pier, and searching the vessels for contraband. Smuggling by seamen could easily increase, aided by the hurried, secretive movements of ships, and the customs men have to keep on their toes. It's also the duty of the customs office to protect our neutrality, and this means searching outgoing vessels for contraband of war, seeing to it that all armament in the cargo is covered by a State Department licence, and checking on passengers' passports. It's no sinecure, no matter what anybody in a bar may tell you.

Youth

WE'VE just learned of the shock which has come to a kindhearted New Hampshire country gentleman who once was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford. Childless himself, and wrapped in rural dreams, he wrote to his former Oxford roommate and offered to take his three children for the duration. The Englishman, by return mail, thanked him for his generosity but added that he was afraid the idea would have to be given up. "You see," he wrote, "Roy is in the R.A.F., Cyril is in the Navy, and Cynthia married last spring. She's pregnant."

Oldest House

IN Brooklyn, hardly more than a mile from the boardwalk of Coney Island, stands the oldest inhabited house in America. There are some older places, but they're now run as museums, and you have to pay a quarter to get in. No. 27 Gravesend Neck Road, however, retains its amateur standing in its two-hundred-and-ninety-seventh year of existence. The present occupant is a widow lady, Mrs. Annie Anderson, who, by coincidence, hails from Gravesend, England, which was the birthplace of Lady Deborah Moody, the builder of the house. For the past thirty years Mrs. Anderson has dabbled in real estate, and the Moody House, as it's known in the neighborhood, represents for her merely an unfortunate speculation. Back in 1922 she paid $16,500 for it, and moved in temporarily (she thought) pending a profitable resale. Just before the depression, she turned down an offer of $30,000. "I could kick myself all around Gravesend Village for that," she told us.

Gravesend Village, now that Mrs. Anderson has brought it up, was also a project of Lady Deborah Moody. We gather that Lady Deborah was a strong-minded woman, a sort of Colonial Dorothy Thompson. She left England in 1640, in search of religious freedom, and settled in Lynn, Massachusetts. After engaging in a spirited controversy with the elders over the efficacy of baptism, she moved on to New York, then called New Netherland, and obtained a land grant from Governor Kieft. Two years later, through her efforts, the neighborhood now bounded by Village Roads South, East, and North and Van Sicklen Street officially became the Village of Gravesende. When the local Indians, the Canarsees, went on the warpath, the settlers used to crowd into Lady Deborah's house for shelter. Later a stockade was built. McDonald Avenue, which bisects the village, once was a Canarsee trail; now it's the trail of the Culver Line Elevated, and the neighborhood, except for the Moody place, is the usual deep-Brooklyn jumble of cheap frame houses and brick apartment buildings.

The Moody house has changed hands countless times in its two hundred and ninety-seven years. Mrs. Anderson bought it from "a party named Platt," who had installed modern heating and plumbing in 1900. Not all of the present structure dates back to the seventeenth century, of course, but Mrs. Anderson is quite sure of the living room, with its hand-hewn beams and deep, red-tiled fireplaces, and the stone outside walls, which are twenty-six inches thick. Mrs. Anderson, who is by way of being an antique-fancier, has filled the house with old clocks, powder horns, flintlock muskets, Bibles, and aged furniture. These, like the house, are for sale. The house has had many distinguished visitors—George Washington, Governors Kieft and Stuyvesant, and (in Mrs. Anderson's tenancy) Borough President Ingersoll and Al Smith, who talked vaguely of moving it to Prospect Park and making a museum of it. Nothing ever came of this, nor did Mrs. Anderson get any response from Grover Whalen when she offered the house to him last year as a possible World's Fair exhibit.

Spy Scare

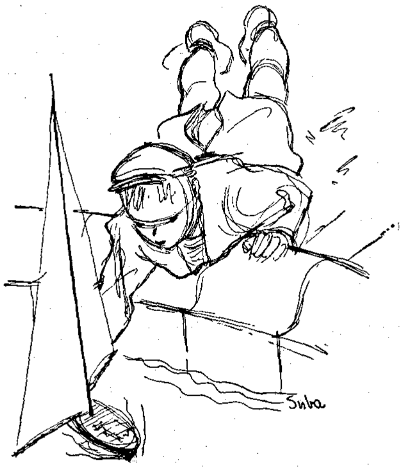
ONE afternoon last week there was a sinister-looking fellow standing at the corner of Lexington Avenue and Forty-second Street, waiting for a bus. Plainly visible in his lapel was a button bearing a red-circled black swastika. If you were one of the group of people who gathered around him, muttering, until he popped the button into his pocket and made off in a taxicab, be advised that there's no cause for alarm. He was an actor, on his way home from a local film studio, where he had played a Gestapo agent for a March of Time. He'd just forgotten to take the swastika off.

Mr. Procofieff from the North

A FEW months ago this magazine noted that Igor Sikorsky is frequently confused with two other Russian-born aeronautical figures around town—Boris Sergievsky, vice-president of the Helicopter Corporation of America, and Alexander de Seversky, former president of the Seversky Aircraft Corporation and current president of the Rotoflight Corporation. We have since called on Major de Seversky at his office in Radio City, and find him to be a well-built man of medium height, polite, gay, and energetic. Unlike Sikorsky, he specializes in speed rather than comfort in plane design, is clean-shaven, wears matching ties and handkerchiefs, and does not need a haircut. He is forty-six, and has known Sikorsky for twenty-eight years. As a student at the Naval Academy in St. Petersburg, he spent his free time hanging around a factory for which Sikorsky was designing planes, and was allowed to sneak an occasional ride in them, as ballast. He came here in 1918, a year before Sikorsky, and gave the latter his first American job, as chief engineer for the Hannevig Aircraft Corporation in New York, of which Seversky was general manager. The two men run into each other quite often and have never themselves been confused about each other's identity.

Seversky's full name is Alexander Nicolaiovitch Procofieff-Seversky. He informed us that a hyphen in a Russian name conveys a sense of "from;" "Seversky" means "Northern," so he is really Mr. Procofieff from the North. When he left Russia, he found that the Ministry of Foreign Affairs had replaced the hyphen with a "de" on his passport. Russian passports were then issued in French, for the government modestly didn't expect the officials of other nations to understand Russian. He liked the "de" and has kept it ever since. His friends call him Sasha. He has an artificial right leg, dating from 1915, when, as a pilot in the Russian Army, he was shot down by a German gunboat in his first engagement. The Czar restored him to active flying duty by a special decree, and he subsequently brought down thirteen German planes and won every kind of decoration in Russia.

Seversky's office is full of cups attesting to various speed records he has broken between New York and Los Angeles, London and Paris, etc. He also showed us a photostat of a $50,000 check which the Treasury Department paid him in 1923 for the basic rights to an automatic bomb sight. This involved three hundred and sixty-four separate patents and was the forerunner of the secret bomb sight now in government use and reputedly an American ace in the hole. Seversky became a citizen in 1927 and is a major in the Air Corps Reserve. In 1931, he founded the Seversky Aircraft Corporation, which specialized in long-range pursuit planes. He was eased out of the presidency in the spring of 1939. The company is now called the Republic Aviation Corporation and still has the right to use his name. Seversky is suing it for $2,497,069 for past services and expenses, for $20,000,000 on behalf of stockholders, and for the right to use his own name in business. He could probably start a company and call it the Procofieff Aircraft Corporation, but he doesn't feel this would be the same thing. He is especially vexed because he was demoted while he was abroad on company business.



Seversky is now working on secret plans for a new type of military plane, and as president of Rotoflight is developing a novel kind of helicopter somewhere on Long Island. He won't say where—doesn't want crowds to collect. He and Mrs. Seversky, a New Orleans girl, have an apartment at the Savoy-Plaza, a beach house at Northport, Long Island, and a cocker spaniel called Vodka, who accompanies his master and mistress on flights. Seversky likes to play the accordion, to eat clams steamed in beer, and to cook a special breakfast dish of poached eggs and caviar. He taught his wife to fly and she has had over a thousand solo hours, if you don't count Vodka. She wrote the words to a song her husband composed, called "Over Land and Over Sea" and dedicated to the American Air Corps. "Clear your guns and get them ready," this runs in part. "Check the load in each bomb rack, Keep formation, hold her steady, Diving deeply for attack."

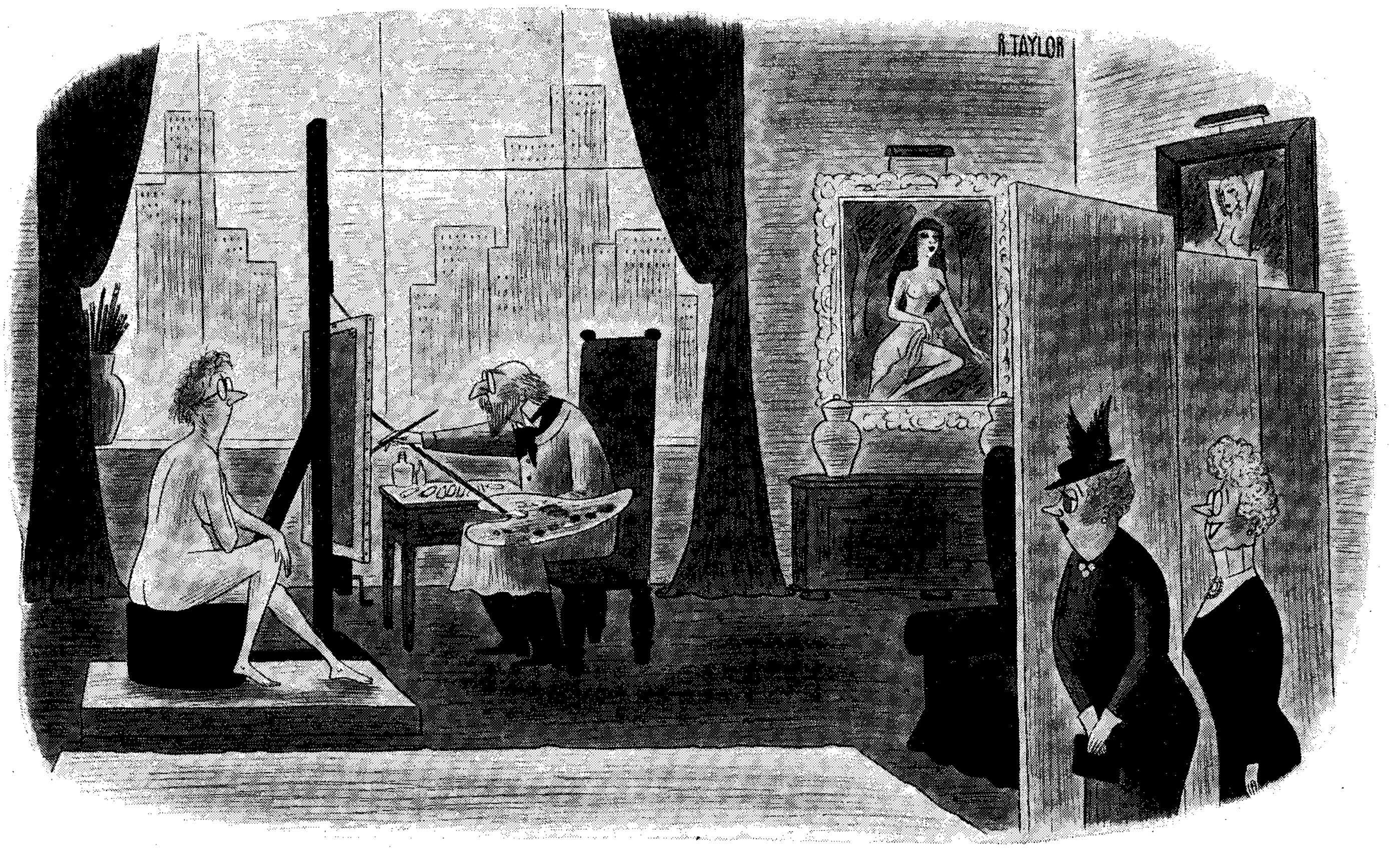
We'll try to tell you about Sergievsky another time.

Newcomer

A PUBLIC-SCHOOL teacher of Paterson noticed that one little boy, who had belatedly joined her class, did not take part when the Lord's Prayer was repeated aloud during the morning exercises. She kept him a moment after school, and asked why this was. "Well," he said, rather diffidently, "I didn't know whether I was supposed to. You see, we haven't lived in Paterson very long."

Ladies at the Telephone

AT the moment, fourteen hundred clubwomen are completing the stupendous task of calling up all the households listed in the five Greater New York telephone directories, with the intention of asking the lady of the house to support William Allen White's Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. Specifically, all the ladies who can be reached are asked to hold themselves ready to write letters to Congress, at a given signal, urging that this country send Britain torpedo boats, bombers, and pursuit planes. The callers-up are clubwomen rounded up by the Women's Division of the New York Chapter of the Committee. Each one is assigned



"He hasn't the heart to discharge her. She's been with him for years."

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one sheet (two pages) from the Manhattan, Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens, or Staten Island directory. This means about eight hundred listings, but three-quarters of them, more or less, are for offices, stores, institutions, and the like. That usually leaves about two hundred numbers at which a housewife might be flushed. The volunteer workers pay for their own calls, which come to $9 or $10. The Telephone Company stands to clean up between $12,000 and $14,000.

The originators of this magnificent scheme are two New York ladies, Mrs. Elizabeth Seiferheld and Mrs. Grace Allen Bangs. Mrs. Seiferheld told us that the idea occurred simultaneously to her and Mrs. Bangs at a cocktail party. Mrs. Seiferheld was having a Martini and Mrs. Bangs a Manhattan. "We decided to make it a terrific campaign, a triumphant canvass," Mrs. Seiferheld told us. They got right to work next day, and appointed a chairman for each borough, with a set of section leaders and district workers under each chairman; in no time at all, the fourteen hundred ladies were at their telephones. And we, by special permission, were sitting at an extension telephone in the apartment of Mrs. Pierre de Lanux, 510 Park Avenue, while she and another volunteer worker, Miss Frances Myers, did their stuff. Mrs. de Lanux had pages 925 and 926 of the Manhattan Directory (Seckel Harry archt to Seif Donald S CPA) and Miss Myers had 1125 and 1126 (Young Danl F Inc to Zacoum Hector uphlstry).

The ladies had a printed leaflet that instructed them to say, when a housewife answered the telephone, "I am calling to invite you to join with the Minute American Women, who are supporting the program of the William Allen White Committee to defend America by keeping America out of the war and war out of America." The invariable answer from the housewives was "*What?*," so Mrs. de Lanux, who kicked off, soon resorted to "Do you know about the William Allen White Committee? Do you agree with its objectives?" Miss Tecla Seedor, of East Sixty-fourth Street, was the first recruit. "I know all about the Committee, and I'll be glad to help," she said heartily. Mrs. de Lanux put a mark after her name.

As she hit her stride, Mrs. de Lanux was successful with about half the ladies she talked to. The Mrs. Seidens were all coöperative, and so was the Countess Seherr-Thoss. Mr. Ning Seeto, we regret to report, hung up. At this point, Miss Myers got to work on her pages, and bagged about half of the Mrs. Youngs. One troubled Mrs. Young said, "Well, I'd have to ask Mother, but I can't leave the room because Baby might roll off the bed." Blanche Yurka wasn't in town. Mr. Lee Yow, when asked if Mrs. Yow was there, giggled hysterically, said, "That you, Georgie?," and hung up. Of a whole column of "Z"s, not a single Mrs. Z. was home. Or perhaps word had got around. Anyway, be nice to the ladies when they call your house. They're going through hell.

Still the Champ

THE Gene Tunneys recently bought a five-hundred-acre farm and a Colonial house near Royal Oak, on the Choptank River, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. The former owner of the place gave a huge barbecue and invited the local gentry to meet their new neighbors. Late in the day, one gentleman caught sight of his wife across a lawn, and shouted, "Come on, Jane—time we were leaving!" "Oh, not *yet!*" she squealed. "I haven't met Mr. and Mrs. Dempsey."

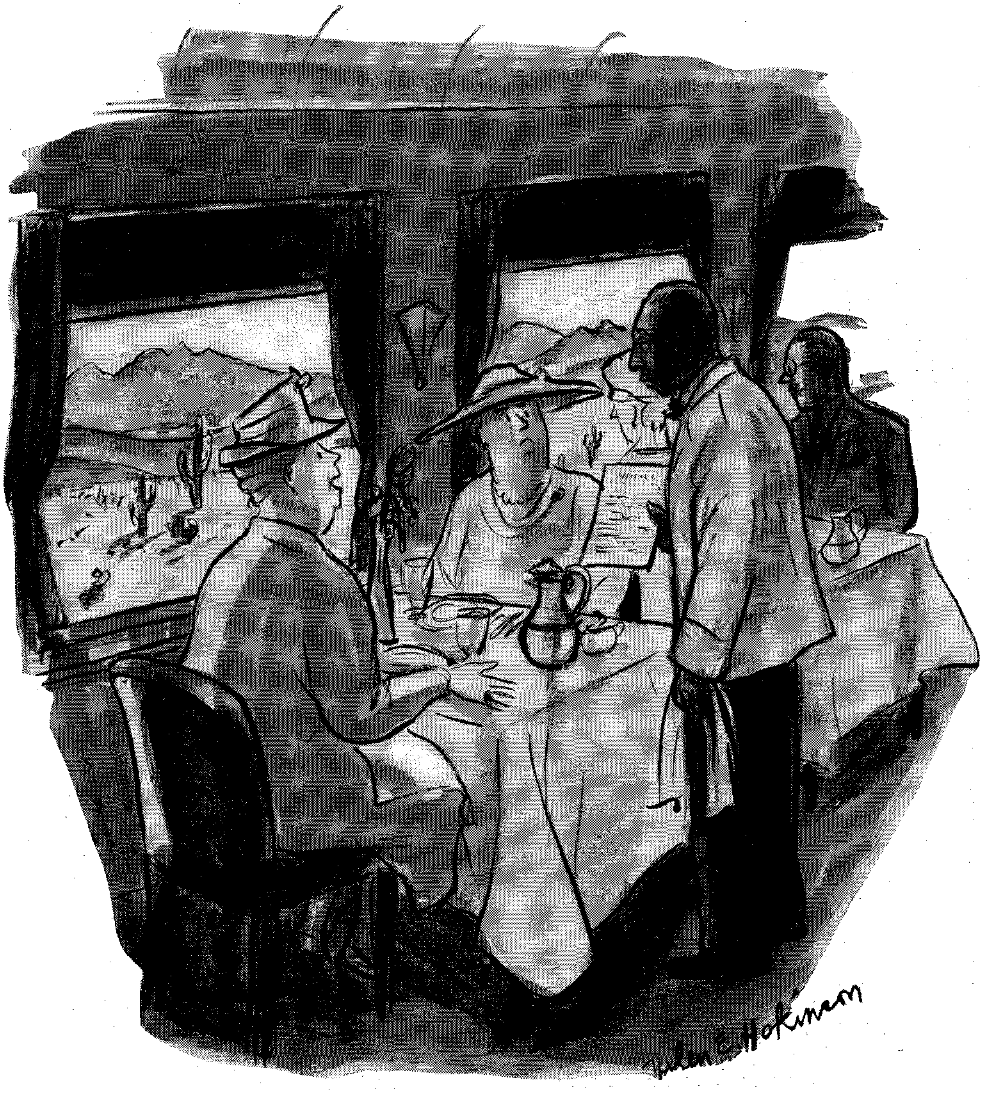
THE JUKES FAMILY

THE air is so cluttered with homely little radio programs recounting the daily heartaches and joys of a multitude of families—"The Green Family," "The Brown Family," "This Man's Family," "That Man's Family," and so on—that I have decided to climb on the band wagon with my own program, "The Jukes Family." It will recount, from day to day, the joys and sorrows of an average, homey, not-quite-bright family of the lower lower class.

The matriarch is Ma Jukes, a friendly old party of forty-five who has brought fifteen or twenty children into the world and has learned to take things as they come. She does the best she can to manage her unruly brood, each of whom has some characteristic that sets him or her apart from the herd. For instance, it has long been a subject of frank discussion in the family whether the ears on Laddie, the seventh boy, extend above the top of his head or whether the plateau of his head simply fails to rise to the top of his ears.

The fourth child, Slim, age twenty-two, has a penchant for bigamy which frequently brings upon him the good-natured raillery of the rest of the family. Another of the boys, Timmy, is doing a stretch in Sing Sing, and Mayzetta, the third girl, is in her sophomore year at the Dobbville Home for Delinquent Females. But the glamour girl of the Jukes Family is Babs—tall, striking, with dark, flashing eyes and a head of hair five and a half feet long. And every single strand of it a natural emerald green! Ma Jukes' family (she was a Cabot) all had hair of vivid yellow. Pa's folks' hair had been Alice blue. Nature's alchemy had combined the two colors happily in Babs.

NOW then, as our first program opens, we find Ma Jukes setting a kettle of water to boil. A dozen or so of the youngsters, among them her first-born, Jeddie, a fine-looking chap of thirty with white hair and pink eyes, romp boisterously under her feet as she putters about the stove. There is a scuffle among the bairns. Ma intervenes.


"They didn't charge extra for Ry-Krisp on the New York Central."

"Monongahela!" she admonishes a strapping girl of about ten. "You give Jeddie back his doll. Ain't you ashamed to be playin' with dolls, a big gal like you. . . . Tarnation take it, git out from under my feet afore ye git scalded. Oh, it's you, Chub."

Chub is an attractive child of nineteen, always hanging around the stove because he *likes* to be scalded. Ma good-naturedly ladles a teaspoonful of hot water on him.

"Now, thar, that's enough. Git along an' quit pesterin' yer pore ole ma."

Chub scampers off with a happy scream of agony.

"I declar'," says Ma, philosophizing in the manner of all the Mas on the family radio programs, "I don't know what the younger generation's a-comin' to. When I was a young un we hung around our ma to git the scrapin's from the cake bowl, not to git hot water thrun on us. Now, whatever's a-keepin' yer pa?"

"I'm hongry," cries Eglantine Jukes, a comely sprite of fifteen without a chin.

Here the voice of Chuckles Gladsome, the announcer, is heard. Ma winces. In the cheery voice of the typical family-program announcer, Chuckles says that if little Eglantine is "hongry," she had just better get herself a good, big, heapin' ole dish of rich, creamy, juicy, delicious, nourishing Dwerps, the Sweetheart of Breakfast Foods. "So go to your corner grocery store tonight, or at the very latest tomorrow morning, etc., etc.," concludes Chuckles.

"I'm still hongry," says Eglantine.

"Well, yer pa oughta be here any minnit now with the chicken," says Ma. "Wonder what's a-keepin' him? Oh, here he is!"

Pa Jukes enters. He is a jovial soul who takes the responsibilities of a large family in his stride. His face, if you can call it a face, is unlined by the years, and its frank, open expression is enhanced rather than marred by an almost complete absence of chin.

"Howdy, Pa," says Ma. "Where's the chicken? You said you was a-goin' to snag us a chicken fer supper."

"Shucks, Ma, there ain't none," apologizes Pa. "Dad rat it, I was lucky I got out of Ole Man Eddy's hencoop 'thout gettin' a hideful o' buckshot."

Ma's face falls at this news, but only for an instant. She quickly hides her disappointment and presents a brave front to the children. All mothers on family programs are constantly presenting brave fronts in the face of domestic problems. "Tarnation take the ornery ole cuss!" she says. "Can't even leave a neighbor have a measly ole chicken. An' after the way we all pitched in an' helped, the night his barn took fire."

"Now, Ma," says Pa, "you know we wa'n't doin' no mor'n our plain duty in helpin' put that fire out. You know 's well 's I do, 'twas our Buster set that barn afire."

Buster is the firebug of the Jukes family, a gay, irresponsible Puck of thirteen with the typical Jukes no-chin, and regarded by the neighbors as quite a tease because of his habit of setting buildings afire every so often.

"Well," says Ma, "I kind o' had my face fixed fer chicken, but I guess we c'n manage. Here, Lump, you run down to Perkins' grocery and fetch up a few cans salmon an' any other vittles ye think might tech the spot."

"Not me," Lump says. "Jedge tole me ef I got caught swipin' any more stuff out'n stores, he'd send me to state's prison sure 'nough."

"That so, young Mister High-an'-Mighty!" snaps Pa Jukes. "Well, lemme tell you one thing, you young whippersnapper, ef state's prison's good enough fer yer brother Timmy, it's plenty good enough fer you."

"Now, Pa," says Ma, soothingly.

"Well, dad rat it, Ma, jest don't let him git so uppity, that's all. I don't know what's got into the younger generation lately. Why, there ain't a nicer crowd o' boys you'd want to meet than the boys at Sing Sing. Leastwise, 'twas so in my day thar."

"Pa, mebbe one o' the children that ain't never been pinched better go," advises Ma. "It'll look better."

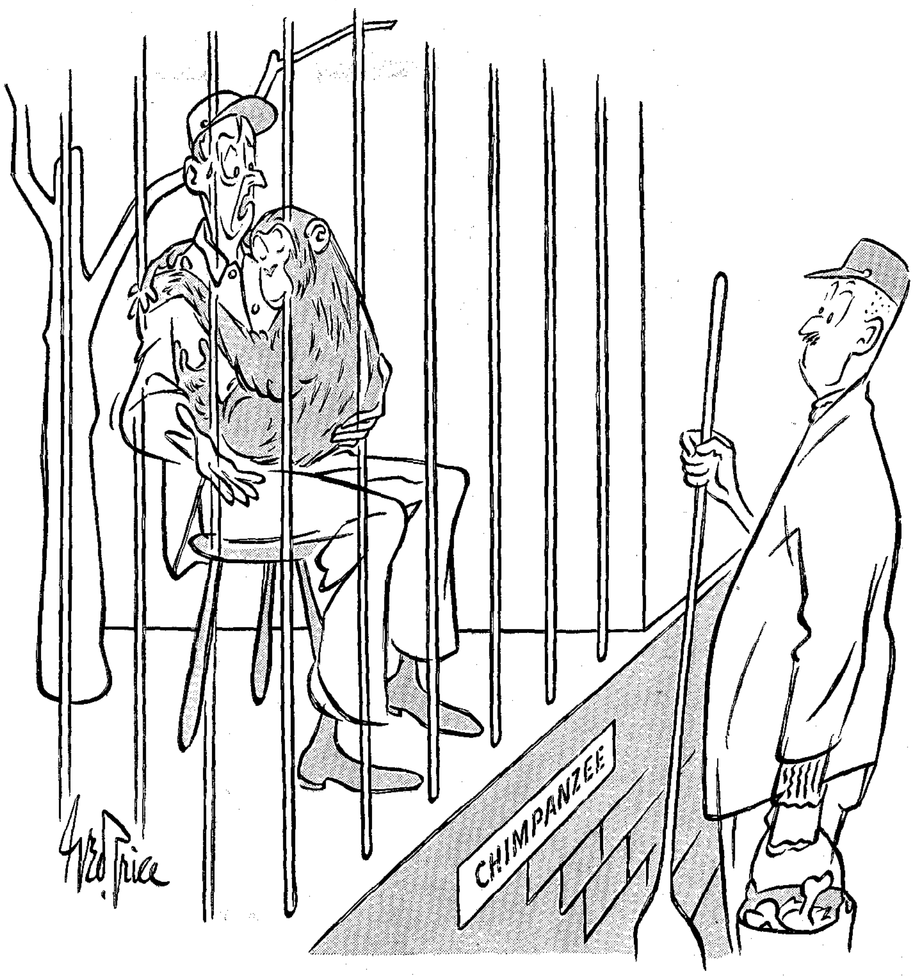
There are shouts from the kiddies of "Me, Ma! Let me go! I wanna go, Ma!"

At this point the door bursts open and in comes Wash Jukes, an attractive, coffee-colored lad of fourteen.

"Guess what, Ma!" Wash exults. "The jedge jes' pernounced me a ju-vile delinquent!"

Wash's brothers and sisters are agog with admiration and Ma glows with maternal pride, but Brother Lump is in the clutch of the green-eyed monster.

"Shucks!" says Lump. "I was a ju-vile delinquent when I was ten year old, wa'n't I, Ma?"



"I wish they'd hurry up and find a mate for her."

"Go on, po' white trash," sneers Wash.

"Wash Jukes!" Ma rebukes. "You lemme hear you call yer brother po' white trash again an' I'll slap ye down. Now git along to the store and fetch back some vittles." She sighs.

"What's wrong, Ma?" asks Pa.

"Pa, I'm a-worrit about Babs. I wa'n't fixin' to tell ye, because I didn't aim to fret ye none, but she ain't been hum now fer two days and two nights."

"Shucks, Ma, she prob'ly stopped off at some gal friend's house on her way hum from school."

"She hadn't oughta gone an' done it 'thout lettin' me know. I declar', I don't know what the younger generation's a-comin' to. When I was a gal Babs' age, ef I stayed away from hum fer more'n one night a-runnin', I got Hail Columbia from the matron."

"Don't ye fret none about Babs, Ma. She's jest young an' full o' fun. Leave her have her fling. She'll be old soon enough."

"Mebbe yer right, Pa, but it seems to me the young uns don't pay no heed to their elders nowadays nohow. Mebbe I'm a-gettin' old-fashioned, but I kind o' like to know whar my children is o' nights. Say, that reminds me, I got a letter from Timmy today."

"Ye did? Then he's out o' solitary. They don't let ye write no letters when yer in solitary. Leastwise, they didn't in my day at Sing Sing. What's he say?"

"Tarnation take it, how do I know? That's why I'm a-waitin' for Babs to come hum, so's she can read it to me. Buster!"

"Yes, Ma?"

"Quit settin' fire to Chub!"

"But he ast me to set him afire, Ma," Buster says.

"Sure I did, Ma," says Chub.

"Makes no difference," says Ma, sternly. "'Tain't good fer ye. Ye want to grow up all charred?"

"Yes," says Chub, eagerly.

"Well, I swan to glory, I don't know what the younger generation's a-comin' to. Pa, put out Chub, will ye?"

With a good-natured chuckle, Pa throws a pail of water over Chub just as Wash returns from his trip to Perkins' store. The hungry brood crowds around him eagerly.

"Any luck, Wash?" says Ma.

"Naw," says Wash. "Ole Perkins was a-watchin' me all the time. All I could git was this." He takes a ham from beneath his blouse.

"Well," says Ma, " 'tain't much, but it's somethin'."

"And this." Wash produces another package.

"A flitch o' bacon," says Ma. "Now, that's real nice." Ma's tone is cheery. She is presenting a brave front.

"And these," says Wash, and he unloads from various crannies of his person a quantity of canned goods, fresh vegetables, assorted table delicacies, a watermelon, and a case of soft drinks.

"That all ye got?" asks Ma, striving to keep the disappointment from her voice. "Well, ye done the best ye could. We'll manage somehow."

NOW the door opens and who bursts in but Babs, her handsome eyes flashing and her green hair flying in the wind.

"Ma," cries Babs, "guess what!"

"Babs Jukes, whar you been?" says Ma, severely. "Go tidy up yer hair. Look at ye!"

"Ma!" cries Babs. "I got a job!"

Pa winces at the sound of the ugly three-letter word.

"Whar's the job?" Ma inquires, coldly, after a pause.

"In the circus! Lady Godiva!"

An artistic career! Well, that's different. Not quite to be classed as work. The alarm subsides, and the family is agog to hear about Babs' job.

"My sakes!" says Ma. "To think we got a real, gen-wine actress in the family!"

"Babs, c'n I have yer autograph?" asks little Monongahela.

Ma is thinking happily how she will come it over her neighbor up the alley, Mrs. Kallikak, who has been insufferable ever since her son got the hot squat for the axe murder of seven.

"Reason I ain't been hum," says Babs, "is I had to go to New York right away an' sign up. Guess they was afraid some other circus might grab me."

"I allus knew Babs'd go places," says Pa, with pride.

"Gee Whittaker, I'm tired," says Babs. "I set up on that train from New York the hull night."

"Set down, child," urges Ma. "I'll git ye a cup o' tea."

Babs sinks into a chair and the youngsters crowd around their distinguished sister, beseeching her for details of her new career and entreating her to get them jobs as freaks in the sideshow.

CLOUDY SUNSET

A long hand came out from the westering sun
Under the clouds and fingered one by one
Dark islands half a leaden sea away,
And they came close and quivered with golden day.
A sea gull caught afire on the dark
Ceiling of the world and went like a spark
Out over the waves and set the world afire.
A hill became bright houses and a spire;
A seaport turned white piles of children's blocks,
And they were precious stones that had been rocks.
Diamond dust was sprinkled on each tree,
And there were silver nets dragged on the sea.
A fisherman stood in his boat; his hips
Were suddenly bathed in the apocalypse;
The mackerel net he was running clear of weeds
Became an endless cobweb, hung with beads
Of a fiery morning, which the man
Was pulling from the evening ocean's span.
The light moved over the water and the land.

A mysterious and a golden hand
Was counting out the jewels which men had
Believed were reefs and wharves and boats or sad
Houses where men lived on little light;
The hand was putting pearls away for night.

—Robert P. Tristram Coffin

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Suddenly, above the childish babble, there is heard a shriek, then a sinister crackling noise, and cries of alarm as the children scurry to safety.

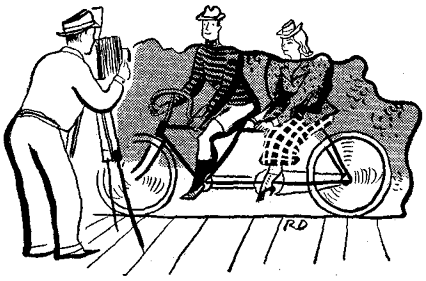
"Buster! You quit that!" Ma shouts, as is her wont whenever she hears crackling, but it is too late. This time Buster's prank has succeeded all too well. By the time rescue measures have been taken, Babs' once-glorious mane is a smoldering ruin, naught of it remaining save a charred stubble.

Babs is inconsolable.

"Don't you fret none, dearie," Ma attempts to comfort her. "It'll grow in again in no time at all. Onct, when I had the type-ford fever—"

But here the voice of Chuckles Gladsome interrupts Ma.

"Well, folks," says he, "all I can say is, if Babs Jukes wants that hair to grow again in time for her to join the circus, she had just better go tonight, or tomorrow morning at the very latest, to the nearest drugstore and get a bottle of Stickney's Famous Hair Restorer. Ladies, if your hair bothers you, if it is dull, dry, and hard to manage—"



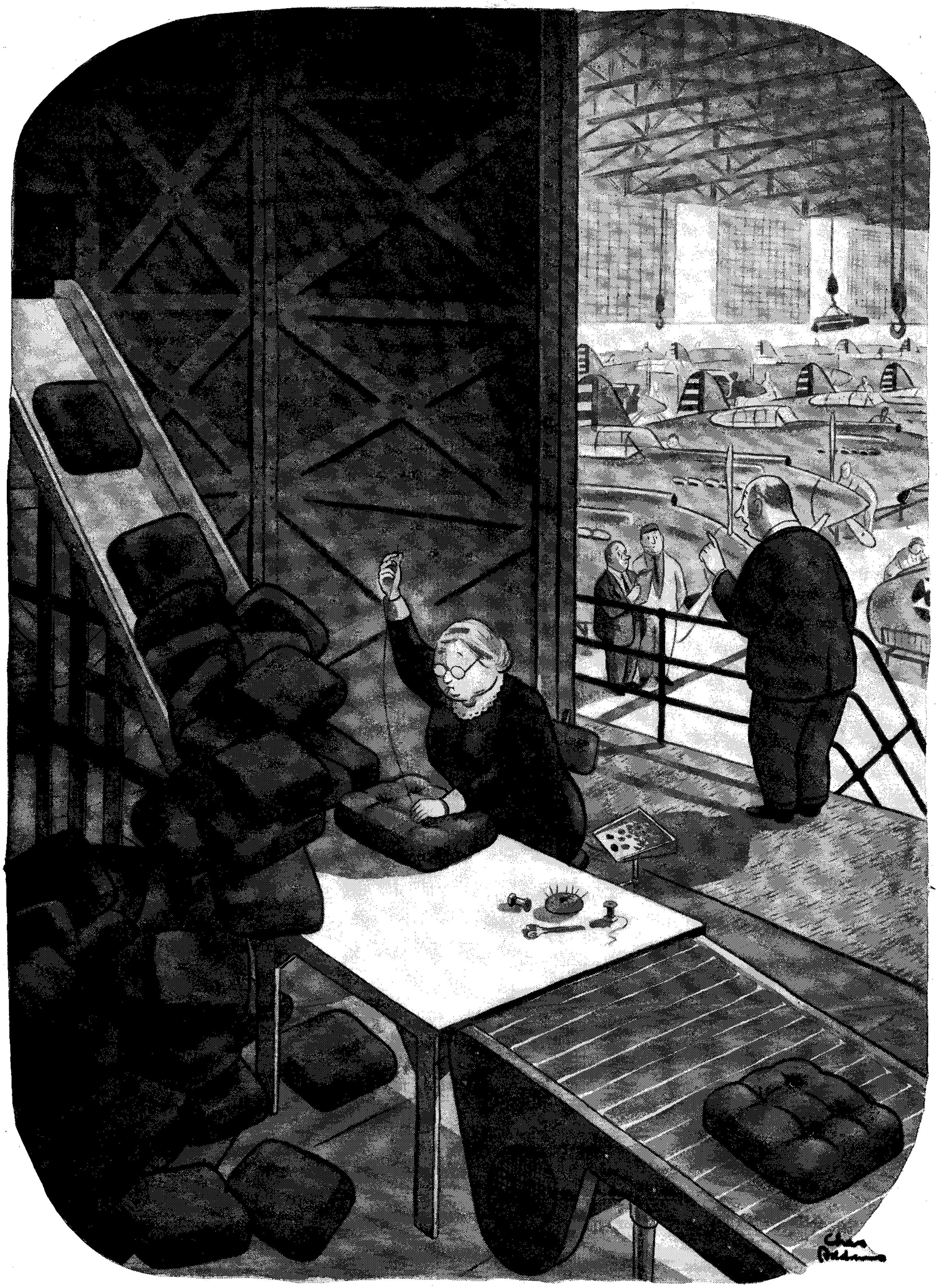
A shot rings out.

When the smoke clears, Ma Jukes is standing over poor Chuckles with Pa's shotgun in her right hand.

"Got him, by cracky!" she announces, with grim pleasure.

"Ma," Pa says. "Ye hadn't ought to o' gone an' done that. The law says 'tain't legal to shoot a buck announcer out o' season. Now ye've let ye'se'f in fer a good fine, and whar ye're a-goin' to raise the dough, I don't know."

WELL, what will happen to Ma? Will any jury convict? Will any Fish and Game Commission slap a fine on her for shooting an announcer, in season or out? Is Ma on her way to the clink? And how about Babs' hair? Will it grow back in time for her to join the circus? Follow the adventures of that happy-go-lucky, madcap, lovable, charming, irresponsible bunch, the Jukes Family! Tune in on this station tomorrow afternoon at this same hour and find out what happened to Ma Jukes. Your announcer is Paul Parks, substituting for Chuckles Gladsome. Bi-ing, ba-ang, bo-ong! —Frank Sullivan


Chas Addams

"Can you step up here just a moment, Mr. Hodgins? I think I've found your bottleneck."

THE WILSONS

ALL SORTS AND KINDS

OLD Mrs. Collins sat in the ragged, overstuffed chair that her husband had loved so well, with two faded cushions behind her back. Without two cushions she could not fit the chair, though she was a large woman. On her lap was the shabby baize-covered top of an old bridge table, its legs long since removed. It was deep in letters that she was answering in pencil. When she looked up, she could see through the south window the gray autumn storm clouds rolling over Narragansett Bay, or she could observe the gradual appearance of Mrs. Lovelace's ample posterior from the library cupboard. The sound of the wind and the rain almost drowned out the noise of Mrs. Lovelace's cleaning activities. Suddenly, with no warning, Mrs. Lovelace straightened up and poked her head around the corner of the cupboard.

"Read your daughter's poem in the *Atlantic*," she said cheerfully, in the flat singsong of the totally deaf. "Real nice. Mrs. Bigbee give it to me. I liked it." Bending down to her work, she showed only the posterior again.

Well, thought Mrs. Collins, you never can tell. I shouldn't have thought a poem of a woman's complicated heartbreak would exactly have suited Guinevere Lovelace. I must tell Mary. She'll be amused, and pleased. That reminded Mrs. Collins of her grandson Freddie Austen's birthday. She reached out and took Bartlett's Familiar Quotations from the shelf, poised it carefully over the side of her chair, and dropped it. It made a heavy noise and shook the floor. Mrs. Lovelace straightened up and peered out from the cupboard.

"Want me?" she said, looking hard at Mrs. Collins.

Without raising her voice at all but speaking articulately and slowly, Mrs. Collins said, "Yes. Are those fishing baskets in there?"

"They be," said Mrs. Lovelace.

"Choose the best of them," said Mrs. Collins. "I want to give it to my grandson for his birthday."

"Freddie?" said Mrs. Lovelace.

"Yes."

"Real nice boy," said Mrs. Lovelace, and disappeared. Presently she emerged again with a creel in her hand. "This one?"

"That's it," said Mrs. Collins. "Was my husband's. Always bought good things."

Mrs. Lovelace looked at it. "Lovely," she said. "Make a boy real happy." She put the creel on the floor. "Got a new rose."

"Have you?" said Mrs. Collins.

"Yes. Pretty. Been two years at it. Two years. Pale pink, shades to yeller. Long buds."

"Sounds lovely."

"Choice," said Mrs. Lovelace. "Ain't got no name to it. Like to call it Mrs. Sam Collins." She giggled.

"Oh," said Mrs. Collins. "Well, that's very nice. I'd like that. Thank you."

"Hoped you would," said Mrs. Lovelace.

"How about Mrs. Samuel Collins? Sam sounds rather short, doesn't it?"

"Uh-huh," said Mrs. Lovelace. "Jest as you please. Mrs. Wilson, she wanted I should call it for her." She giggled again.

"Did she now?"

"Uh-huh. Sort of hinted around."

"What did you say? When did this happen?"

"Yesterday," said Mrs. Lovelace. "I was to Wilsons', putting the house away. I told her I aimed to name it for you. She couldn't say nothing."

"No," said Mrs. Collins. "So they've closed the house?"

"Yes. Closed it. I'm done with the cupboard. Want I should clean the kitchen next?"

"Have you done the garret?"

"It's done. What you think I found there?"

"What?"

"Wawsps," said Mrs. Lovelace.

"Mercy!" said Mrs. Collins. "Did you get rid of them?"

"Me and Willie," said Mrs. Lovelace. "Burnt 'em. Never got stung onct. Wawsps. They don't bite Willie."

"In all the years he's worked for me, I never knew that of Willie. A wonderful gift," said Mrs. Collins.

"How's that?"

"I said 'He's lucky,' " said Mrs. Collins.

"Surely is," said Mrs. Lovelace. "Roof is sort of gone, places."

"Yes," said Mrs. Collins, "it's only useful now to strain the bigger bees out of the rain."

Mrs. Lovelace laughed and closed the cupboard door. "No wawsps in Wilsons' house," she said. "Everything brand-new. Everything."

"Really?"

"Coverings," said Mrs. Lovelace. "Whole of her living room is white. My! Curtains, cushions, chairs. The whole of it. White."

"Goodness!"

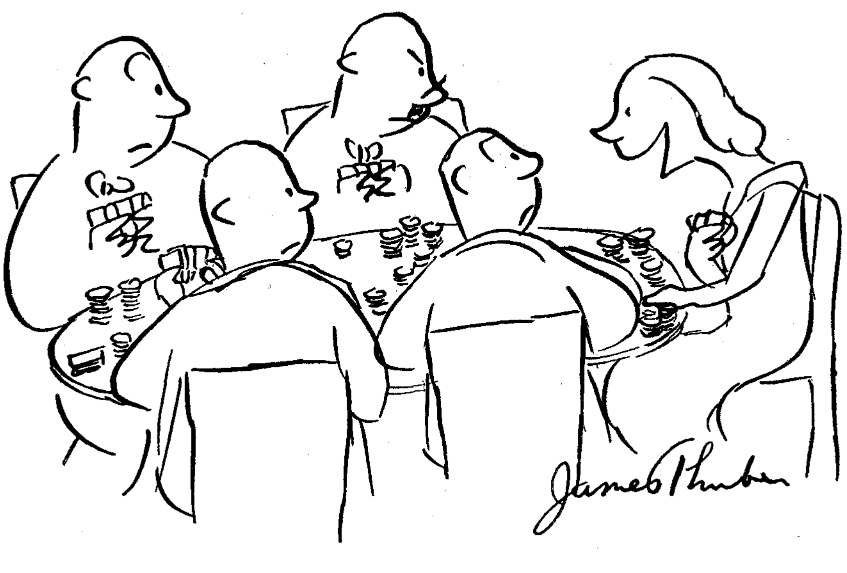
"She don't let Mr. Wilson to keep his dogs in it, not for a minute. Nor not in the house now. Not one. Got a kennel now."

"Oh?"

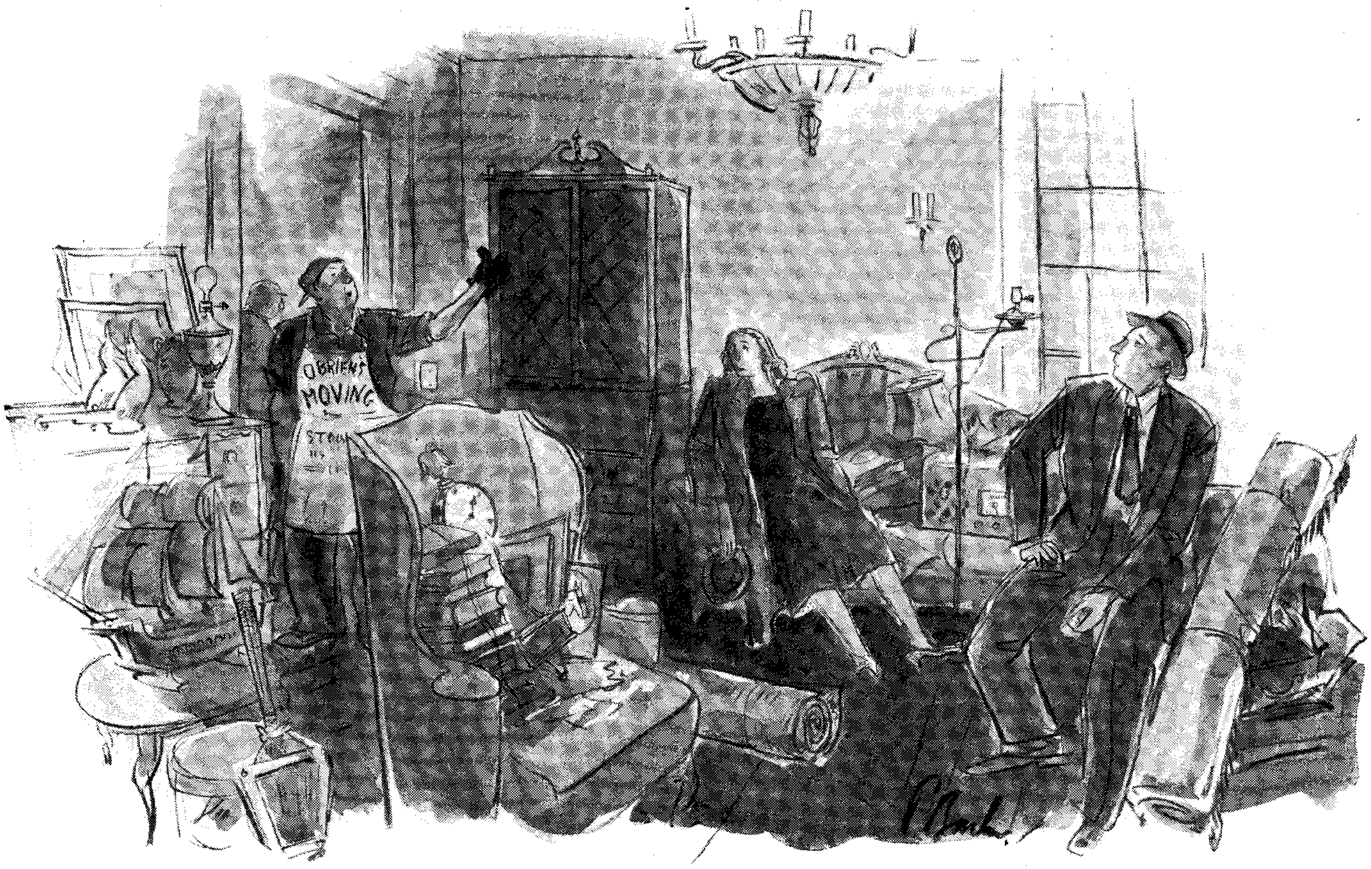
"He come in with that big setter of hisn whilst I was taking off them covers. Setter got right up on the sofa. Made paw marks onto it. Sofa cushions had to go to the cleaners. She come in and give him glory. Well, I'll start the kitchen."

"Yes," said Mrs. Collins. "Millicent is out."

Mrs. Lovelace giggled. "I'll get at the pots and pans then," she said.



"What do four ones beat?"



"Till next October, then."

Mrs. Collins laughed and nodded, and Mrs. Lovelace left the room.

NO dogs! thought Mrs. Collins. Goodness! The house must be empty. And all white. Like a city house, not a country house, set in the rustic atmosphere of southern Rhode Island. To be sure, Joe Wilson had made a real position for himself in that Providence bank, starting pretty well from scratch. That must have meant more money for Fairlie Wilson. And more position? Probably. What a wonderful country we live in, thought Mrs. Collins, when a woman like Fairlie Wilson can become president of the local garden club, to succeed an old-timer like me! Well, it was an odd world and a changing one, but people had been climbing up from the bottom to the top since there had been people at the top to climb up toward. And the Wilsons' two children would take it all for granted, garden clubs included. It would be easier for the little boy than for the girl, sixteen or so, who must have started to form before the Wilsons began to climb. But no dogs in the house! That did seem very extreme. She looked back of her. The cocker spaniel was curled up, almost hidden, behind the thick rug folded on one end of the sofa.

"You, Nig," she said. "What are you doing there?"

The spaniel flattened his head and rolled his eyes but didn't move. "Get off that!" said Mrs. Collins. The dog crawled off the sofa and crept to a cushion on the floor in a corner. Mrs. Collins could hear the thumping of a tail in another corner. "Good boy, Freckles," she said. "You wouldn't get on a sofa, would you?" An old pointer immediately rose and came over and tried to climb on her lap. "Get down!" she said. "Fairlie Wilson is right. You can't keep a house decent and have dogs." She put her bridge table on another chair, got up, and brushed the place on the sofa where the spaniel had made a fine, dusty nest. "And right after Guinevere has done the room," she said. The spaniel rolled his eyes at her. "This room wouldn't stay all white for five minutes," she said. Followed by both dogs, she went out to the kitchen.

MRS. LOVELACE already had all the pots and pans out of the kitchen cupboard and was busy scouring them. Her back was turned to Mrs. Collins. The pointer sat down and scratched his stomach, making a heavy, thumping noise. Mrs. Lovelace turned immediately.

"Want me?" she said, smiling.

"No," said Mrs. Collins. "It was just the dog."

"Fleas?"

"Habit and old age," said Mrs. Collins.

"Uh-huh," said Mrs. Lovelace, and turned again to her scouring.

What am I doing here? thought Mrs. Collins. She'll get on faster without me and I'm too old to be gossiping. But she is such a rare person, Guinevere. I wish I could afford her always instead of once a week. I'm glad that stupid little Millicent is out.

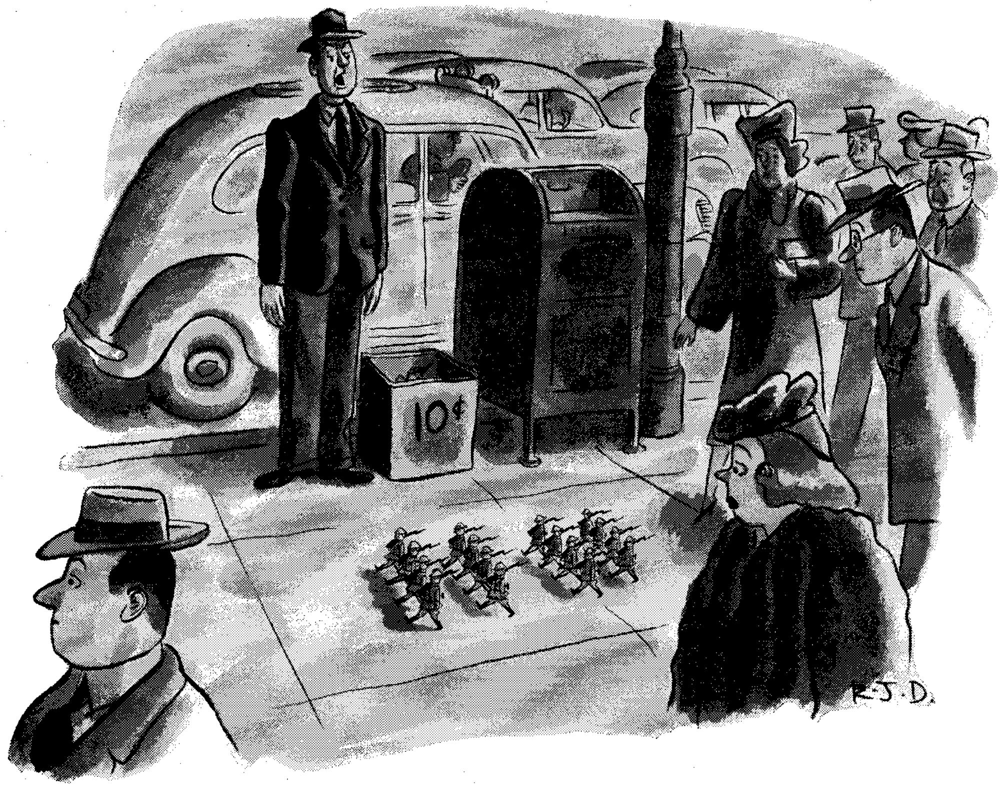
"Mrs. Lovelace!" she cried out, very loudly.

Mrs. Lovelace didn't look around. Stupid of me, thought Mrs. Collins. She picked up a flatiron and banged it on the kitchen drainboard. The whole kitchen vibrated.

Mrs. Lovelace turned at once. "Want me?" she said.

"If you've another Brillo, I'll help you."

"Yes indeed," said Mrs. Lovelace. From the pocket of her apron she drew a pad of steel wool. Mrs. Collins took it and began to work on a skillet, across



"Column right!"

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the table from Mrs. Lovelace. After a while she caught Mrs. Lovelace's eye.

"She calls me Guinevere," said Mrs. Lovelace.

"Who does?"

"Mrs. Wilson."

"Really?" said Mrs. Collins.

"I don't mind," said Mrs. Lovelace. "She ain't happy."

"Not happy?"

"Not so's you'd call it happy."

"With her beautiful white room?"

"You'd ought to see her kitchen," said Mrs. Lovelace. "*My!* Everything new. Everything clean. Shiny. Everything got a drawer for itself."

"Sounds wonderful," said Mrs. Collins.

"My!" said Mrs. Lovelace. There was a silence, and they scoured away at the utensils. Wonder why Guinevere thinks Fairlie Wilson isn't happy? thought Mrs. Collins.

As though to answer her, Mrs. Lovelace spoke. "Done the whole house over," she said. "All the rooms. Got a real pretty garden, but gracious, she had to *pay* out for *it!* Didn't do *it* herself. She's got an Italian gardener now. But still she ain't what I mean satisfied."

"No one ever is," said Mrs. Collins.

"That's so." Mrs. Lovelace nodded. "But she's a right to be. But she ain't. Ain't happy."

"What makes you think so?"

"You'd ought to seed her," said Mrs. Lovelace. "I was doing up her new china cupboard, one that is in her big room. Full of white pieces. She stood plumb in the middle of that room. Guess she figured I couldn't hear her." She giggled. "Spoke right out. I seen her lips. Says she, 'It won't do, it won't do. And Joe won't never let me change the room again.' Joe, that's her husband, Mr. Wilson. A nice man."

"Yes," said Mrs. Collins. "Simple and nice."

"That's it," said Mrs. Lovelace. "She kep' on talking. She says, 'Won't do. Won't do. All that money, and it means nothing.' Then she looks at me and I guess she hollered, because I couldn't make out so good what she says, but she says something like, 'It's *wrong*, this room. You'd ought to see the rooms to Mrs. Folton's at Newport, or the rooms to Mrs. Medford's.' I says, says I, 'I seen the Medfords'.' 'It's got something,' she says. 'This don't look like nothing.' Then she stopped talking to me and she goes right on to herself, and she says, 'If I'd only waited. If I'd only waited! I just didn't know.' Something like that. She looked plumb unhappy. Yes. See what I mean?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Collins. They relapsed into silence. The pointer scratched himself again and Mrs. Lovelace looked up and said, "He'll get sores, itching like that."

"He's old, like me," said Mrs. Collins.

"Don't have to be old to get sores," said Mrs. Lovelace. "Seeing Mrs. Wilson standing in the midst of plenty made me like your daughter's poem."

"Oh," said Mrs. Collins. "Yes. I see."

"House used to be real homely," said Mrs. Lovelace. "Plain but homely. Plush and such like. Dogs, too. Now it ain't. Not a homely room in the whole of it, not even the kitchen."

Mrs. Collins remembered that if she didn't speak to Willie before he left for his dinner, her letters wouldn't be posted. She put down her pan and her Brillo and knocked with her knuckles on the table. Mrs. Lovelace looked up.

"I've got to find Willie," said Mrs. Collins.

"Behind the pump house," said Mrs. Lovelace. "Fixing the dreen."

"Thank you. Interesting about Mrs. Wilson."

"Yes, it is." Mrs. Lovelace nodded. "Sad. What's into her?"

"'Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself,'" said Mrs. Collins.

"Who said that?"

"Shakespeare."

"He must a known all sorts and kinds," said Mrs. Lovelace. "He said so many smart things."

"All sorts and kinds," said Mrs. Collins. "People don't change much." Mrs. Lovelace shook her head. Mrs. Collins moved behind her, and looked out the kitchen window. It was still raining hard. She must get her waterproof on, to fetch Willie. She went to the door and tried to open it, but it had jammed in the dampness of the weather. She kicked it open.

"Want me?" said Mrs. Lovelace.

Mrs. Collins turned and looked at her and articulated, "No, *thank you.* Door was stuck."

Mrs. Lovelace nodded. "Calls me Guinevere," she said, and giggled. "All sorts and kinds I work for, but she's the only one don't give you a handle to your name." —Christopher La Farge

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Times*]

The speech [Willkie's acceptance speech] represented weeks of conferences, hours of thought.

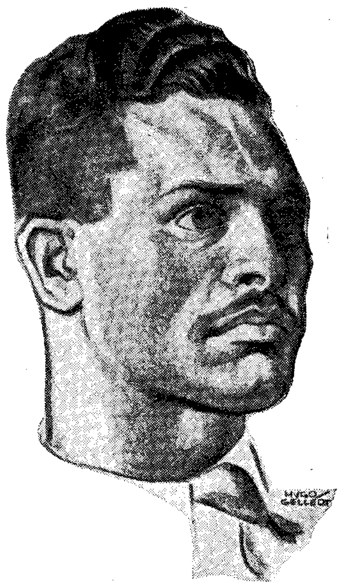
PROFILES

CASSANDRA, INC.

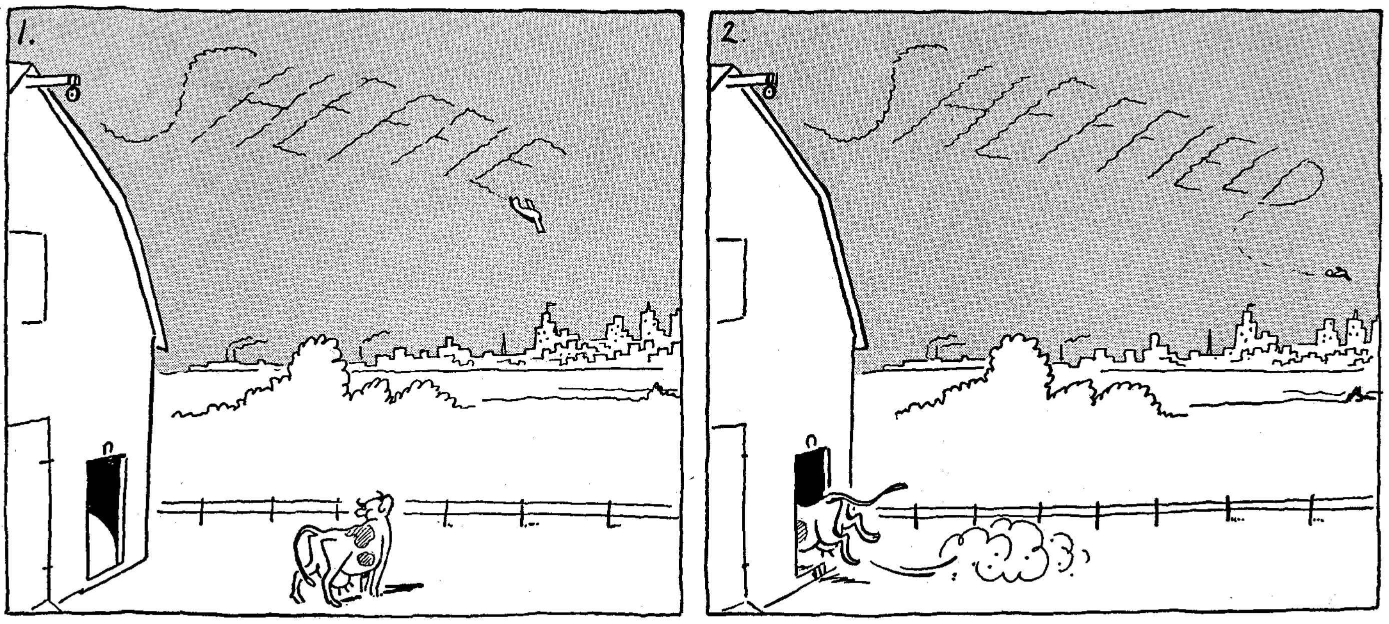
THE Research Institute of America, a thriving business run by a young lawyer from the Bronx named Leo M. Cherne and a young Bible salesman from Emporia, Kansas, named Carl Hovgard, is built around the simple proposition that Calvin Coolidge will never return. The Institute advises businessmen on how to survive in spite of the Niagara Falls of government regulations constantly descending on them. Cherne and Hovgard figure this way: Ever since the advent of the New Deal, business legislation—social security, wage-hour, tax—has been getting more complicated and businessmen have been feeling more harassed and bewildered; whatever happens, whether the next administration is Democratic or Republican, whether there is war or peace, the lawyers and technicians now running the government will be pouring out rivers of laws and regulations and rulings for many years to come, perhaps forever; so why not let's all be philosophical and make the most of a sad situation? Cherne, as executive secretary and editor in chief of the Institute, decides what businessmen ought to know; Hovgard, as president, persuades them to buy what Cherne has to say. The company was started in 1935 in a one-room office in the Chanin Building, on East Forty-second Street, with a capital of $750. Now it occupies four floors of the Research Institute Building, at 292 Madison Avenue. At the outset, the help consisted of a single stenographer; now there is a staff of over two hundred lawyers, clerks, salesmen, stenographers, office boys, and economists. The Institute gets out a fortnightly newsletter called the *Business and Legislation Report* and a series of looseleaf volumes, called *Coordinators*, on tax and legislative subjects. Over nineteen thousand firms and individuals subscribe to one or more of these publications, paying fees of from $36 to $347 a year. Among them are the Liggett's Drug Stores, Loft's, the Kansas City Public Service Company, the First National Bank of Louisville, Carnation Milk, Salada Tea, the Apple Growers Association of Hood River, the St. Regis Hotel, American Radiator, Rogers Peet, Ohrbach's, Borden's, and Wrigley's. A half-dozen years ago Cherne was chafing over his obscurity; now he interprets the United States Government to Business, he goes to Washington to testify before Senate committees, he addresses trade conventions, he lectures at the War College, and he has been billed here and there as "America's Outstanding Civilian Authority on M-Day." Plainly, Cherne thinks, the notion that there is no longer an opportunity for a young man to get ahead in America is un-American.

CHERNE's father was a Rumanian compositor who emigrated to New York in 1904. By 1910, he was married and owned a modest printing and stationery business on Willis Avenue near 138th Street, in the Bronx. The family lived in the neighborhood, where Leo was born in 1912 and spent his childhood. At the age of twelve, Leo, who had a good singing voice, got a job in the chorus at the Metropolitan Opera. He sang there for four years—fifty cents a rehearsal, a dollar a dress rehearsal, $2 a performance—and saved $300 with which to go to college. In 1929, he entered New York University. At that time his ambition was to be a newspaperman. Working in his spare time as a free-lance journalist, he wrote some articles for the *Mirror* on "smoke" joints and helped edit a short-lived competitor of the *Bronx Home News*. In 1931, he decided to give up newspaper work for law, and left the university for the New York Law School, from which he graduated three years later. He got a job with the law firm of Blau, Perlman & Polakoff, where one of his chores was to assist Judge Nathan D. Perlman in his duties as a member of the New York County Lawyers' Association Committee on Legislation. The committee's function was to examine proposed bills and report on them to the Legislature. It was this work which made Cherne realize what a dismaying mess a season's grist of legislation can be. The job nevertheless bored him and he quit, soon after he was admitted to the bar in 1935, to go to work for a publishing house called Whitgard Services. He got the job by answering an ad in the New York *Law Journal* for a legal and editorial assistant competent to write about social-security legislation.

A man named Edward Whittlesey, on a leave of absence from teaching journalism in Emporia College, at Emporia, Kansas, had come to New York that same year to peddle a newspaper syndicate feature. While here, he was struck by the fact that a great number of business people were baffled by the recently passed Social Security Act. The law was so complicated that they didn't know either how to conform to it or escape it. After reflecting on this situation, Whittlesey sold his car for $450, and with the proceeds and $300 in savings as his capital organized himself as the Whittlesey Publishing Company for the purpose of issuing a book on social-security legislation. He hired a man named Hugo Rogers, a lawyer familiar with social-security legislation, to write the book, which was to be called "Minimizing Payroll Taxes." Whittlesey found businessmen even more eager for information on the subject than he had hoped. Within a few weeks he was able to get advance orders for ten thousand copies of the book at $10 each. He ran into trouble, however, soon after the book came out, when various states began passing social-security laws of their own. Purchasers of the book began to write in asking what they should do now. The firm decided to reissue the book, which was in looseleaf form, in an expanded version and later to bring out supplements. Shortly before that, Carl Hovgard had entered the business. He was a friend of Whittlesey and had come to New York from a Tulsa advertising agency in 1932. He had started a direct-by-mail agency in the Chrysler Building, and had scarcely opened his office when the banks closed. The agency soon followed suit. Hovgard drifted from one thing to another until, in 1935, he bought an interest in the Whittlesey Publishing Company. The two men set up a separate organization called Whit-



Leo M. Cherne



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gard Services to put out a looseleaf volume called the *Payroll Tax Saving Service*. Editorial help was needed, and the *Law Journal* ad brought in Cherne, who prepared, as evidence of his competence, a "Comprehensive Digest and Summary of the Washington 'Unemployment Compensation Act.' " Whittlesey, recalling those days, says, "It wasn't long before we knew that Leo would be the editorial brains of the business."

CHERNE was set to work gathering and digesting legal texts. Quite soon he began to feel that the *Payroll Tax Saving Service* was a clumsy compilation and no good. For years the Commerce Clearing House, Prentice-Hall, Inc., and others had been publishing looseleaf tax and law reports. What was the use of imitating them? A businessman didn't care about legal generalities; he wanted specific information, such as whether he would be taxed on supper money paid to a clerk who worked overtime. Cherne was eager to compile a complete digest of the huge accumulation of social-security legislation in a handy, explicit looseleafer. Just about this time, Whittlesey got tired of the business and sold his interest to Hovgard and Cherne. A number of editors were hired and the looseleafer was got under way at once. In about a year it was completed. Cherne, who loves the whole concept of coördination, named his work the *Social Security Coordinator*.

The small questions created by social-security legislation are almost innumerable, but the *Coordinator* answers them by the hundred. For instance, when and how can an employer consider salesmen to be independent contractors and not subject to social-security laws? Look up "Salesmen" in the *Coordinator*; under that heading you will find, rendered into simple English, all the regulations, laws, administrative rulings, and other information about salesmen. An employee who is fired for misconduct gets a lot less out of his unemployment insurance. But what constitutes misconduct? The *Coordinator* will tell you, with illustrations taken from the American dream:

> Employee, 74 years old, had worked as night foreman for the employer for 27 years. New machine was installed; employee instructed to see that it was washed at end of night shift. His failure to do so was called to his attention on various occasions. On one occasion he replied with a rude and vulgar remark. Held: remark under circumstances did not constitute misconduct.
>
> Porter in restaurant refused to clean the lavatory when requested because he felt he would get behind in his other duties. The manager's request was reasonable and the employee's refusal was misconduct.
>
> New set of teeth causing employee so much discomfort that he was unable to rest, constituted good reason for failure to report for work. Notified employer. Held: no misconduct.

If a man voluntarily quits work, he may not be entitled to any unemployment insurance. What does "voluntarily" mean? The *Coordinator* presents this example:

> Claimant had been living with his wife's family. Claimant stated that his domestic situation had reached the stage where he either had to give up his job and get out of town or fight with his wife over her relatives. Claimant left with only three days notice to his employer. Held: voluntary leaving without good cause.

THE *Social Security Coordinator* was a success, and Cherne became impatient to turn out *Coordinators* on other subjects. In the fall of 1936 he set to work to devise a new type of business newsletter. Newsletter services had been in existence for decades, but Cherne was certain that there was room for one more. The result was a fortnightly letter called the *Business and Legislation Report*, which came out for the first time on January 9, 1937, and now has a circulation of over 19,000. The *Report* is a sprightly combination of political comment and information on tax and other economic legislation. In a recent issue, for example, the reader is informed that "the traditional labor approach of the Administration has been sharply changed within the last few weeks. Quietly the Department of Labor's Conciliation Service is acting to prevent strikes in essential industry." A hunch on Willkie is tossed in: ". . . ideologically this one-time campus socialist comes closer to antipathy for concentration of big industry than the Hyde Park country squire." These bonbons are followed by several pages on the doings of the National Defense Advisory Commission. Then the reader's attention is directed to "A significant Federal ruling of far-reaching importance [which] offers encouragement to employers who want to use full-time sales representatives without incurring Social Security taxes on their earnings." Literature of this character, along with economic chitchat, is served up in lush typographical style.

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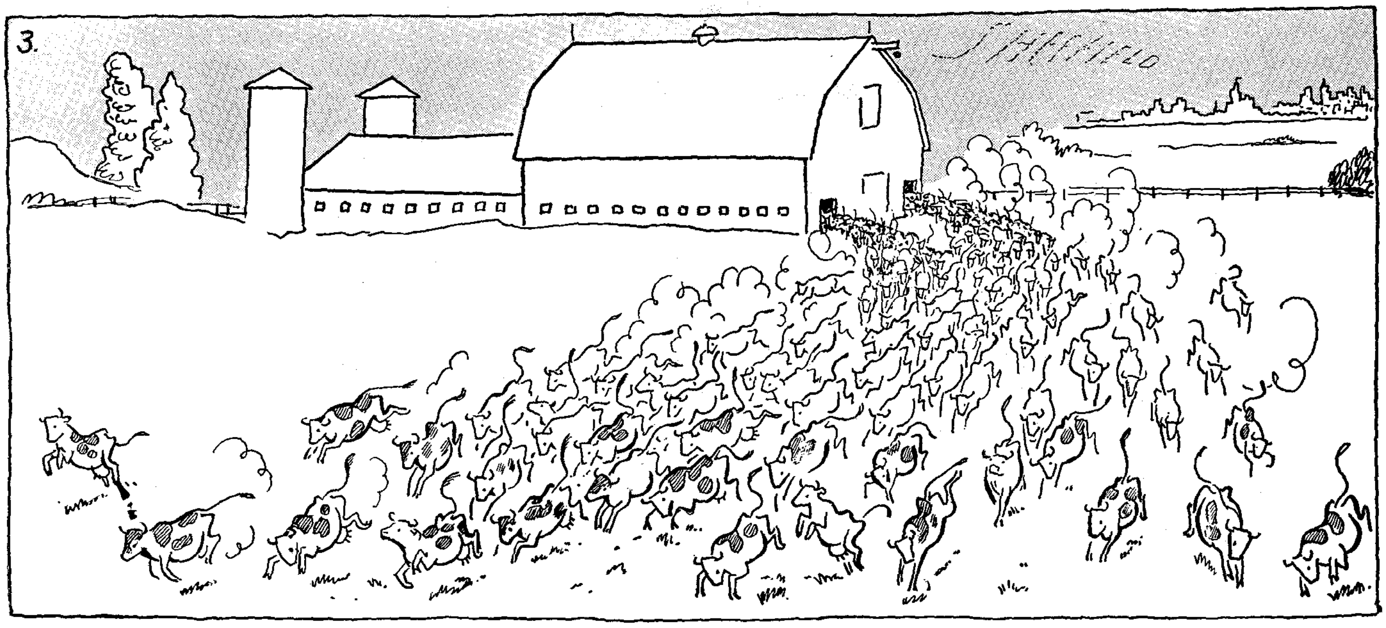

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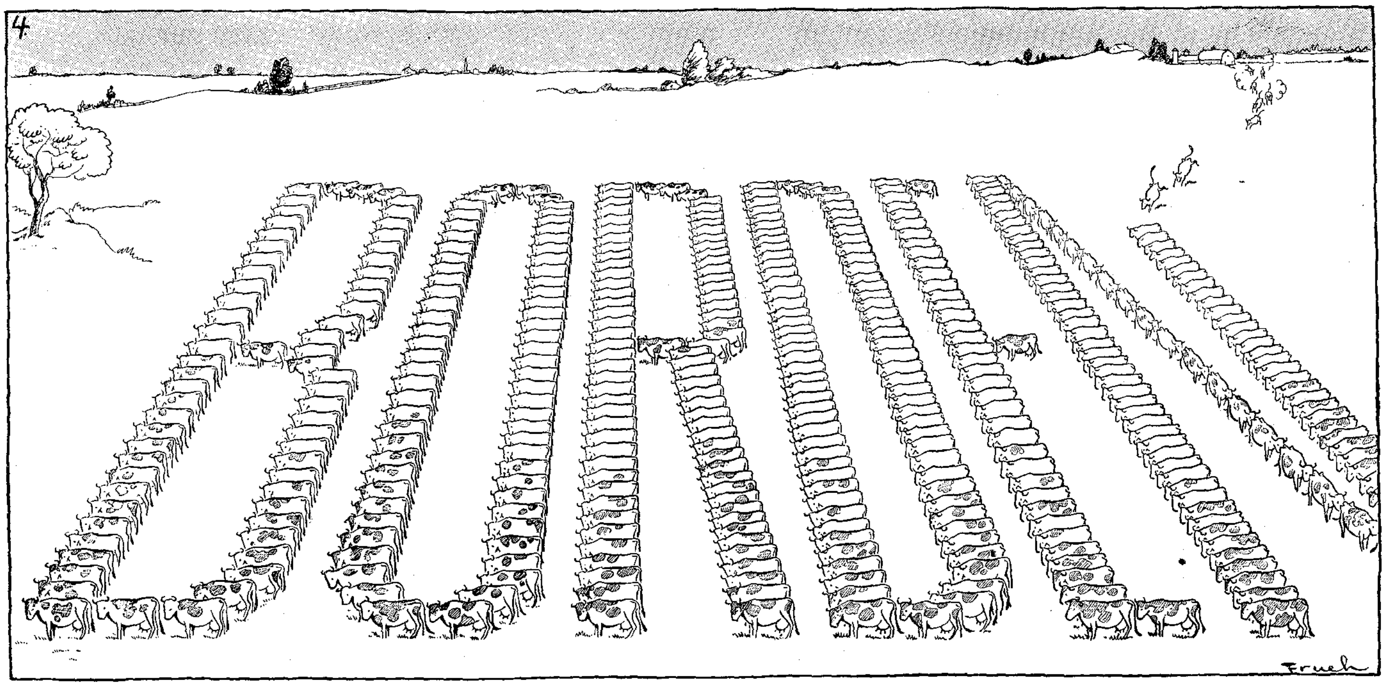

Captions are underscored in red ink, each page is embossed with a seal consisting of the firm's name and the statement "No Report Authoritative Without Seal," and the letter is bound in a pale-blue cover with shiny brass eyelets. Cherne believes business people like to have their aesthetic sensibilities appealed to.

After launching the *Report*, Cherne and Hovgard brought out another looseleafer—the *Federal Tax Coordinator*—and other books called the "Guide to Tax Economy," "Adjusting Your Business to the New Legislation," and "Chart of Illegal Business Practices." Meanwhile, the Institute, situated in the Salmon Tower, had overflowed into vacant offices on three floors. Business was booming and Cherne was already becoming something of a personage, addressing the trade-association conventions and testifying at the legislative hearings in Washington. The enterprise had expanded to a point where Cherne and Hovgard felt they needed imposing headquarters. They found what they were looking for at the twenty-five-story Johns-Manville Building. Johns-Manville, which had occupied a large part of the building, had moved out, and a number of the upper floors were still vacant. One obstacle in renting them was that on the top floor there was a large Gothic chamber with oak-panelled walls, leaded-glass windows, an ornate fireplace, and an intricate Gothic ceiling. Cherne and Hovgard took one look at this white elephant and knew it was just what they wanted. On January 1, 1938, the Institute moved into the building, the name of which was changed in honor of the new tenants. Seated at his desk, surrounded by his Gothic paraphernalia, Cherne, who is dark, slender, and somewhat dashing, looks like Ronald Colman in Technicolor.

THE Institute is a corporation and Hovgard and Cherne own all the stock. Their gross business in 1937 was about $442,000; it was about $824,000 in 1938, and approximately the same in 1939. Recently sales have spurted, and the firm will probably gross well over $1,000,000 this year. One company name succeeded another in the evolution of the business, and what began as the Whittlesey Publishing Company and Whitgard Services ended as the Research Institute of America. The last change was made in October, 1939, when the company had long since expanded beyond tax questions. In addition to the New York office, there are offices in Chicago, San Francisco, and Washington. A hundred salesmen, supervised by Hovgard, cover the country. Working under Cherne are twenty-five economists, reporters, lawyers, and accountants.

Hovgard and Cherne make a congenial working team; Cherne's restless impulse to "coördinate" everything in sight has complemented Hovgard's adroitness in the financial tightrope-walking that has been necessary to build up the business from a shoestring start. On Cherne's desk, next to a row of expensively bound *Coordinators* and an onyx desk set, is a crown-octavo volume, richly bound in pale leather, entitled "The First Year." It contains photostats of letters of tender appreciation from satisfied customers. It also contains a foreword written by Hovgard as a tribute to Cherne. Beautifully hand-lettered on vellum, it reads:

> This book, the edition of which has been limited to one copy, is presented to the Executive Secretary of the Tax Research Institute,
>
> LEO M. CHERNE,
>
> whose creative ideas, whose perpetual inspiration to the Institute's Editorial Staff, whose inexhaustible energy, and whose rare ability to acquire information valuable to the Institute's members have been the greatest factors contributing to the editorial success of the Institute's undertakings. The letters bound in this book are permanent evidence of Mr. Cherne's achievements.
>
> Presented in grateful appreciation
> by his co-worker
> Carl Hovgard.

HOVGARD, who is thirty-four years old, got the business itch early. When he was thirteen—this was in Emporia—he got a bank loan in order to buy a cow. While in school he tried his hand at advertising, acquired something of a reputation as a distance runner, and was a successful Bible salesman. The son of a Methodist preacher, he seems always to have been a careful observer of the techniques used in the promotion of organized religion. He admired the pomp and ritual of the Catholic Church, and the business organization of the Church no less. As a connoisseur of promotion, he also gave considerable thought to the methods used by the Four-Square Gospel people in conducting revivals and acquiring converts. Hovgard, who was recently divorced, lives alone in a modest apartment on East Thirty-eighth Street. He dresses casually and looks like a track man ten years out of a Midwestern college.

In dress, Cherne is the high-geared young executive, done with style and with a dash of Broadway—double-breasted gray striped suits, single-breasted dark-blue gabardines with wide lapels, soft white shirts, and a gold collar pin. In 1936 he married Julia Lopez, a girl he had gone to high school with. He and his wife now live on the Concourse in a glittering penthouse. They have a one-year-old daughter named

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SHORT HISTORY OF COOKS

Dorcas broke the dishes,
  Clara slumbered late,
Norah's sauces
Were total losses,
  And Sigrid stole the plate.
Mabel burnt the entrées
  And wooed the handy man,
But rich and rare
And beyond compare
  Are the works of Katharine Anne.

For Katharine Anne is a cook of cooks.
She throws away the recipe books
To bake by ear or by inspiration
And her meagrest stew is a World Sensation.
She lives to nourish the urge that's inner.
She doesn't mind if there's ten to dinner.
Lighter than foam
  Is her cheese soufflé,
And she bides at home
  When it's her off day.
On her morning coffee we call a blessing,
She doesn't put sugar in salad dressing,
Her roasts should hang in a gourmet's gallery,
And she thinks that we ought to lower her salary.

Nellie was a lady
  Who kept me in my place,
Emma's seasoning
Lacked rhyme or reasoning,
  And ennui troubled Grace.
Evangelist was Idabelle
  For starchless foods and raw,
But find who can
In Katharine Anne
  A single fault or flaw.

Oh, Katharine Anne is merry and humble.
Her cakes don't fall and her pies don't crumble,
Her custards never assail us clammily,
Our larder doesn't supply her family.
The grocery bill
  Is the bill she whittles,
She lavishes skill
  On yesterday's victuals,
Her puddings gleam like a gem from Flato's,
There are no lumps in her mashed potatoes.
She's learnèd with herbs and versed in spices,
She has no sins and she owns no vices,
She likes our kitchen, she praises her bed.
And I've made her up out of my own head.

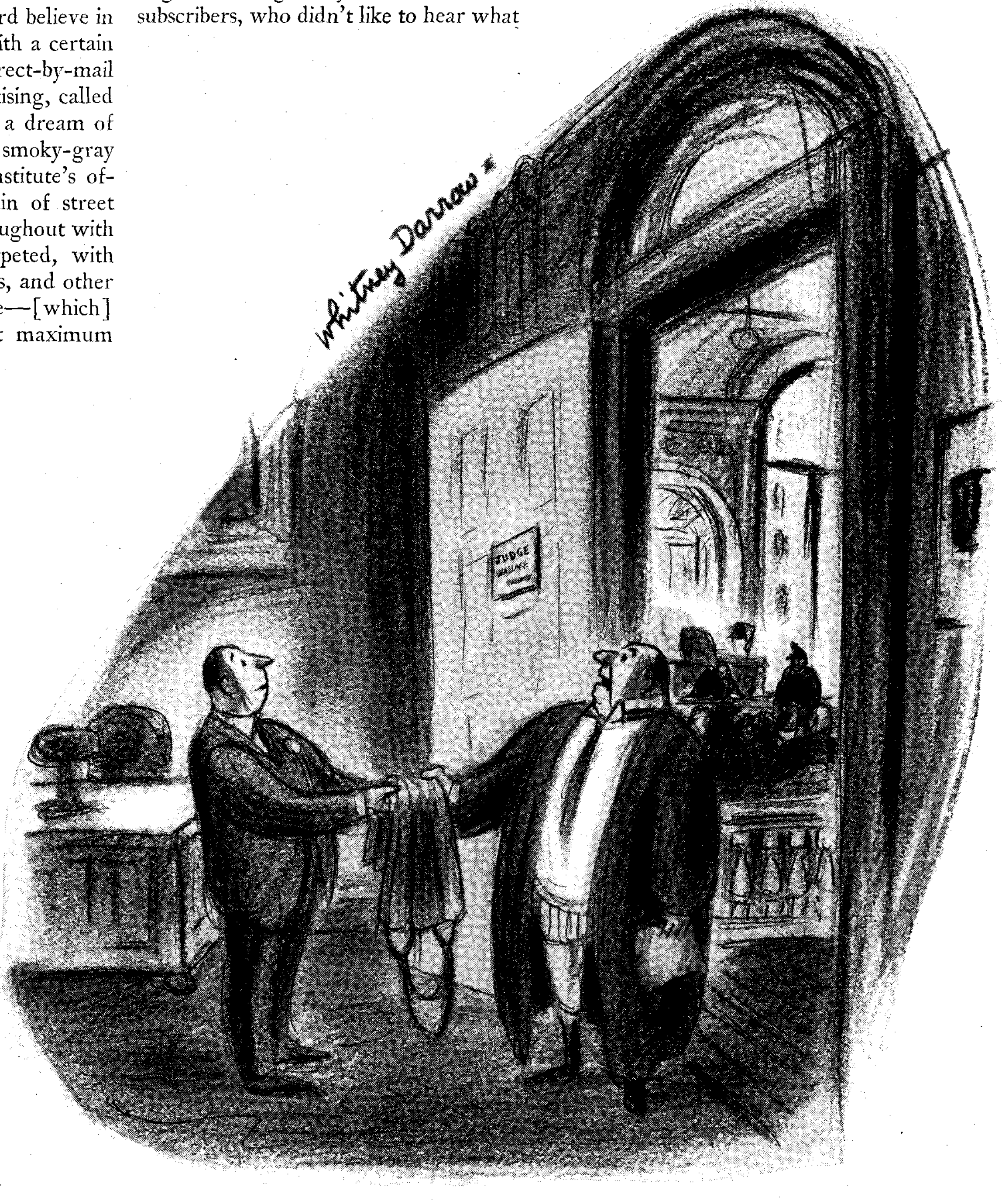
—PHYLLIS McGINLEY

• •

Gail Stephanie. When she was born, Cherne announced the fact to his friends in a newsletter parody called *Labor and Procreation Report*. The chief adornment of the Cherne living room is a circular glass table, supported by a transparent, electrically illuminated cylindrical column containing a swarm of tropical fish. Cherne has devoted some of his spare time to musical composition, and often, when he has guests, he entertains them by singing his own songs, without hesitation or self-consciousness. Mrs. Cherne accompanies him at the piano. His composing runs to torch songs, one of which, entitled "I'll Never Forget," will be published sometime this fall.

Both Cherne and Hovgard believe in conducting their business with a certain grandeur. One of their direct-by-mail pieces of institutional advertising, called "Evolution of an Idea," is a dream of reddish-brown print on smoky-gray paper, and describes the Institute's offices as "high above the din of street noises—richly panelled throughout with Jacobean oak—heavily carpeted, with ultra-quiet phones, draperies, and other features to minimize noise—[which] enable the Institute to get maximum efficiency from its dearly paid experts." The Institute's cream-colored letterhead is engraved in a brown, flowing script. The Institute's crest, which the two men collaborated on, is a shield on which are inscribed a business graph, three lawbooks, and a smoking skyline; flanking the shield are torches, above is the Capitol dome, below are the scales of justice. This crest appears not only on the Institute's publications and on Cherne's desk set but also on a silver shield which hangs from Hovgard's office wall. It is also reproduced on bronze shields which are clamped to the salesmen's automobile licence plates. "In lots of towns," Hovgard says, "it's enough to let the car stand beside a fireplug." Cherne picked up the Institute's motto, *Jus Dicere* (to declare the law), in Black's Law Dictionary. Recently the Institute adopted a new bank-check form—pale green, elaborately patterned with crests and showing the Institute Building in the background. "Wouldn't a salesman rather get his commission on a pretty check than an ugly one?" asks Hovgard.

CHERNE takes a good deal of pride in the high score of accurate predictions the Institute has made. In 1937, during a General Motors strike, the Institute, in one of the *Reports*, announced two weeks ahead of time that General Motors would sign a contract with the C.I.O. This opinion caused pain and anguish among many of the Institute's subscribers, who didn't like to hear what they considered a depressing prophecy. Cherne says now that if the settlement of the strike had not been effected as soon as it was, he might have had to stop publishing the *Reports*. The Research Institute has also accurately forecast every Supreme Court decision of major significance since it went into business, both those before the "reform" of the Court and since. According to Cherne, you examine the biographies of the justices, catalogue the attitudes they have shown in public and private, consider the abstract law involved, observe the general state of affairs in the nation, and then deduce what the decision is apt to be. Sometimes, to state your deduc-



"Have these pressed and back by four."

FANCY FRUITS AND VEGETABLES
4
7¢
23
15
8
5 for 12¢
hoff

"Are you mad with us, Mrs. Bimmelman?"

• •

tion is to be daring, but the Institute hews to the line. To a considerable extent, the Institute's high batting average is due to holding on strenuously to the obvious when large numbers of other people are swayed by their hopes. No people have been guiltier of wishful thinking than businessmen, Cherne believes. In September, 1935, the Liberty League issued an opinion prepared by the National Lawyers' Committee and signed by fifty-eight well-known lawyers—John W. Davis, Raoul E. Desvernine, Bainbridge Colby, and Frederic R. Coudert, Jr., among them—that the National Labor Relations Act was unconstitutional. This opinion brought much comfort to many business people. Cherne was under no such illusion and predicted that the Act would be upheld. The Institute "made exhaustive recommendations," said a triumphant circular issued subsequently, "enabling members to scoop competitors, avoid menace of strikes and shutdowns, and plan personnel policies months in advance, soundly and permanently."

Cherne insists on complete objectivity in the Institute's reporting, at the risk of offending his subscribers by giving them gloomy tips. His objectivity consists of a recognition of the fact that the government is, by and large, in control, and an understanding of the wish of business to avoid that control wherever it can. Another circular states that the Institute's services are "based on the principle that whether you like it or not, business activities are controlled by the Labor Board—by the Federal Trade Commission—by the Social Security Board—by the Wage-and-Hour Division—and by 39 other Federal Agencies which administer the Nation's business control laws. While the Institute cannot revoke these laws"—ah!—"the Institute is, *right now*, through its Reports, Analyses, and other confidential releases, showing Members how these laws can in many cases be turned into actual business advantage." Could more be asked of objectivity?

In May, 1937, a Wisconsin insurgent newspaper, *The Progressive*, charged that "large anti-labor industrialists and profit-greedy corporate interests are being assisted in 'avoiding' the Wagner Labor Relations Act and other federal measures designed to protect the rights of labor and consumers by 'confidential information' supplied by" the Institute. *The Progressive* then quoted from an Institute circular: "Under the Wagner Act you probably have been 'told' that you cannot oppose a union. This is true sometimes, but the Institute can show you a number of effective weapons which you may rightfully use to limit the power of a union. This should decrease labor troubles." Cherne's feelings were hurt, and, defending himself in a reply published in *The Progressive*, he quoted from an Institute promotion letter which had been sent to labor-union officials shortly after the Wagner Act was passed. "Your responsibilities are heavier today than ever before!" it said. "You cannot expect to gain more power, more members, more funds, unless you are equipped with an accurate foreknowledge of what is going to happen in various industries as a result of the Wagner decision. . . . Future Reports, issued each two weeks or oftener, will keep you in constant touch with each new development as it arises. They will warn you in advance of the dangers labor faces. For example: 1. What will be the best means of combatting the growth of company unions? How can one union avoid strife with another? 2. Since the Act applies only to employment in interstate commerce, just what, in view of the decisions, is interstate commerce? How may violations of an unfair labor practice be reported? What procedures must then be followed?"

You can't lose; there's something in the *Reports* for everybody.

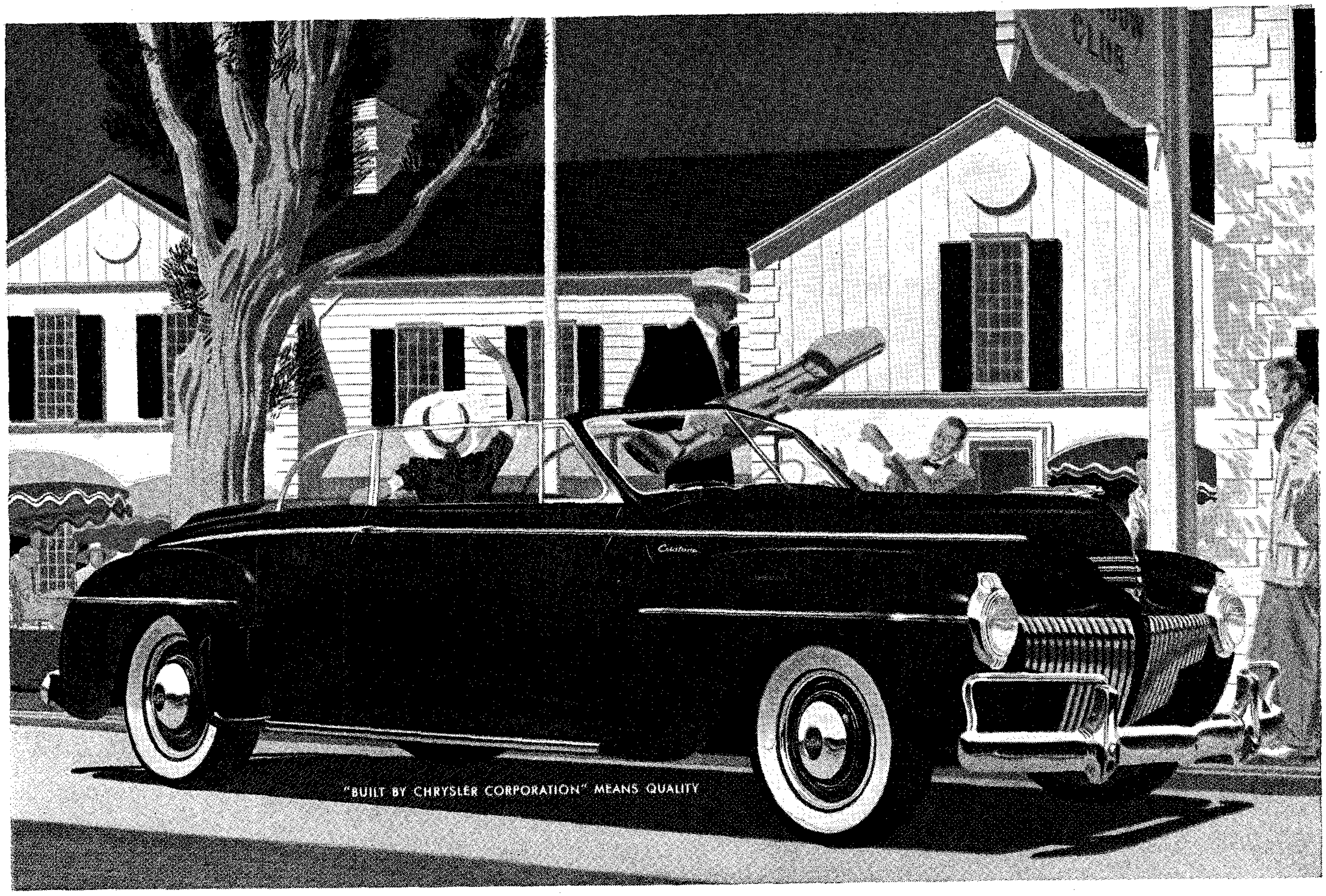
NEXT to the Institute, Cherne's main interest in life is M-Day. To Cherne, M-Day is something between a sideline and a hobby. In the fall of 1938, after the Munich Conference, he became convinced that war was inevitable and that the United States might be drawn in. That set him to thinking. If we went to war, he reasoned, the War Department's Industrial Mobilization Plan would put the country under what amounted to dictatorship. What, asked Cherne, who never stops worrying about

Chrysler Corporation *Proudly Presents*

THE NEWEST NEW CAR OF THE YEAR

1941 DeSoto

Truly Dramatic **features for '41: De Soto Fluid Drive with the new Simplimatic Transmission—gives you Automatic Shifting for all normal driving! New, longer, wider, low-slung Rocket Bodies! Instrument panel, steering wheel—all interior fittings designed in two-color harmony! Many new features for Economy, Long Life!**


"BUILT BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION" MEANS QUALITY

Fluid Drive

Formerly only on high-priced cars, now combined with Simplimatic Transmission, gives you Automatic Shifting for all normal driving

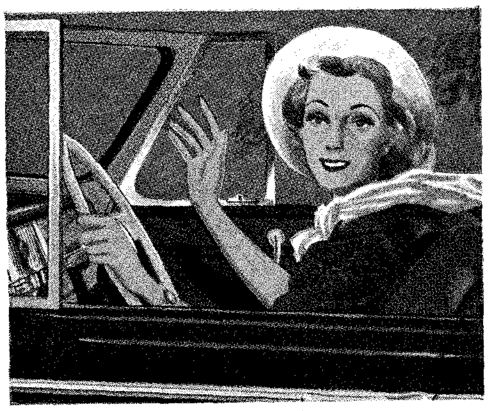
ASK FOR A DEMONSTRATION TODAY!

IT'S THE 1941 De Soto...and what a car it is! Seventeen feet, four inches of automobile. Long, low-slung, rakish! ...with a front end so beautiful it makes you tingle just to see it!

Outside, inside—it's beautifully designed. Every line—every detail—reflects quality, distinction, good taste!

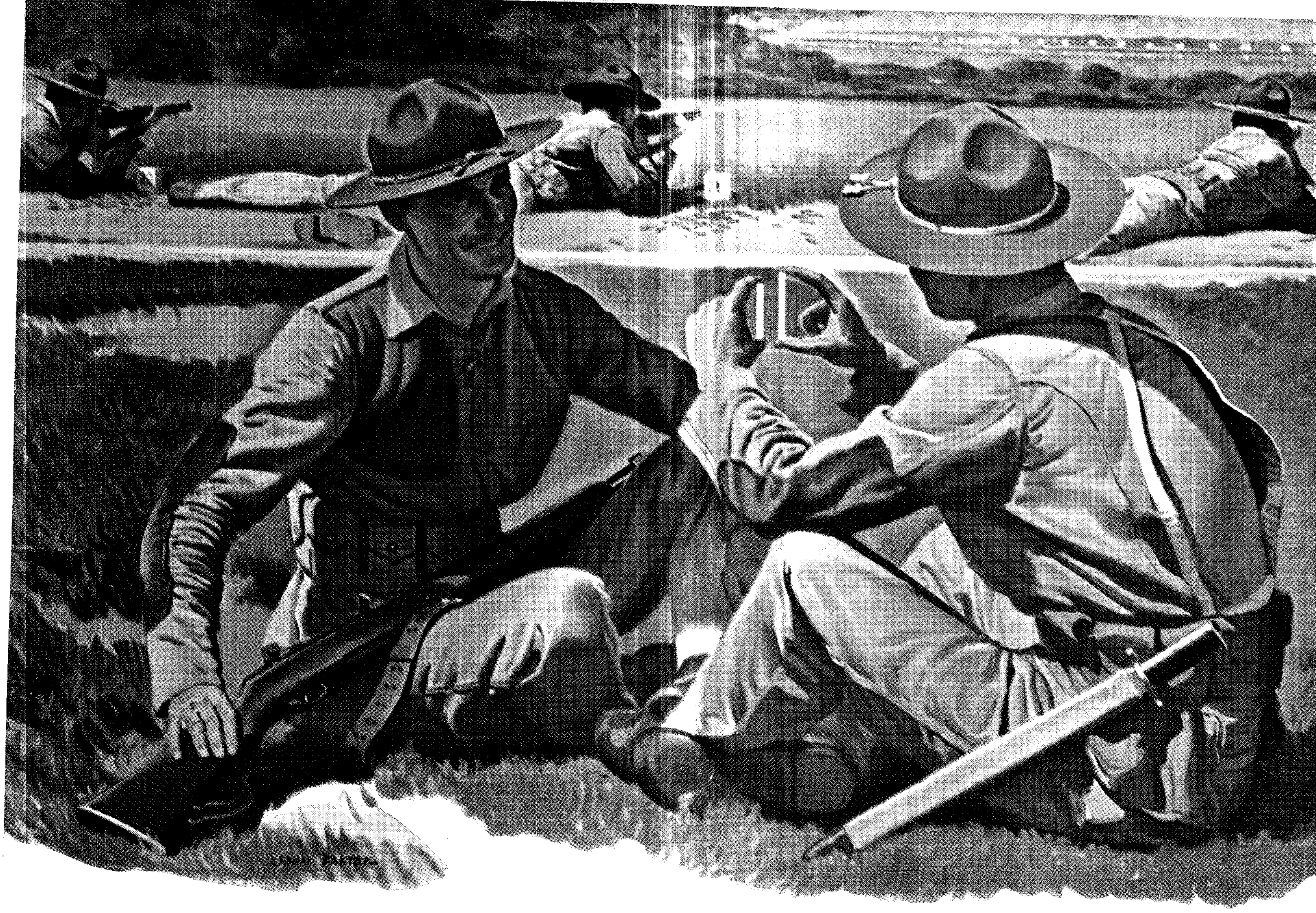
De Soto hugs the road—"floats" over rough spots. You have power galore—effortless performance.

And, with *Fluid Drive*, you can stop, start—go all day without touching the clutch! De Soto Division of Chrysler Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.

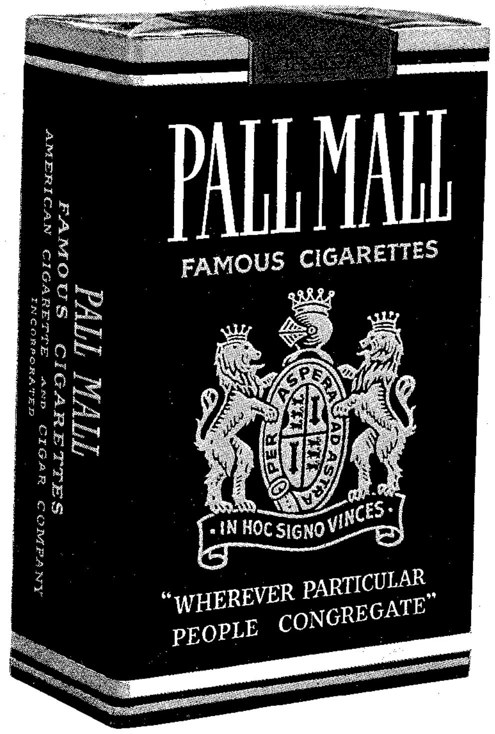


DE SOTO HAS FLUID DRIVE! You can start—stop—drive all day—without touching the clutch!

MAJOR BOWES, C.B.S., THURS., 9-10 P.M., E.S.T.



Compare Pall Mall with your old cigarette


PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
PER ASPERA AD ASTRA
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL
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AMERICAN CIGARETTE AND CIGAR COMPANY
INCORPORATED

. . . FOR GENEROSITY

Place a Pall Mall beside your old cigarette. The difference in value is startling. Pall Mall is over 20 per cent longer.

And this longer cigarette brings you not only more tobacco, but the finest tobacco money can buy.

Moreover, you receive a definite service, too.

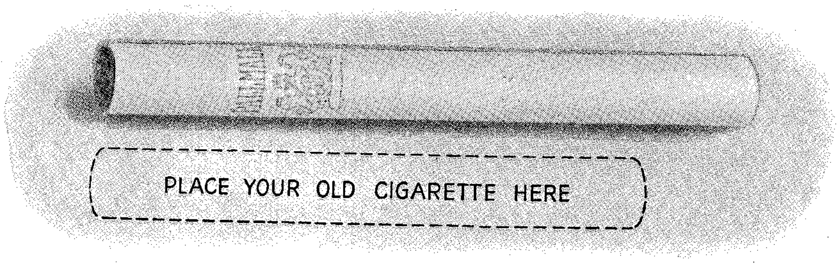
For the additional length travels the smoke further, giving you a noticeably cooler cigarette.

. . . FOR SMOOTHNESS

The rich smoothness of Pall Mall is the result of re-discovering the almost lost art of BULKING—an old-fashioned, slow, deliberate method for mellowing fine tobaccos.

In BULKING, an unhurried miracle of nature transpires; harsh qualities grow mild, delicate aromas merge, permeating every shred of the superb Pall Mall tobaccos. The result is a mellower, really smoother smoke.

Yourself, try Pall Mall critically!


PLACE YOUR OLD CIGARETTE HERE

You'll see this better cigarette

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

Copyright 1940, American Cigarette and Cigar Co.

the lot of the businessman, would the businessman do in a fix like that? Cherne felt he had a duty to find out as much as possible about the M-Day Plan and pass along the information, in some simplified form, to the business community. As a student of government interference, he was well equipped for the project. In March, 1939, he went to Washington and told the War Department what he wanted to do. The War Department welcomed Cherne warmly, gave him a desk in one of its offices, and told him he could have anything in the place. He spent six weeks, working seven hours a day, at the War Department, cramming and coördinating. "Ours is a wonderful country," Cherne says. "I don't know why the War Department didn't investigate me. I might have been a foreign agent. But they didn't. They gave me everything. Anyone could have got all I got just by asking for it."

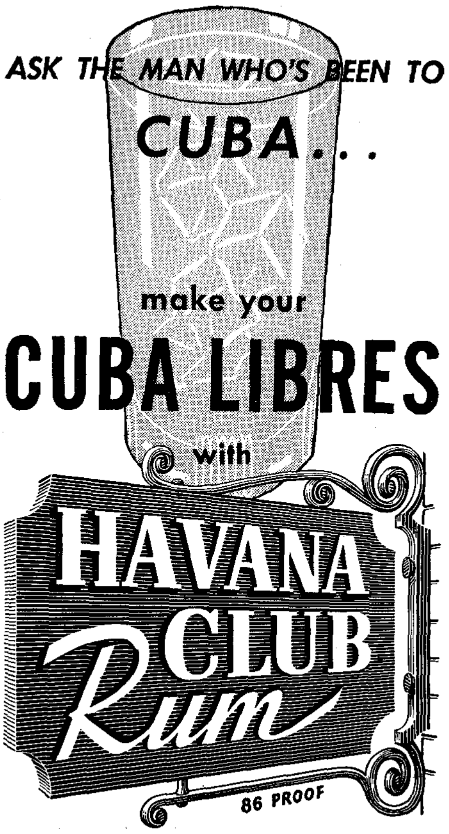
After finishing the research, Cherne hurried back to New York and in one week, using a dictaphone and four stenographers to transcribe his dictation, wrote "Adjusting Your Business to War." Assistant Secretary of War Louis Johnson contributed a foreword. The book was published by the Institute in June, 1939. It was of a straightforward, unemotional character. It was neither for nor against war or the M-Day Plan. It simply told what would happen, and gave typical Cherne advice, such as:

> To facilitate the securing of war contracts at the outbreak of war executives would be well advised to avoid going to Washington. All purchasing through contract and otherwise will be made in the various District Field Offices and they should be approached directly. Producers who fail to approach the District Office may find that others who have approached the Office first will have secured contracts while the unsuccessful party was besieging Washington.

For a while the book attracted no particular attention among the general public, but there were, according to one of the newspaper reporters in Washington, "subterranean whispers as to the hair-raising contents of the volume." Last September the book got some notice when, at one of the President's press conferences, a reporter asked the President if Assistant Secretary Johnson's foreword meant that the administration endorsed "Adjusting Your Business to War." The President said no, and furthermore that he hadn't read the book, and that ninety per cent of such books were written by people who knew less than nothing about the subject. However, Cherne, most Washington insiders thought, was among the other ten per cent, and later, in a debate on M-Day in the Senate, Bennett Clark, in a denunciation of the M-Day Plan, shouted, "Mr. Cherne's book may be taken as the Bible and the Testament of what is intended under that Army mobilization plan!" The *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science,* reviewing the book, let out a roar that was astonishing for a journal known for its glacial sobriety. "As a realistic analysis of American defense," said the *Annals,* "this book is worthless; as a blueprint for fascism, it has merit. The thesis that this country could be defended with a strong navy and a small but mobile army, without totalitarianism, is completely ignored. We are not told whom we are to fight or what we are to fight for. We are not told how this Leviathan, once established, could ever be demobilized. It won't be."

Cherne was not disturbed. His book was objective, and that was enough to satisfy him. He expanded the material in his book into another looseleafer, called the *War Coordinator,* which the Institute offered to its subscribers for $55. Few subscribers showed any interest until the German drive into France, but after that the sales jumped quickly. Working a double shift to keep up with the changes in Washington, Cherne quickly turned out a completely revamped version of "Adjusting Your Business to War," twice the size of the first, and wrote a popular adaptation of the material, called "M-Day and What It Means to You," which Simon & Schuster published in July.

THINGS have come to pass just about as Cherne expected after Munich, and in the stress of the hour he is calm. A year ago he told his employees, "If war should come and if the United States should enter, you realize that we would have an entirely different sort of an economy. In such an eventuality, we might be the only agency in the country in a position to assist business." Whether this country will get into the war is uncertain, but



Here's the RECIPE for a Cuba Libre as made at the Havana Club Bar, Havana, Cuba. Take a glass filled with cracked ice, then add 2 ounces Havana Club Rum, bottle of your favorite cola beverage, the juice of ½ lime or lemon (optional). Garnish with slices of lime or lemon.

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OPENING THURS., OCT. 10th
Something Entirely New
"IT HAPPENS ON ICE"
A MUSICAL ICETRAVAGANZA
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Every Eve. Incl. Sun., 75c to $2.75. Wed. and Sat. Matinees, 75c to $2.20. No Mon. Perf. Box Office Now Open
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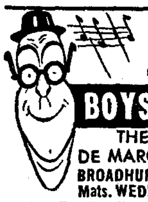

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EMPIRE Theatre

LAST WEEK—Prior to Road Tour
CRITICS' CIRCLE AWARD and PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
THE THEATRE GUILD in association with EDDIE DOWLING presents
WILLIAM SAROYAN'S Gay-Mad Comedy
THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE
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Evenings at 8:40—$2.75 to 55c
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MYSTERY REVUE with MOI-YO MILLER
Every Night Incl. Sunday at 8:40 — 55c to $2.75
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day by day, as the effort to arm proceeds and the old social attitudes of the New Deal are gradually forgotten and the shape of an American monolithic state begins to emerge, the Institute's *Reports*, reflecting the changes, slowly take on the appearance of a handbook to the future. Some leading Washington despondents think it is even possible that the Institute will eventually get on such intimate terms with the government that it will turn into a federal agency. In a kind of good-will gesture toward the government, it recently sent Washington officials, gratis, a fifty-eight-page pamphlet on mobilization, and announced on the title page that this was "Prepared for the members of the Department of War and Navy and the National Defense Advisory Commission concerned with Industrial and Manpower Mobilization by the Research Institute of America." But what is most remarkable and what commands the quivering admiration of some of the Institute's subscribers is the fact that in an economy in which for a long time the clamps have been gradually closing down and in which there are millions of unemployed, Cherne and his partner, Hovgard, have been able to demonstrate that the most sacred old American saws still hold good: Strive and Succeed, Build a Better Mouse Trap and the World Will Beat a Path to Your Door, It Pays to Advertise, Throw Away Your Hammer and Get a Horn, Don't Knock—Boost, Bore with a Big Auger, and Don't Sell America Short. It's all true, even if your business is Cassandra, Inc.

—George R. Leighton

•

The writer was in Paris working on France's falling birth rate problem during the first few weeks of the blackout.—*From a letter in the Nashville Tennessean.*

Picked a good time for it.

•

Nicki said she first suspected her marriage was a mistake during a Mediterranean honeymoon cruise. Homer, she alleges, punched her in the eye when on deck. —*The Mirror.*

Those first, vague misgivings.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From a review in the Boston Herald*]

Wavering between memories of Mickey and her love for Felix, she torments herself and Felix and is only restored to normalcy when Felix gives his blood to save Mickey's posthumous child and turns Mickey's unfinished son into a symphony.

THE PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY presents
MAXWELL ANDERSON'S
JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM
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NATIONAL THEATRE, 41st St. West of B'way
Opening $1.10 to $4.40; thereafter Eves. $1.10 to $3.30 Wed. and Sat. Matinees $1.10 to $2.75
"4 STARS"—Mantle. "4 ORCHIDS"—Winchell
Engagement ends Sat., Nov. 2
ALFRED LYNN LUNT·FONTANNE
in ROBERT E. SHERWOOD'S "THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT"
with RICHARD WHORF and SYDNEY GREENSTREET
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"HILARIOUS FUN"—Walter Winchell
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WINTER GARDEN B'WAY & 50 ST.

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First Mezzanine Seats Reserved CIrcle 6-4600

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Lawrence Brown at the Piano.
Clara Rockmore, Theremin Soloist
Tickets Now at Box Office (Steinway)
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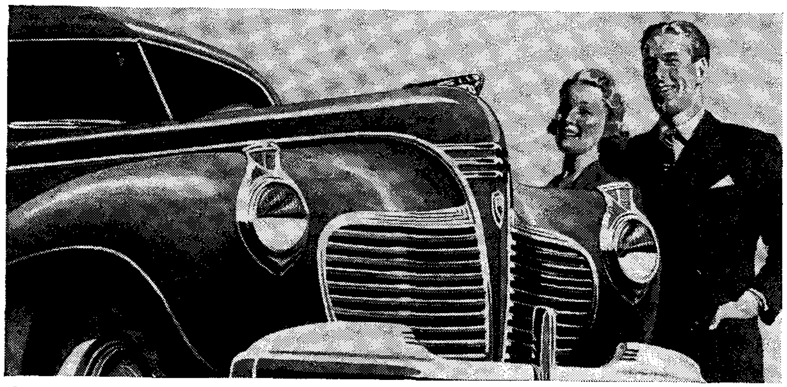
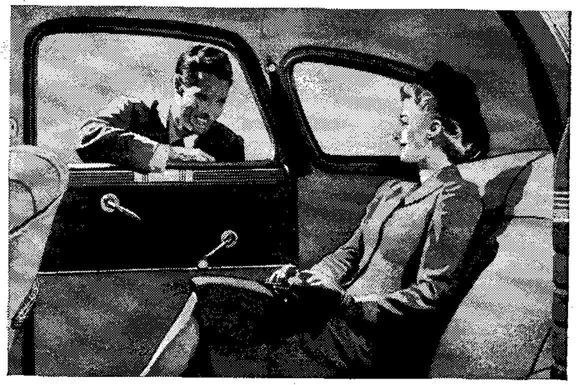


Massive, clean-cut designing—from stem to stern, this 1941 Plymouth is one all-satisfying picture of charm, good taste, and distinction. You have a wide choice of smart new colors. Plymouth's the "One" for '41.



Glamorous new Fashion-Tone Interior. It's an exquisite harmony of color, fabric, appointments—unlike anything you've ever seen in a low-priced car!

It Spells C-L-A-S-S

Inside, Outside, the New Plymouth Radiates Luxury! New Fashion-Tone Interior—New 4-Way Step-Up in Performance—New Powermatic Shifting...19 Important New Advancements!

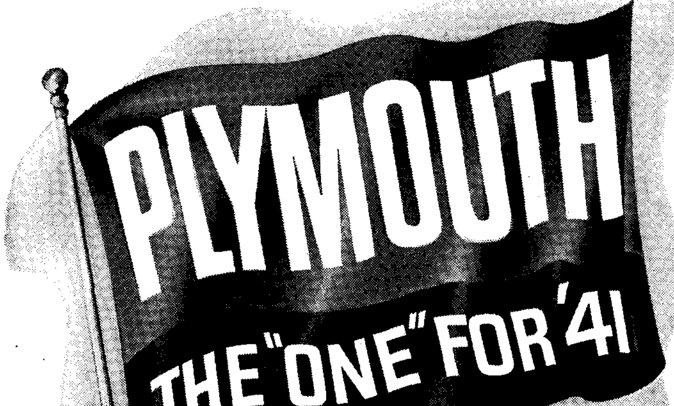
The minute you see it—you *know* this 1941 Plymouth is *class*...it's so long and sleek and beautiful, so luxurious! So much so, it's a pleasure to remind yourself it's *low-priced!*

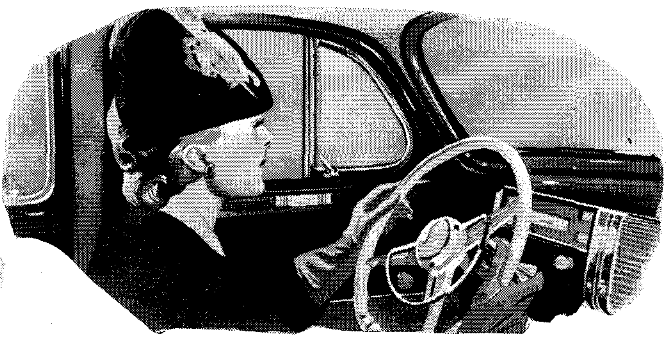
Performance has been stepped up *4 ways*...increased horsepower, increased torque, new transmission, new axle ratio. It's a "powerhouse"!

And you get new *Powermatic Shifting*...a new Oil Bath Air Cleaner that adds to engine smoothness and long life...new Engine Bearings, 2 to 3 times longer-lived...all told, *19 important advancements!*

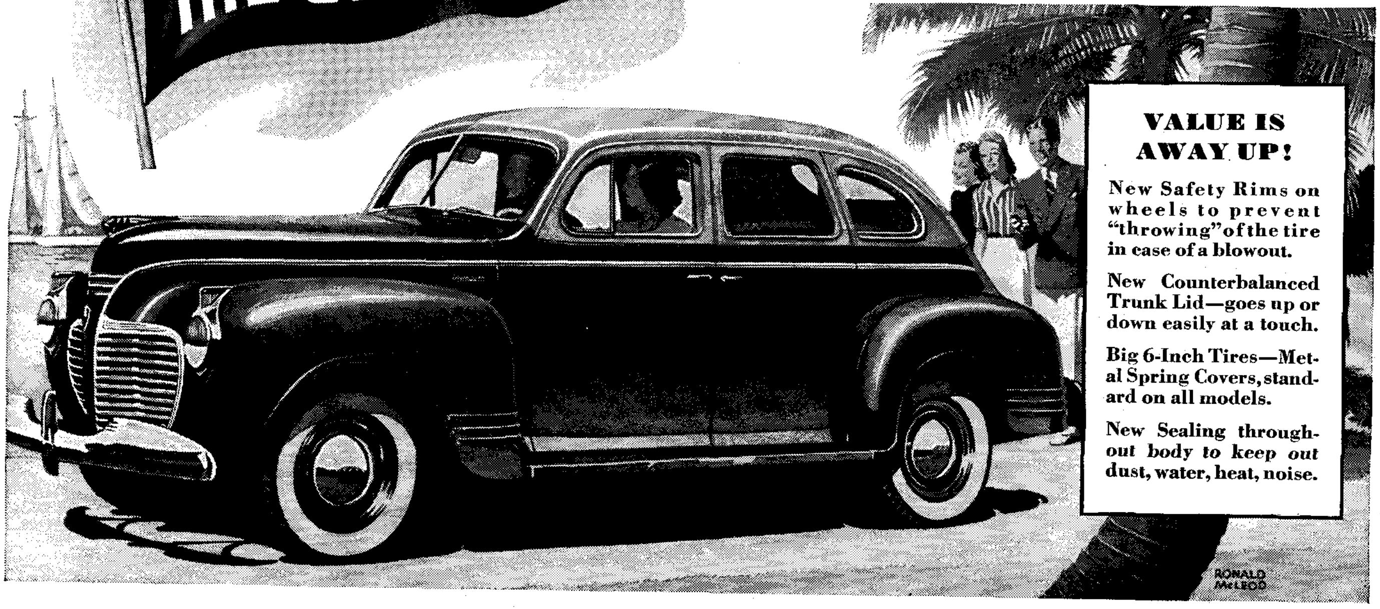
Plymouth's the "One" for '41! See your Plymouth dealer. Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

Major Bowes, C.B.S., Thurs., 9-10 P.M., E.S.T.
See the Low-Priced Plymouth Commercial Cars!





DRIVE THE POWERMATIC WAY—vastly easier—with actual elimination of certain usual shifting motions.



VALUE IS AWAY UP!

New Safety Rims on wheels to prevent "throwing" of the tire in case of a blowout.

New Counterbalanced Trunk Lid—goes up or down easily at a touch.

Big 6-Inch Tires—Metal Spring Covers, standard on all models.

New Sealing throughout body to keep out dust, water, heat, noise.

BROOKS BROTHERS' BLUES

Everyone likes blue suits...the most generally useful and one of the best-looking in the whole category of men's clothes. At Brooks Brothers, as you would expect, they are particularly good. Fine Serges, Cheviots and Worsteds from England, besides excellent domestic materials, give a wide choice in Fall weights (and if you want something lighter, we always have Flannels in stock, too, at every time of year). Single or double breasted. *Ready-made Blue Suits,* $62 *to* $90 • *Young Men's Blue Suits (in domestic materials only),* $42 *to* $47 • *English Derbies,* $10 *to* $15.50 • *Street Gloves,* $3.25 *to* $7.50.

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OF ALL THINGS

THE Almighty Adolf beamed with high spirits as the new Axis pact was signed. This was even more fun than sinking a boatload of British children.

•

The Italian conquest of Egypt seems to have bogged down in the desert. No doubt the advance will be resumed when the boys have accumulated the necessary supply of sand.

•

As a candidate for senator, Bruce Barton will try hard to carry this state for Willkie. Perhaps he'll get out a revised edition of his book, "The Man Nobody Knows," with a new hero.

•

The G.O.P. leaders are justly indignant over the widespread whispering campaign calling Willkie a Nazi. It almost drowns out their yelling campaign about Roosevelt the Red.

•

If the Gallupers and the gamblers have it right, Roosevelt will be elected dictator on November 5th. Then he will burn a library and give a fireside chat.

•

Invigorated by his long rest, Jack Garner has returned to his duties at the capital. His first job was to work out a plan for a recess.

•

Many of our National Guardsmen find to their pained surprise that they are practically in the Army. They never dreamed the organization was so military.

•

Al Smith's vigorous entry into the campaign is a good plug for his physical-culture system. He keeps himself in the pink of condition by taking a walk every four years.

•

It is suggested that Yale make a scientific study of liquor and its effect upon the system. Would there be any future for a student who majored in Applied Alcohol?

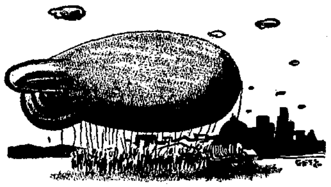
•

Mayor LaGuardia has put a one-dollar limit on the city's new capital projects for 1941. Unfortunately, he does not tell us how he is going to pass that buck. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

LETTER FROM LONDON

SEPTEMBER 29 (BY CABLE)

ADJUSTING daily life to the disruption of nightly raids is naturally what Londoners are thinking and talking most about. For people with jobs to hold down, loss of sleep continues to be as menacing as bombs. Those with enough money get away to the country on weekends and treat themselves to the luxury of a couple of nine-hour stretches. ("Fancy," said one of these weekenders dreamily, "going upstairs to bed instead of down.") It is for the alleviation of the distress of the millions who can't afford to do anything but stay patiently put that the government has announced the distribution of free rubber earplugs to deaden the really appalling racket of the barrages. Plans to improve accommodations in air-raid shelters by the addition of bunks, heating, and better sanitary arrangements were announced at the same time, to the relief of physicians who had been figuring out that if winter comes, a really first-class epidemic can't be far behind. This announcement was also welcome news to Londoners who use the shelters nightly and are ready with fight and staying power so long as the authorities do the right thing by them. In some boroughs, relief organization isn't so intelligent as it might be and homeless people have to wait interminably and needlessly at rest centres while billets are found for them. Often the billets are bombed the first night and the homeless are back at the rest centres the next day, angrier than ever. Relief workers report that anger is the first reaction of people who have lost everything, and that old people feel the loss worst of all.



Excellent unsentimental work is being done in rest centres of the hard-hit districts by women's voluntary services. Besides billets, new wardrobes are provided there, and money for current expenses is advanced by the public-assistance funds; the pitiful bundles of belongings salvaged from the wrecked homes are carefully checked and stored. Mothers who wish to be evacuated with their children are sent to out-of-town billets, and the authorities hope that twenty thousand children a day will shortly be leaving the city to which too many of them, alas, were brought back by parents when things looked quiet. The rest centres also deal with inquiries from soldiers and sailors who return on leave and find their homes gone and their families missing. An appeal was recently broadcast to relatives of service men asking them not to forget the daily or weekly letter that can save endless anxiety for those in uniform. It was also announced that an organization to trace missing relatives in bombed areas will be set up at once.

THE courage, humor, and kindliness of ordinary people continue to be astonishing under conditions which possess many of the merry features of a nightmare. Nobody imagines that England has seen the worst tricks the Germans have up their sleeves. There is a good deal of talk about gas. People seem calmly certain that it will be used before long, if civilian morale shows no signs of cracking, and that with it will come a characteristically elaborate story about British fliers having used it first over Berlin. There was a strong feeling of confidence last week, in spite of Dakar. Events there are still obscured by a lot of high-flown language and little real news. The papers quite obviously couldn't think what to think, but the public had no difficulty in reaching the disappointed decision that de Gaulle's withdrawal showed the usual unhappy lack of coördination between the Intelligence and the War Departments.

The Battle of London, however, was naturally more important to those in the thick of it than anything happening on the coast of Africa. The morale on the home front certainly inspires confidence. East Enders, who had suffered most, stuck up paper Union Jacks in the heaps of rubble that used to be their homes. Women pottered placidly in and out of a big Oxford Street store which had been badly damaged but had the usual uniformed doormen standing outside its boarded-up windows, over which stickers had been pasted declaring that all departments were open.

THINGS are settling down into a recognizable routine. Daylight sirens are disregarded by everyone, unless they are accompanied by gunfire or bomb explosions that sound uncomfortably near. A lady who arrived at one of the railway stations during a warning was asked politely by the porter who carried her bag, "Air-raid shelter or taxi, Madam?" As anyone else here would have done, she took a taxi. To those who live in apartments, a good night

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NO STATION INTERFERENCE
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No needles to change—Sapphire Pickup. Automatic Record Changer. 4 bands cover FM, Standard and Short Wave.

Yes, "staticless" FM radio . . . especially when heard over an FM Stromberg-Carlson . . . is winning new friends overnight!

And no wonder . . . for within the service range of FM stations, the new Stromberg-Carlson FM models give you radio reception virtually freed from static and interference. But even more important, they bring you FM's extended musical range with incredibly greater fidelity . . . enable you to hear *crescendos* in proper proportion . . . thanks to the exclusive Stromberg-Carlson Labyrinth and Carpinchoe Speaker Audio System.

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What so proudly we hail -

SOFT-AS-CASHMERE imported tweed, tailored in our workroom. The drawstring belt gives the coat a magnificent line, $95. Felt hat, $16.75.

Our collection of sports clothes tailored-in-America! It's the latest in a series that goes back thirty years to the day we launched the first women's sportswear department. All the good things that come of experience, you'll find in these clothes.

A&F WORKROOM SUIT of imported tweed. Young fly-front jacket. Fitted superbly, $85. Tweed hat to match your suit, $16.75. Bag ditto, $13.75.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK

is now one in which the whole block doesn't start swaying; if it merely shudders gently, people remark that things are nice and quiet tonight. It's dusty work getting around London these days. Objects that feel like small rocks have a habit of lodging in one's eyes and turn out to be grit from the debris of wrecked buildings. Often the first intimation that a place of business has been hit is a small notice in the *Times'* personal column saying simply that Messrs. So-and-So are opening up in a day or two at a new address. Gieves, the famous military tailor on Bond Street, whose shop was completely gutted, ran a stately advertisement regretting that it was necessary to inconvenience clients for a few days, as though the fuss had been caused by a bit of spring redecorating.

Some of the damage has been curious. A section of one big block of flats was taken out as neatly as a slice carved from a cake. Homes on Dover Street were opened up like doll houses, so that passers-by could see pictures still hanging on a wall or some trivial little ornaments still arranged neatly on a mantelpiece that was dangling in space; it seemed as though people's lives as well as their inanimate possessions were being dissected in public. The exact whereabouts of bomb damage is concealed with irritating coyness by the censorship bureau, which yesterday admitted playfully that "a church famed in a nursery rhyme" had been hit. Any child who has played oranges and lemons will be glad to step up and give you the answer, which is a sad one for those who have loved the last bits of Wren's London all their lives.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

DISSOLUTION NOTICES

STATE OF NEW YORK, DEPARTMENT OF STATE, SS.:

I do hereby certify that a certificate of dissolution of

EVERY WHERE I ROAM INC.

has been filed in this department this day and that it appears therefrom that such corporation has complied with section one hundred and five of the Stock Corporation Law, and that it is dissolved.

Given in duplicate under my hand and official seal of the Department of State, at the City of Albany, this twenty-(Seal) eighth day of June, one thousand nine hundred and forty.

MICHAEL F. WALSH,
Secretary of State.
By FRANK S. SHARP,
Deputy Secretary of State.

—*Adv. in the American Banker.*

Settling down at last?

THE WOMEN (REP.)

WE Democrats don't usually involve our women in political campaigns, except for teaching them obscene catchwords and bits of doggerel, and cuffing them out of bed early on Election Day morning to make sure they vote; but the entire Republican crusade seems to be in the hands of the Willkiettes. Right now the girls are hot as a two-dollar pistol. If your betting commissioner tells you that the odds against Willkie are shortening, and that the Roosevelt bettors are showing a disposition to hedge, it may well be because the smart money has been intimidated by a peek at a folder of literature issued by the Woman's Division of the Republican State Committee, under the comprehensive title of "Campaign Helps in Streamlined Garb." Or it may *not* be—how do I know?

Printed on the folder is a foreword by Miss Jane H. Todd, Republican Assemblywoman from the Fourth District, Westchester County, which sets the keynote in a single sentence, dignified though incomplete: "This little 'handbook' of ideas, quotations and facts has been compiled in the hope that it will enable you, the active women leaders of the Republican Party in the State of New York, in the 1940 campaign." Then comes a sentence with a full complement of verbs: "For many of the novel ideas and original skits contained in this 'handbook,' I am indebted to Evelyn Squire Culp." So am I indebted to Evelyn Squire Culp. She'll never know how much; she'll just never know.

The folder contains a half-dozen streamlined printed sheets, in pastel shades of green, orange, ivory, raspberry, blue, and yellow: "Information Quiz," "Political Seminars," "A Who's Who of Wendell L. Willkie," "Songs," "G.O.P. Record in Congress," and "Social and Money-Making Activities." They're all so wonderful that I hardly know where to begin. Maybe the Information Quiz will give you the best idea of the streamlined Republican ladies' campaign. It starts out with a note suggesting that the questions be broached at parties or small meetings, or put to the speakers'-table guests at big dinners. Here's the first question:

1. *What book title reminds you of:*
   a. Government Spending
      (Gone with the Wind)
   b. Social Security
      (All This and Heaven Too)
   c. Jim Farley
      (How to Make Friends and Influence People)

A scrupulous regard for facts is necessary during a political campaign, and it is only because of this that I mention that the book Jim Farley is supposed to remind a speaker at a Republican ladies' dinner of is properly called "How to Win Friends and Influence People"—unless, of course, there really is an old, out-of-print work called "How to Make Friends and Influence People." In that case, I apologize. Let's get on with the Quiz:

2. *Who was the first Republican President?*
   (Lincoln)

Now, this mixing of jocose questions with straight factual ones is likely to constitute a trap for the unwary Republican. I can easily imagine some hard-riding, good-living, stockbroking fellow, lulled and lethargic after a good dinner, guffawing at the one about Lincoln simply because the one about Farley had got him in the mood. It just wouldn't do.

Well, I'll skip through the next sixteen Quiz questions—*How does the New Deal resemble a nursery rhyme bird in respect to meddling? What day is Election Day? What adage does the surplus profits tax remind you of? Date when Willkie will take office?* (*Goosie, Goosie Gander, whither shall I wander? Tuesday, November 5th. Don't kill the goose that laid the golden egg. Jan. 20th, 1941.*)—because I want to comment briefly on Question 18. Question 18, please, Madam Chairman!

18. *If I moved from Owosso, Michigan, to New York, what would I have to do to become a qualified voter and how long would it take?*
    A. Reside in the state one year.
    B. Reside in the county four months.
    C. Reside in the district thirty days.

This mention of Owosso, Michigan, is the sheerest pathos. It is plain to me that the Information Quiz was composed some time ago, in the fond hope that it would be used to further the Presidential aspirations of a man from Owosso, and that Owosso was left in either from carelessness or, more likely, sentiment. Probably a lot of other questions had to come out—questions like "What famous Spanish-American War naval leader bore the name of the next President?" and "What color is the next President's mustache?" Women are loyal; women don't forget overnight.

BUT I see that my time is getting short, and I am sure you are anxious to hear the next speaker, who will explain briefly how the Republican Party plans to go about abolishing taxes. Before I sit down, however, I'd like to tell you about Social and Money-Making Activities, as outlined in Section E of the folder. "This is a streamlined age, let's streamline our meetings," says the introduction. Then follows an outline of an "Animated Cartoon," or skit, written by Margaret Loring Thomas and Jean Calhoun and presented by the Women's Republican Club of Riverdale and Spuyten Duyvil. I quote, humbly:

> First Cartoon represented Deficit. The largest member of the club (hop on the scales, girls), entered dressed in a raincoat (to keep off the deluge). Her name, "Deficit" was written in red on her hat band, and she carried a placard in one hand which bore the words, "$7,000,000.00 per day Deficit." In the other hand she held a large glass jug of red ink. Holding this up, she said, "It takes a great deal of red ink to write off a deficit of $7,000,000.00 per day."

Frankly, that "(hop on the scales, girls)" scares the pants off me. If the ladies of the Republican Party are prepared to hop on the scales in order that the largest of them may be selected to impersonate the national deficit, they mean business. Obviously, we're going to have a Republican President or a lot of dead Republican ladies. But I'm afraid the professional skill of this skit isn't up to the level of the ladies' spirit. That's a good gag about the deluge, but you can't depend on the entire audience's getting it. As it stands now, most of the ladies in the audience would, after Deficit's entrance, start whispering, "What's Minnie wearing a raincoat for?" Only a couple of ladies would understand it, and they would hiss, in a superior way, "To keep off the *deluge*, my dear! Isn't it *delicious?*" This might well arouse in the obtuse majority a feeling of dull resentment. Some of them might even become disaffected and turn in their Willkie buttons at the close of the meeting. A better way to handle the gag would be to have Deficit enter in a flurry of stage snow—tiny scraps of paper, with "Deluge" lettered on each scrap. Let's face it: If you want to reach a majority of the electorate, you have to write down to them.

Deficit's "It takes a great deal of red ink to write off a deficit of $7,000,000.00 per day" is a good, punchy line, but it just leaves her standing there. It would be child's play on the professional stage. The line would be followed by a "blackout," which would allow Deficit to retire un-

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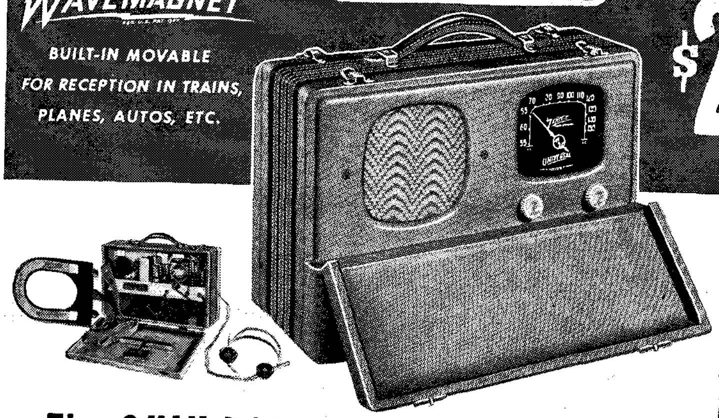

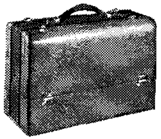

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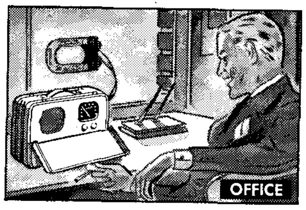

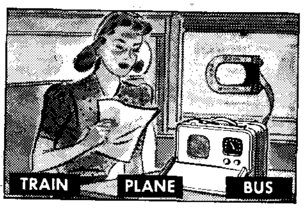

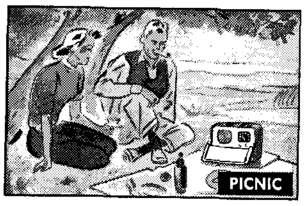

seen behind the curtain, hand her jug of red ink to a property man, and go off to get into her Goddess of Liberty costume for the finale. In a banquet hall or private house, however, she would have to exit, fully lighted, the same way she came on, and without "letting down" the laugh she had got with her snapperoo. The best way to handle this would be to go into an "Off to Buffalo," a neat little buck-and-wing step which leaves the performer facing the audience but takes him rapidly across the stage and off. However, the chances are largely against the heaviest member of a Republican ladies' organization knowing how to do an acceptable Off to Buffalo. As a matter of fact, I can think of only one lady whom I could, with any confidence, cast as Deficit. She's slender, but would know how to pad herself out; she does a neat Off to Buffalo; and she'd get a dozen laughs just with the jug of red ink and the deluge before she even opened her mouth. I am referring, of course, to Miss Beatrice Lillie. This is just daydreaming, however, because Miss Lillie is Canadian, and couldn't legitimately take part in a Republican orgy. Even if she were a citizen, she wouldn't be a Republican; she'd be a Democrat. Never mind asking how I know that; I just do. —RUSSELL MALONEY

•

RAKING THE LEAVES

Already there is a smell of burning
 leaves
from quiet streets around the village
 square,
where in the dusk the first bonfires are
 blowing
the fragrance of their blue smoke down
 the air.

Across the dark world men go out to
 slaughter,
into the wind tall boys fly off to die.
Will there be always fires down quiet
 roadsides
and the reek of autumn leaves along
 the sky? —FRANCES FROST

•

She was still awake when the doctor entered the room. She had heard the horses ride up, heard them pry open a shutter and enter the house through a window.—*From "To Marry with a Stranger," by Howard Fast, in the Ladies' Home Journal.*

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THE WATER AND THE WINE

BECAUSE of the fall of the French Channel ports, Mrs. Hawley, at a meeting of the Knitted Comforts for Seamen Circle, found herself winding wool off the hands of a stranger, an elderly lady, short, with a jowl, who had removed herself from the Isle of Thanet to Hertfordshire. Presently, Mrs. Hawley found too that the stranger knew the beauties of the neighborhood better than she did. It turned out that she used to live at Amble.

"Why, *I* live at Amble!" said Mrs. Hawley. "Such a dear little town, so untouched! You wouldn't find it in the least changed. And we have such a charming house—historic, really. Sylvester Gauntlett once lived in it."

"So did I," said the lady. "He was my father."

"What! Are you Sylvester Gauntlett's daughter? Oh, you must come and have tea and see the house. It's quite simple. The Amble bus—"

"I am old enough to bicycle," said Miss Gauntlett. "Let us disregard the bus."

Mrs. Hawley's pleasure was qualified by a sensation that Sylvester Gauntlett's daughter was not worthy of Sylvester Gauntlett, a writer so polished and whimsical that critics often referred to him as "that lesser Lamb." There was nothing whimsical about Miss Gauntlett except her knitting, and that was not polished. But during the course of the weekend, Mrs. Hawley rearranged the impressions she had formed at the meeting of the Knitted Comforts for Seamen Circle, and by the day Miss Gauntlett was due, she was expected with the compassion proper toward a dear old lady revisiting the house of her girlhood—"almost like a ghost," Mrs. Hawley remarked to her daughter.

ON arrival, Miss Gauntlett proved less like a ghost than like a verger, a verger implacably resolved on showing tourists round a temporarily obliterated cathedral. Her grip on the past was only equalled by her indifference to the present. She put out any possibilities of a fire on the Hawleys' open hearth by the way she said "Should be a stove" and abolished a whole vista of rambling roses by one glance from a window and the words "Weren't there."

Having converted the drawing room to a dining room, she made the dining room over into a parlor. "A Turkey carpet," she stated, tramping over the parquet. "Books here. More books there. A sash window. None of those exposed beams. Green wallpaper—a deep leaf green. Green was my father's favorite color. See Marvell. And the gas brackets"—the roar of a passing airplane overcame her, but when the noise had evaporated, she was ready to go on—"had very pretty opalescent shades imitating whelk shells. Tiresome, rowdy creatures, one can't get away from them! I might as well have stayed on at Broadstairs."

"Green," said Mrs. Hawley. "How interesting! I can't tell you, Miss Gauntlett, how enthralling it is to be able to picture it all as it was in your father's day. We have so often wondered. Haven't we, Pamela?"

Behind the mother stood the daughter, staring coldly at the chatty old hag whose youth had been illumined by gas, whose father had been yet another of those far too numerous English men of letters.

"Now we shall be able to imagine it all," Mrs. Hawley said. "The green walls, the books, your father at his desk."

"My father always wrote in his dressing—"

Another airplane flew over. Dressing room, dressing gown? Gown sounded more literary. Mrs. Hawley waited with an understanding smile, a smile touched with humor and tender indulgence for the whims of genius, till the airplane allowed her to say, "So much more comfortable!"

"Quieter, at any rate," Miss Gauntlett allowed. "Being on the first floor, and at the back."

A troubled expression crossed Mrs. Hawley's countenance. She seemed to be calculating how many floors her house had and, indeed, how many backs.

"I'll show you," Miss Gauntlett said.

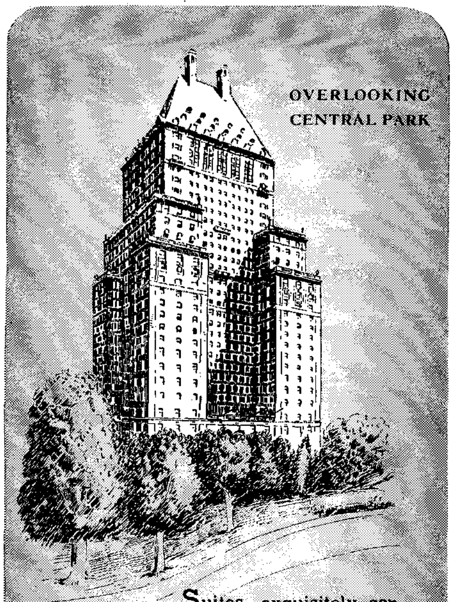
Briskly she walked upstairs and along the landing. Familiarly, as though it were nothing to her to open a door on the shade of a minor master, she opened the door of the bathroom.

"Oh!"

"Did your father write in his bath?" asked the daughter.

"*Darling!*" Mrs. Hawley's voice was attuned to a much younger daughter. "It wasn't a bathroom *then.*"

IT was not the recollected figure of Sylvester Gauntlett, stocky and arrogant, with plump hands stained by nicotine and the large head turning with the bull-like regard of its little, twinkling eyes, or the remembered smell of Latakia tobacco that immobilized his daughter on the threshold of Mrs. Hawley's bathroom. She saw, as distinctly as if it had actually been there, a tin saucer bath, and beside it a brown hot-water can whose paint, rather scabby with reiterated scaldings, was beginning to peel off here and there; and the smell in her mind's nose was a mingled smell of



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Old Brown Windsor soap and heated enamel. In the bath, steaming gently, was a shallow lake, perhaps a couple of inches deep. Rising from the lake were legs—the legs of statesmen and warriors and men of letters; the legs of scientists whose opinions cracked the foundations of society and of judges whose verdicts cemented the cracks again; the legs of bishops and the legs of agnostics; aristocratic legs that had been buckled round with the Order of the Garter; and fine, rose-tinted legs that had lain in a royal bed. And among all these were the legs of Sylvester Gauntlett and Sylvester Gauntlett's daughter. Round about the knee all the legs disappeared, lost in the tendrils of steam rising from the two-inch lake.

No one nowadays, thought Miss Gauntlett, has any conception of the comfort, the luxury, the privacy, of a saucer bath in one's dressing room. Turning her eyes from the legs of a past generation to the faces of Mrs. and Miss Hawley, she knew that this was exactly the trouble. Such a conception had never occurred to them. They just thought it a rather dirty way of bathing. Not that a bathroom was any novelty to Miss Gauntlett. The Edith Hotel, residential, for ladies, where she had lived for the last twenty years, had two bathrooms on each floor, each bathroom supplied with constant hot water and every convenient accessory, including a tin of cleanser and a mop with which each residing lady was expected to leave the bath as she would wish to find it. No comfort, no luxury, no privacy—and no one a whit cleaner, either. But in Mrs. Hawley's silly countenance and in the girl's swimming popeyes, Miss Gauntlett read plain enough their conviction that no amount of saucer baths could remove the dirt of England's golden age.

The crowning unfairness of it all was that no shade of dirt would rest on the memory of Sylvester Gauntlett. Unquestionably clean, he would arise from the saucer bath and shine; and so would they all, the statesmen and the warriors, those who wore the Garter and those whose garters were unloosed at a royal command. But Miss Gauntlett, relict of a bathless order, must inherit all their opprobrium, be badged with all their scum and sullied with all their rinsings, and exist in the eyes of these mere Hawleys as a funny old lady who never took a bath, as a grubby antique.

She pulled herself together. With her small eyes darting furious glances over the white paint and the chromium, she described the dressing room, with its

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AT LEADING SHOPS

walls of a darker shade of green, its brown paint, its curtains of deep olive-colored serge. She made it all as dark, as poky, as possible.

Mrs. Hawley said that it sounded so cozy.

DOWNSTAIRS there was tea, white curtains fluttering from open windows, sandwiches that were gone in an instant, the girl fidgeting and eying the radio. Presently, Mrs. Hawley began to fidget too. She was sorry for the poor revisiting ghost who ate so much, whose false teeth served her badly, who must be feeling so distressed at the changes in her old home, and who would not go. Of course, in the Victorian age visits went on for hours. There was so much leisure then.

"Don't you feel, Miss Gauntlett, that there is much less leisure now than there used to be? One of the things that I feel so specially drawn to in your father's essays is the feeling of leisure. I can't imagine him hurrying over a single sentence."

"He took more than half an hour to shave."

"Well, of course, that was a work of time then, too, wasn't it? No electric razors, no hot water," Mrs. Hawley said. And then she thought, Heavens, I shouldn't have said that! "What *did* we do before electric kettles?" she asked brightly.

"Used spirit lamps," replied Miss Gauntlett.

No wonder the poor old thing was upset, Mrs. Hawley thought. How awkward it had been about the bathroom—Pamela so tactless, poor child, Miss Gauntlett so angry—though perhaps it was only Gauntlett's daughter resenting the conversion of such a father's dressing room.

"But a garden is always so peaceful, don't you think, so restful?" Mrs. Hawley said aloud. "You must let me show you the garden before you go."

THE house was built on a slope, so to reach the garden one had to go downstairs and out through the basement. All the way down the stairs (lemon-colored distemper, a light matting, clear glass in the place of the old clouded pane darkened by bars and blurred by ivy), Miss Gauntlett was saying to herself, "Unclean, unclean!"

"Here's one innovation I must show you. We're really quite proud of it, though I'm afraid your father would have thought it almost barbarous." Mrs. Hawley opened a door, switched on a light. It showed a small, windowless room with walls newly painted, furnished with some light chairs, a bridge table, tea things, a first-aid box, a pack of cards. "Our air-raid shelter," she said.

Miss Gauntlett looked in. As she looked, her face assumed an expression of extraordinary blandness. Her wrinkles smoothed out, her small, angry eyes became clear and serene. "Ah, yes. The wine cellar."

Her pointing hand moved from wall to wall. The gesture was no longer that of any mere verger. No, this was the cathedral's bishop himself, graciously displaying the treasures of the episcopal strong room.

"Claret there, Burgundy below, champagne there, and brandy. My father never cared for any other kind of spirits. Hock and Moselle. White wines, especially a Hermitage and a Montrachet *aîné*. And there, just by your little red buckets, Imperial Tokay." With a commanding hand, she switched off the light, closed the treasure house. "Times have changed, haven't they?" she said. "I am an old woman, an old-fashioned sort of person. And I must admit they seem to me to have changed for the worse."

AS Miss Gauntlett bicycled home to her lodgings, she thought how Sylvester Gauntlett, that lesser Lamb, would have capped the situation by some delicate quip about wine being changed into water. But she felt no regret that the epigram was unspoken. She was contented with things as they were.

—Sylvia Townsend Warner

• •

HOW LONG HAS THIS BEEN GOING ON? OH, QUITE LONG

Some people think that they can beat three twos with a pair of aces,
And other people think they can wind up ahead of the races,
And, lest we forget,
The people who think they can wind up ahead of the races are everybody who has ever won a bet.
Yes, when you first get back five-sixty for two, oh what a rosy-toed future before you looms,
But actually your doom is sealed by whoever it is that goes around sealing people's dooms,
And you are lost forever
Because you think you won not because you were lucky but because you were clever,
You think the race ended as it did not because you hoped it
But because you doped it,
And from then on you withdraw your savings from the bank in ever-waxing wads
Because you are convinced that, having figured out one winner, you can figure out many other winners at even more impressive odds,
And pretty soon overdrawing your account or not betting at all is the dilemma which you are betwixt,
And certainly you're not going to not bet at all because you are sure you will eventually wind up ahead because the only reason the races haven't run true to form, by which you mean *your* form, is that they have been fixed,
So all you need to be a heavy gainer
Is to bet on one honest race or make friends with one dishonest trainer.
And I don't know for which this situation is worse,
Your character or your purse.
I don't say that race tracks are centres of sin,
I only say that they are only safe to go to as long as you fail to begin to win.

—Ogden Nash

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

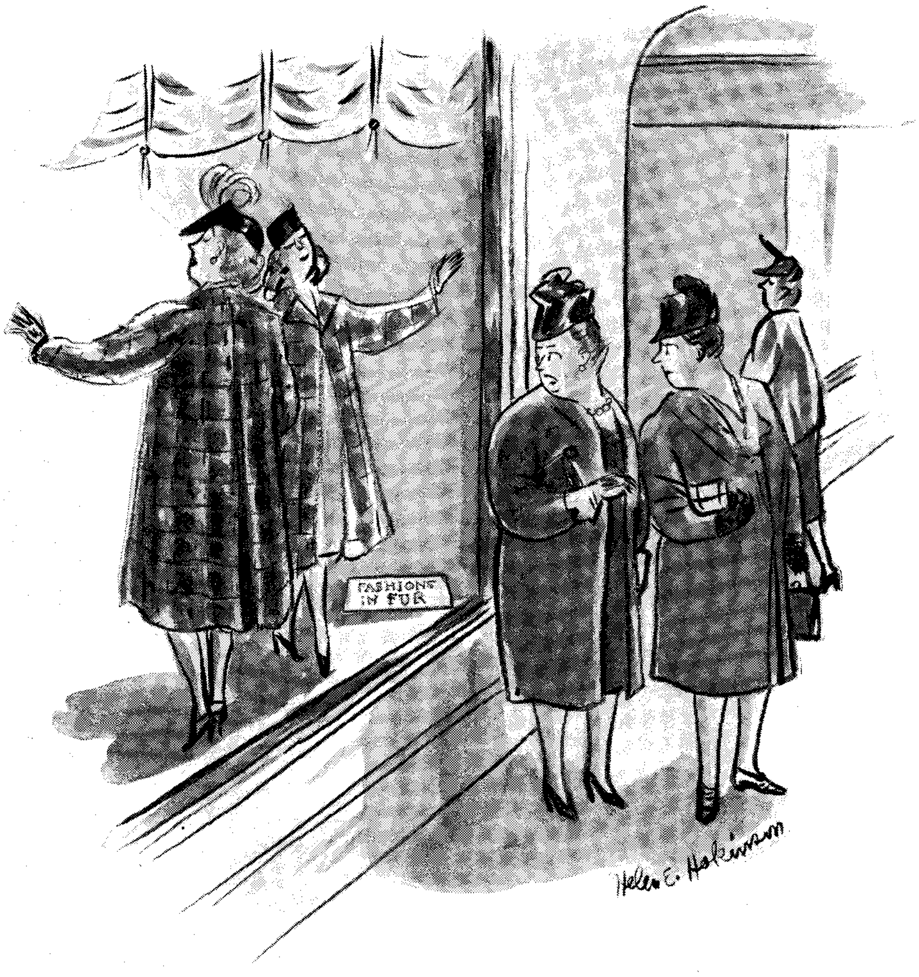
FEMININE FASHIONS

WHEN the little mannequins flip through the dress salons of New York with deadpan expressions as carefully arranged as their pompadours, the clothes they show are at times decorative in so impersonal a way that they seem aloof, both from yourself and from the factual world through which they are intended to bustle. However, as you trail around through the fashion world and achieve at least a smiling acquaintance with the models, you learn much about the clothes that no press-release paean could convey. There will come a slow, secret wink in the middle of a pirouette as you ask the management if that smart new woollen material is as scratchy as it looks; you discern exultant twinkles that all but pat a costume when it is one the girls love to put on. The mannequins eagerly demonstrate the different ways a scarf they like can be tied; when they walk up to some tigress customer and show a dress as if they were going to a party, you know it is a dress which is fun to wear.

The girls who were brought in to show the clothes at Zoe de Salle, 29 East 53rd Street, took obvious delight in them, at least on the day I was there. Every dress has youthful, swinging movement. Skirts whirl out full below artful, unbelted, tiny waistlines; sleeves are likely to be elbow length and full through the armpit, often in a definite dolman line; there is much sideways treatment this year at the neckline. A crêpe dress in a marvellous brownish-slate color has one long, fluttering rever at the side of its V neck; this can be buttoned across the chest or brought out over one of the deep revers of a trigly buttoned coat in darker-colored wool. A dress of cocoa-brown wool has a triangular slash of red wool inserted at one side of its high V neck and on the bell edge of the opposite sleeve (you wear a red Chinese coolie hat with this, and the accompanying fat handbag dangles from a bamboo pole); another, of red wool jersey, is trimmed with discreet insets of dull blue-green to match the coat and has a round, collarless neck with one slim lapel running diagonally across the chest. The coat is a swagger wool affair, full-length and fastened only by one huge self-covered button at the throat, with a single, vast pocket more than a foot deep jutting out over one hip—almost as voluminous as the wonderful full-length capes for day and evening that de Salle loves so passionately and does so superbly. A bright-purple wool dress with a row of cording to emphasize the width of its yoke has a loose coat to match, gathered around the body by similar cording just below the shoulders.

You'll find the dress-and-coat ensembles lovely here, even if you don't happen to be noticing the delighted look on the faces of the girls who are wearing them. Among the two-piece suits, there is one of a black-gray man's English sharkskin that has outward tucks on its skirt to give the effect of the crease in a man's trousers. The jacket is quite long, with six double-breasted buttons below an unexpected deep oval neckline, French Revolution-like. The fabrics at this shop were imported before France collapsed. No color or color combination is obvious. Everything is custom-made, and knowing clients never blink at the prices. De Salle has a style of her own (particularly good for little women) which, it has been discovered, remains enchanting season after season.

AT Nicole de Paris, 25 East 55th Street, young mannequins almost croon over dresses that are primarily designed for the international *femme du monde*, the woman to whom "elegance" is more than a word in an advertisement. Here you're sure to find a smooth, slim line down the hips. Belts, often with slightly bloused effects above them, are still around, and there are always tucks and other artful tricks to make the most mature figure look particularly slender and well groomed from the waist down. Many of the simple costumes here are lovely for any age, like a fitted coat of soft green wool, with a V neck and lapels curving deep over the breasts, worn with a gold wool-crêpe tailored dress that has a slight fold at the neck. Others show a quiet extravagance which might overwhelm a woman without poise—a black broad-



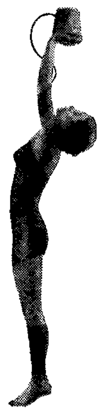
"They were an awful nuisance in the lawn this summer."

nemo Adjustable Waist

. . . so obviously smart

Did you know that you have two waistlines? Just measure your middle while seated and then while standing! You'll find a difference of 1½ to 3 inches! That's the reason for the new Adjustable Waist feature in Nemo girdles and combinations. The horizontal stretch at the top-back takes comfortable care of your midriff expansion . . . gives you a long, controlled waist. No hooks, no eyes, no rivets . . . but adjustable nevertheless. Naturally the needed stretch is furnished by "Lastex," the elastic yarn that makes possible this finer art of modern corsetry. There is a Nemo girdle or combination with the Adjustable Waist feature for every figure type, at from $3.50 to $12.50. At all leading stores.

Photographed above, Nemo Adjustable Waist Girdle, Style No. 591, for Junior figures. Sizes, 26 to 32, at $5.00. The bra is Nemo "Partos," Style No. 100-9. Sizes, 32 to 38, at $1.00.



THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT... Lastex

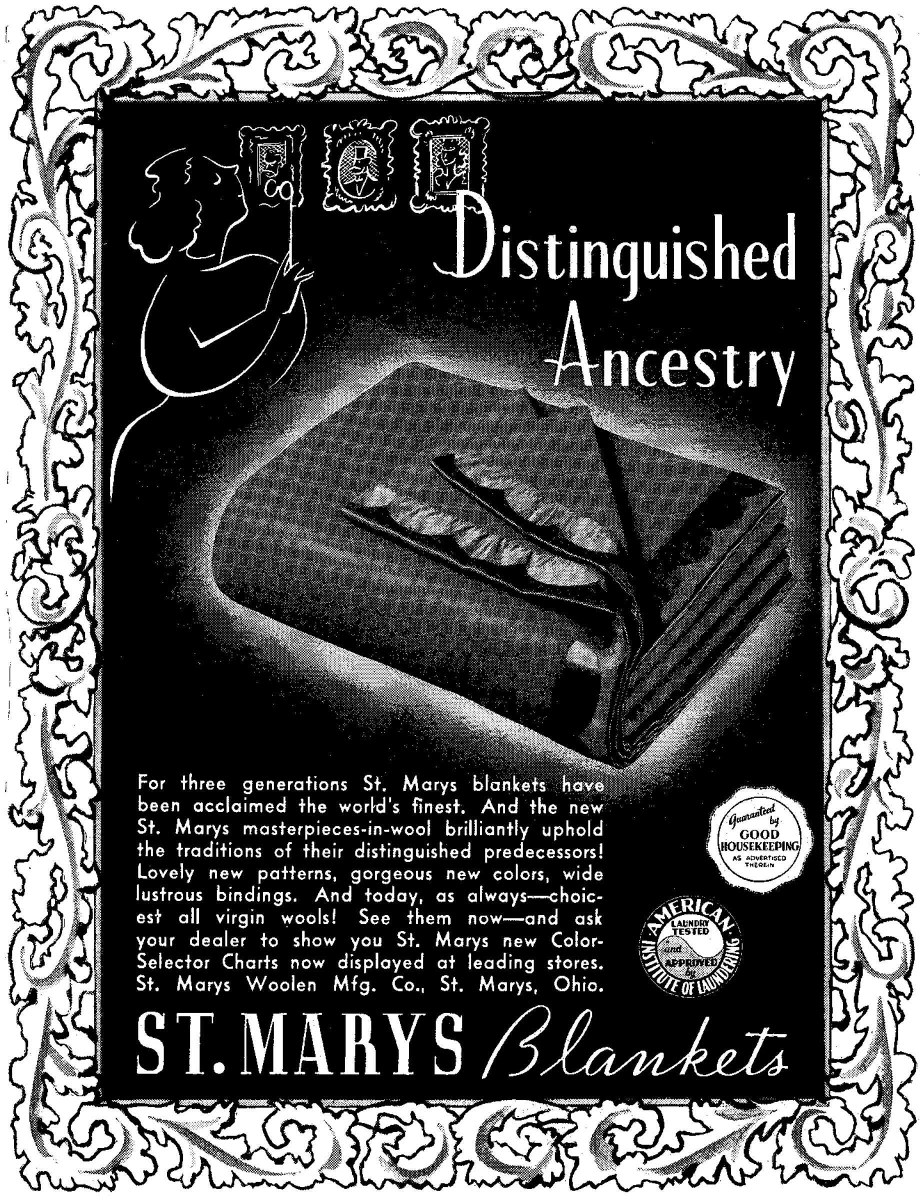
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY US TRADE MARK

An elastic yarn manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Company, Rockefeller Center, New York City cloth coat, for instance, that has silver fox not only rippling out on its shoulders like giant epaulettes but coming diagonally down one side to the waist and, after a slight interruption for the belt, continuing to outline the wrapped side of the skirt. A silver-fox jacket with black suède around the waistline and under the arms has a flaring peplum ascending in front to a bolero effect above, giving an unusually insouciant air to the fur. Women who have mourned the apparent disappearance of the rich-looking black coat will be delighted to find one of wool with a bloused back, revers of Persian lamb, and quilting in sunburst pattern through the ribs. The lines of Nicole's dresses are sleek and straight, but overlaid on them are fantasies—satin incrustations, or turquoise beads, or Those Little Tucks, or, for elaborate afternoon occasions, things like black point-d'esprit lace, finely pleated to make an irregular yoke on a black velvet dress.

Spectacular for evening: A V-necked white crêpe dress with bands of fringe below the hips, and a fringed scarf which can be worn around the shoulders like an exaggerated fichu or put across one shoulder and anchored by the belt; a slender white satin dress with a simple, daring décolletage and excitement provided by all-over rhinestone embroidery that breaks out from a bird-of-paradise pattern on one hip and extends into delicate tendrils; a severe, black wool dress with a deep V that has transparent embroidery, like lace, along its edges and a matter-of-fact jacket with dull lacquered embroidery down its front; and a froufrou black ciré satin dress with a vast overskirt of alternating black ciré lace and net.

ALTHOUGH our institutions of higher learning have been churning out the information for years and years, fashion people continue to discover every day, with surprised little gasps, that America has a past. None, to my mind, has done more notable things about it than Robert Dudley, who has recently moved to 20 East 56th Street. His hats are always entertaining without being self-consciously mad; this year, they take you through a comprehensive sweep of American history, beginning with Eric the Red, who is memorialized by a helmet of two shades of gray felt which is worn well back on the head and has two wings and felt tabs caught in with a silver-metal pin at the nape of the neck. Christopher Columbus rates a black velvet pillbox with red stitching, a tab on each side, and Chan-



Distinguished Ancestry

For three generations St. Marys blankets have been acclaimed the world's finest. And the new St. Marys masterpieces-in-wool brilliantly uphold the traditions of their distinguished predecessors! Lovely new patterns, gorgeous new colors, wide lustrous bindings. And today, as always—choicest all virgin wools! See them now—and ask your dealer to show you St. Marys new Color-Selector Charts now displayed at leading stores. St. Marys Woolen Mfg. Co., St. Marys, Ohio.

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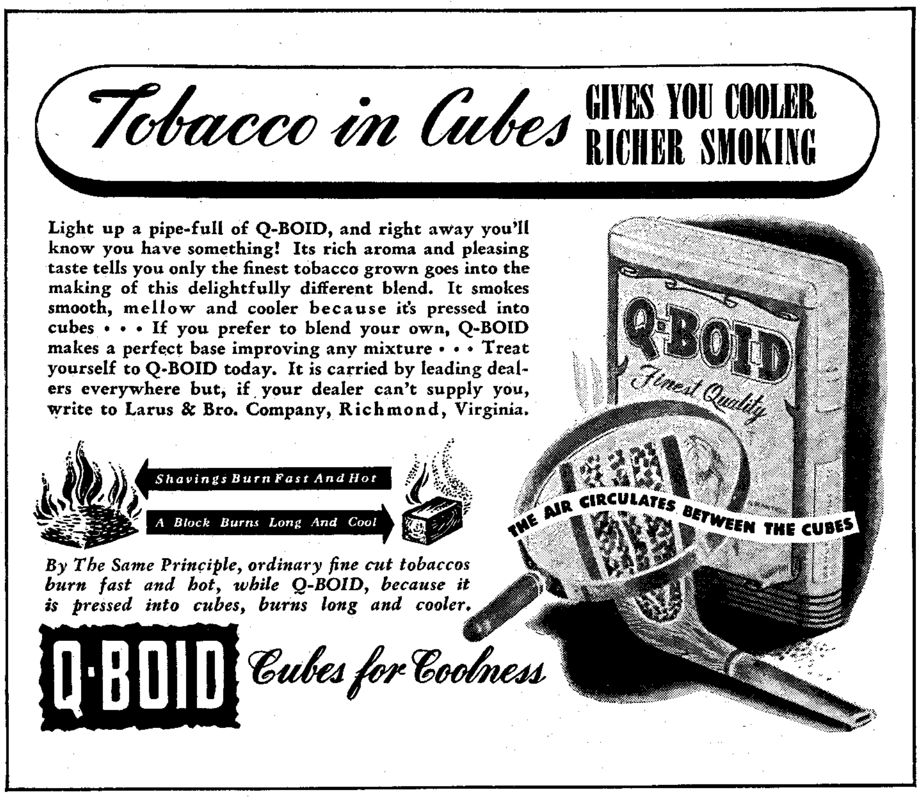
American Institute of Laundering Laundry Tested and Approved by

ST. MARYS *Blankets*



Tobacco in Cubes GIVES YOU COOLER RICHER SMOKING

Light up a pipe-full of Q-BOID, and right away you'll know you have something! Its rich aroma and pleasing taste tells you only the finest tobacco grown goes into the making of this delightfully different blend. It smokes smooth, mellow and cooler because it's pressed into cubes • • • If you prefer to blend your own, Q-BOID makes a perfect base improving any mixture • • • Treat yourself to Q-BOID today. It is carried by leading dealers everywhere but, if your dealer can't supply you, write to Larus & Bro. Company, Richmond, Virginia.

Shavings Burn Fast And Hot

A Block Burns Long And Cool

By The Same Principle, ordinary fine cut tobaccos burn fast and hot, while Q-BOID, because it is pressed into cubes, burns long and cooler.

Q-BOID Finest Quality

THE AIR CIRCULATES BETWEEN THE CUBES

Q·BOID *Cubes for Coolness*

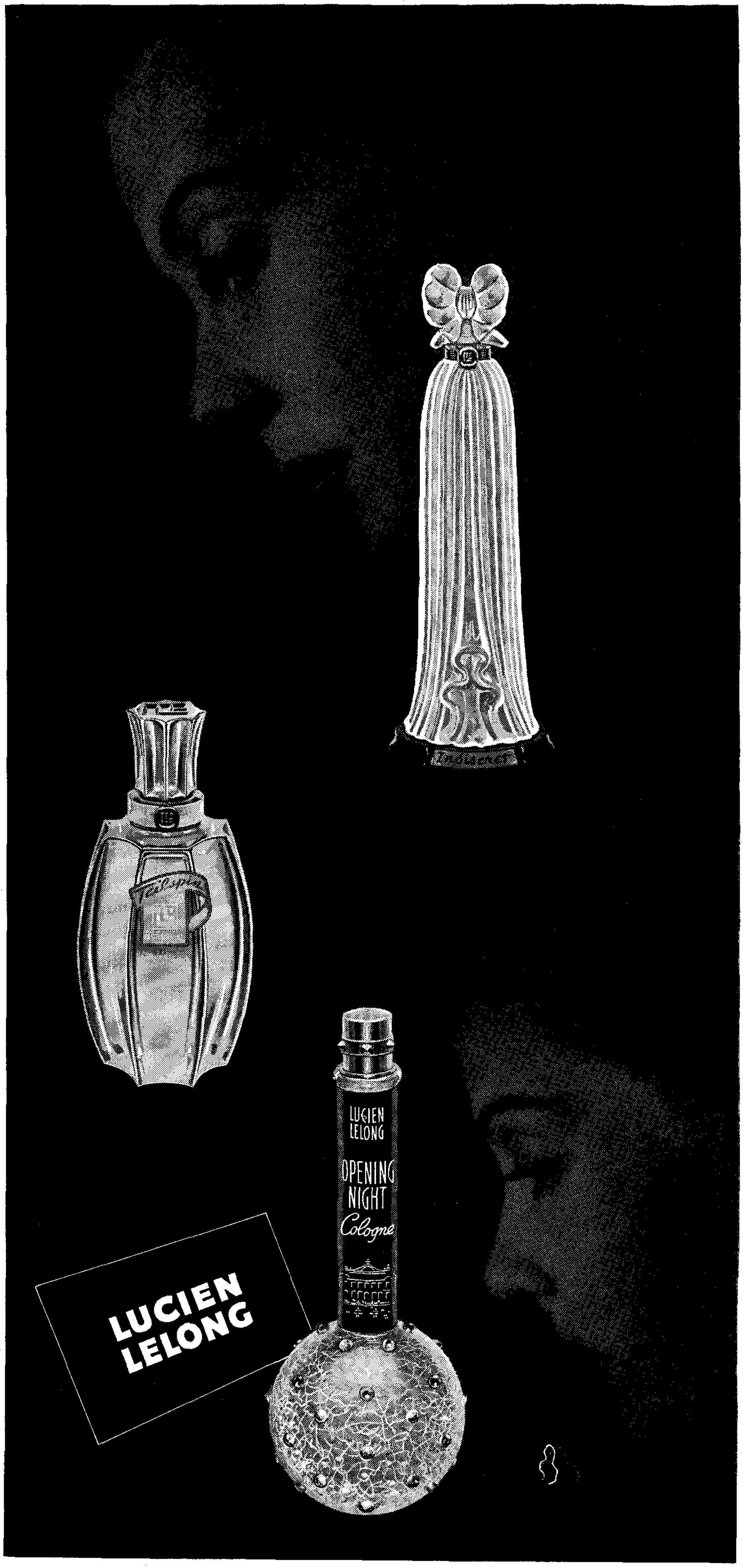
tilly lace tying under the chin. Ponce de Leon is brought up to date with another helmet that has a wide, peaked brim trimmed with black vulture feathers. The American Indian might be happier about his fate could he know that he has inspired a copper suède cap trimmed with Oriental feathers—brown speckled quills which make a peak in front and a huge flat collar that, designed to be worn over any plain neckline with the hat, is pretty divine. The Revolutionary hats are superb; look at a black felt affair with a towering, turned-back brim decorated by an insert of stitched red felt. The Gold Rush is represented by a black Spanish sailor with gold embroidery. The hats are gay and far more wearable than they sound, and amateur decorators can get ideas from the patriotic surroundings in which they are shown—white wool walls with red wooden valances, sapphire-blue ottomans, and busts of Benjamin Franklin and George Washington to take your mind off the Era of Mickey Rooney. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Almost Too Easy

IT is just about a year now since a neatly planned little venture coyly called Blendure Colors cropped up at James McCutcheon, offering fabrics, wallpapers, and carpets conveniently keyed to a group of ready-made color schemes. A certain number of timid souls who once wouldn't have dreamed of buying a yard of ball fringe without the advice of a decorator were encouraged by this plan to try their own hands at putting rooms together, but one would hardly have expected the response to justify what is now happening in stores all over town. Color coördination suddenly is raging everywhere among house furnishings, and an astonished public, which for years has been muddling through under the old system, is being invited to share the joy of the shops over foolproof groupings of merchandise guaranteed to protect the customer against himself.

The simplest of these plans, such as W. & J. Sloane's Co-ordinated Fabrics and Altman's Concordant Group, provide plain and patterned materials for every decorating purpose, each of which will harmonize with all the others in its group. The number of color schemes that result from switching these fabrics about any which way is really staggering. For instance, Altman's group of thirty-four fabrics can be juggled around to make some five hundred handsome



Make your heart stand tiptoe with Parfum INDISCRET . . . a sumptuous, flattering fragrance, spiced with a delicious sense of daring . . . $5 to $60.

TAILSPIN . . . a new head-over-heels perfume by Lucien Lelong . . . dizzying as falling in love, and as delightful. $3.75 to $25

Wear Lucien Lelong's OPENING NIGHT Cologne . . . and feel like the star of the performance! $2

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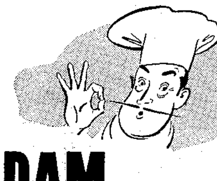

MADAM, can you spare a spot of sherry?

Worthy of your finest sherry is this Underwood Black Bean Soup. Thick, rich, and dark with goodness, as Black Bean Soup should be. Add a slice of lemon, one of egg, a touch of sherry to each plate and make your reputation as a *hostess!* ***Heartwarming,*** too, is Underwood Purée Mongole, a distinguished blend of tomatoes and peas with julienned vegetables, delicately seasoned with a touch of curry.

- If your dealer does not carry these soups, write to Wm. Underwood Co., 79 Walnut St., Watertown, Massachusetts.

UNDERWOOD *Fine Soups*

UNDERWOOD PURÉE MONGOLE SOUP
UNDERWOOD BLACK BEAN SOUP

schemes. A child can put them together—well, almost a child. Macy's Master Schemes work much the same way and, in conjunction with the store's new Plan-A-Home Studio (the trick-name idea, as you can see, has caught on), will furnish complete rooms in four period styles. Ambitious as this sounds, however, it still doesn't go as far as Harmony House at McCreery or the American Regency group at Bloomingdale. Both of these undertakings place before you related house furnishings that start out with furniture, run through fabrics, wallpaper, carpets, bedding, china, pictures, linens, and closet fixings, and wind up, gasping, with candles and soap. Both have dipped into the Regency period for patterns, colors, and designs, both bristle with nationally known brand names (North Star blankets, Simmons mattresses, and Fostoria glass are big attractions in Harmony House, for instance), and both are being presented simultaneously in important cities all over the land, so we all should presently begin to find ourselves right at home almost anywhere in the United States.

For people who grow clammy-handed when confronted with a decorating problem of the most elementary sort, and for those who must shop at top speed and can't spare a moment for the luxury of indecision, there is undoubtedly a great deal of good in all this. Even independent spirits needn't shy away, for that matter, since there's nothing to stop them from ignoring the frantic coordination and shopping here and there at will, as they've always done. The chances are they'll come out with as likely an assortment of items as they would have in the old days.

FALL AT ABERCROMBIE & FITCH: New tableware of golden-toned wood has been given a brilliant, heat-and-wet-resistant glaze and then hand-painted with game birds in their true colors. Place plates, with a different bird on each of twelve, are $5 apiece; individual salad bowls are $3, and there's a big one to match for $9.50. This last is handsome enough to mount and use as a mantel decoration for a country house. A variety of game birds also appear on bar glasses and china coasters, the idea being that matching glasses and coasters will make it easy for whoever is returning with the second round of drinks to give each person his own glass. Then there are china egg-coddlers decorated with hunting scenes in color, for breakfasts in the horsy world; after-dinner coffee spoons in gold-washed sterling, their handles tipped with

Even YOUR mother in law WOULD BE HAPPY...!

- Here's the way to get in good with the boss, thrill your friends, pay off those social and business obligations that require unusual taste and thoughtfulness. • Give them a ***fresh*** 8 to 10 lb. salmon from the North Pacific's cold waters. Sent express prepaid, cleaned, packed in ice and freshly iced en route, with a personalized note in your name. Ideal for unique entertaining at parties or clubs. • Few people know the delicious taste of a real ***fresh salmon*** direct from the Pacific. Try one yourself! Send your holiday gift list now. A gift so unusual it creates lasting appreciation. Economical, too!

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$4.49 Points West of Mississippi River
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SAVORY SUCCESS STORY

Let the savory, delicious taste thrill of CATSKILL MOUNTAIN SMOKED TURKEY assure your parties' success. A delicacy, deliciously different, served hot or cold, for dinners, cocktail parties, buffet suppers, hors d'œuvres and canapés. Choice, selected, young birds, cured in imported spices, and smoked over fragrant applewood embers by the FORSTS, who have been preparing and smoking fine meats for over seventy years; weigh 8 to 18 lbs.; cost $1.25 a lb.; money refunded if you are not satisfied. Order from dealer, or wire collect, The FORSTS, Rondout Sta. 1, Kingston, N. Y.

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a tiny fox mask; and Royal Doulton hound's-head and fox-mask stirrup cups, the kind that won't stand up and so have to be emptied before you put them down. As a grand finale, there are modern hooked rugs for sporting households; they are three and a half by six feet, with designs showing mallard ducks, assorted dry flies, or fox and hounds, and are almost too beautiful to step on. They're $50 each.

OUR OWN MUSEUM OF MODERN WONDERS: Fiberglas, the wholly glass fabric which doesn't shrink or mildew and resists practically every other known hazard, including moths and fire, has now been made up into damask-patterned tablecloths. They'll bear looking into, and ought to be especially good for households harboring careless smokers. These cloths are available, at $37.50, in dazzling white and nice, mellow écru, at John Wanamaker and at the Esmond Blanket Shop, 36 West 50th Street.... The Polaroid reading lamp, so soothing to anyone whose eyes are sensitive to glare, is out in an inexpensive version—around $3 in most houseware stores. It wasn't designed as a parlor ornament, but its appearance won't shame any desk that is meant for business, and the light that streams from it is as Polaroid as anyone could ask.... To restrain hanging shower curtains that flap when you're inside, there's a new dingus called the Hold Rite. It's a magnet, irresistibly attracted to whatever it is that's hidden under the bathtub's porcelain coating, and you clip it to a loose corner of your shower curtain to hold it tight against the bottom of the tub. Lewis & Conger and Macy have this.... Lewis & Conger also offer Plescent, a magical fluid that, when mixed into paint before it's applied, kills that deadly odor and lets you move right into your freshly done room, which, if you can believe it, will smell of vanilla instead of paint.

—B. B.

AS TO MEN

Safe and Sane

SOMETIMES I find it hard to believe that the war hasn't interfered with our supplies of British-made materials for men's clothes. Such, however, seems to be the case. The British go on sending over fine goods, glad to find somebody able and happy to buy them. I don't know whether the fighting abroad has had anything to do with the fact that the designers for some of our best shops have shown greater restraint than usual in preparing for the fall, but

Naughty!

Pink Garter
Scarlet Slipper
Black Mask

for your fingertips, lips and cheeks

Formula for an exciting Fall! Your fingertips, lips and cheeks will be subtly blended (and dangerously beautiful) in Revlon's "vamp" shades, created as the perfect climax for the new American-inspired black clothes. You'll be fastidiously groomed all around the clock, because every precision-tested shade of Revlon Nail Enamel, Lipstick and Cheek Stick is as unerringly chic as it is lasting.

Pink Garter, sly, blush rose; and Scarlet Slipper, sinuous scarlet; in Cream Nail Enamel, Pearl-Glow Enamel; also Revlon Lipstick and Cheek Stick. Black Mask, wicked black red, in Cream Nail Enamel only.

it's right because it's Revlon

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The Sert Room
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American Premiere!
LOS CHAVALILLOS
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Until October 8—EDDY DUCHIN and His Orchestra at The Starlight Roof
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When you eat too well.. When you drink too well..
Try this WORLD-FAMED PICK-ME-UP

A jigger today... helps make tomorrow O. K.
SINCE 1845
At good Restaurants, Hotels, Bars. Keep a bottle at home—drug and grocery stores have it.
In the United States
Fratelli Branca & Co., Inc., New York
Copr. 1940, Fratelli Branca & Co., Inc.

they have. You won't come across many of those experiments which salesmen refer to hopefully as "different." Plain, sensible clothes are the rule, and for that we may all be grateful.

Among the imported goods are some hand-loomed tweeds which Tripler has made up into three-piece sack suits. My pick of color and pattern is a herringbone in a mild brown. At Macy, they're really enthusiastic, and with reason, over suits of a hard-finished worsted from Huddersfield. Some of the double-breasted models work out especially well, as I think you'll agree if you look, say, at one in dark blue with an even darker blue stripe. Brooks uses an excellent dark-brown flannel worsted, also imported, to make single-breasted suits which are medium weight and exactly right for the weather we're likely to have during the next couple of months.

When I stopped in at Saks-Fifth Avenue I had with me a friend who is almost fanatical in his admiration of British fabrics, but even he took a liking to a number of domestic topcoats we saw there. These are made of a cloth woven from lamb's wool and should appeal to almost any man looking for a slightly dressy double-breasted model. For a not-too-heavy but warm topcoat which should see you nicely through most of the days of a New York winter, you will do well to consider one of the raglans made of a medium-weight Scotch cashmere which Knox, at Fifth Avenue and 40th Street, has on hand in a rich, deep color called saddle brown; $135. De Pinna shows some imported covert, a rugged but usually plain material that has been touched up by weaving in a faint herringbone pattern, and uses this material in a group of topcoats with commendable results. As for raincoats, my mind keeps going back to an imported one I saw at Brooks—something that could double as a topcoat on any raw, cloudy day. Its name, the Zambrene, may strike you as being overly exotic, but you'll find the coat is just one of those comfortable things with slash pockets, a fly front, and raglan sleeves which men go on wearing for years with greater and greater attachment; $50.

TRIPLER's hat department has come through with a trick of which the whole shop is quite proud—lightweight derbies similar to those formerly made by Habig, the Austrian hatter now presumably otherwise engaged. These, as you may recall, could be crushed without harm, an unusual and practical fea-

ENJOY THIS PEERLESS PUERTO RICAN RUM
"The Toast of the Tropics"
Say "Don Q" when you call for a rum cocktail! Enjoy the matchless quality which has made this superb rum the "toast of the tropics"!
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Product of DESTILERIA SERRALLES, Inc.
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National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y. • 86 Proof

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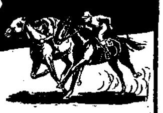
Jamaica Races

Jamaica, L. I.
SEE the WHOLE race from start to finish.
EVERY point a vantage point.
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CHAMPAGNES AND WINES

ture which Tripler has retained in its domestic version. The derbies are favored, naturally, by men who don't care for the heaviness of an English-type bowler and by those unfortunate individuals whose hats are always being sat on; $12.50. Another light hat, one that a man in search of a Homburg should consider, is to be found at Cavanagh, 247 Park Avenue (47th). This has a trim curl to its brim, a curl that will last, according to all reports, despite the lightness of the material. The hat comes in gray with a pearl welting and in a light brown. De Pinna has a snap-brim of domestic felt in just the right shade of dark brown to go with almost any street clothes; $12.

FOOTBALL weekends suggest sweaters—the kind a man wears under his jacket—and they, of course, are all around in any number of shades and shapes. Typical of those I've seen and admired are several round-necked ones at Saks, made of domestic wool in a natural tone, and some new knit vests in Tattersall patterns of black or heather on yellow which Abercrombie & Fitch are showing. The vests are as warm as a pullover across the chest and allow perfectly free movement at the shoulders.

NOTES: At Tripler, I came across the first nylon socks I've seen; $1.50, in black only. . . . A snug, very light dressing gown at Abercrombie is as luxurious as it is unshowy; it's made of natural vicuña piped with brown and costs $125. . . . Wanamaker can show you the Alan McAfee shoes from London in black and in two tan models, which they'll be glad to shade to suit your taste; $16. . . . Saks, revealing an alert appreciation of the possibilities of synthetic materials, has turned out some bang-up rayon pajamas in solid colors and sleek as silk. My choice would be blue or white; $5. —PLAID

•

The Lloyd Nolan baby isn't due until October 18, but he already has arranged with the studio to have a special telephone on the set if he is working in a picture at the time.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

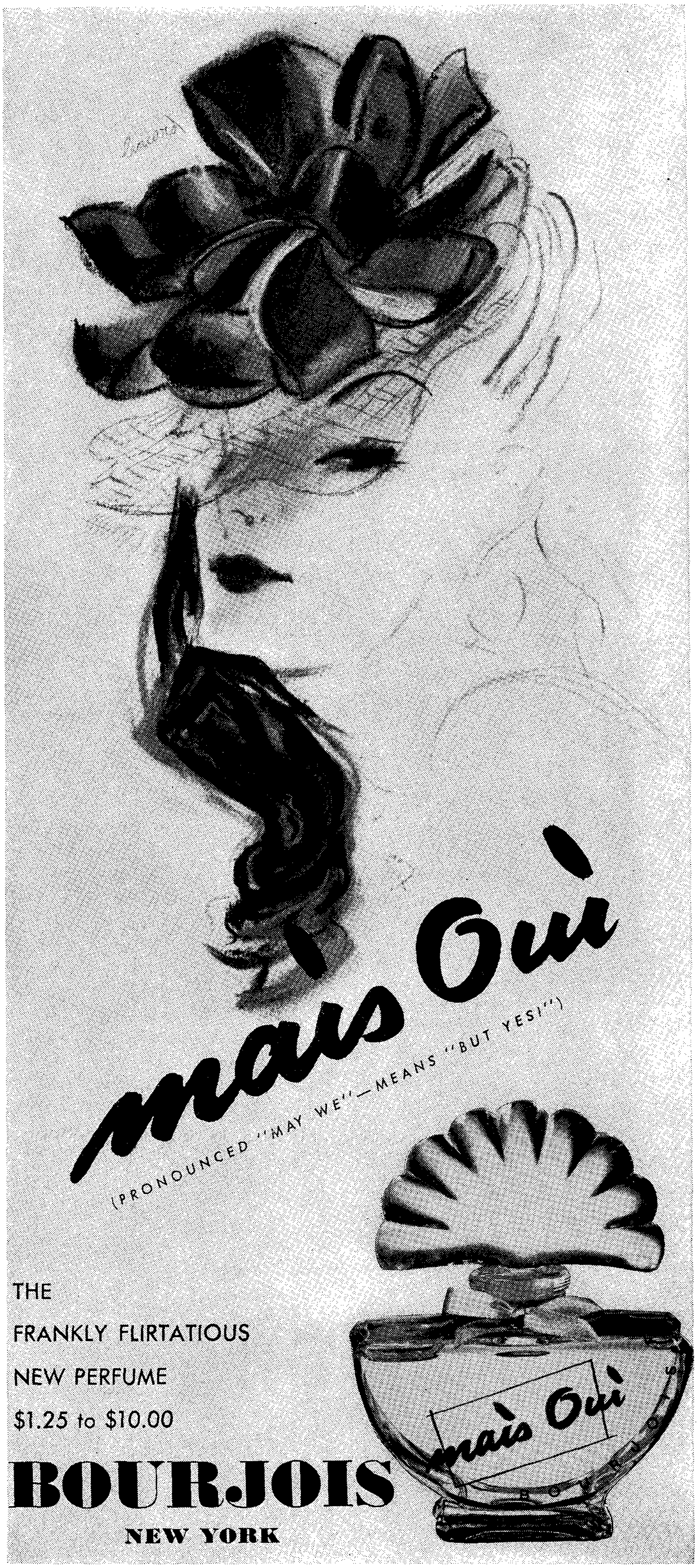
Forehanded little rascal, isn't he?

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From a story by Norma Patterson in McCall's]

Her feet would not stay down on the deck; it was her brilliant face that carried her along.



mais Oui
(PRONOUNCED "MAY WE"—MEANS "BUT YES!")
THE FRANKLY FLIRTATIOUS NEW PERFUME
$1.25 to $10.00
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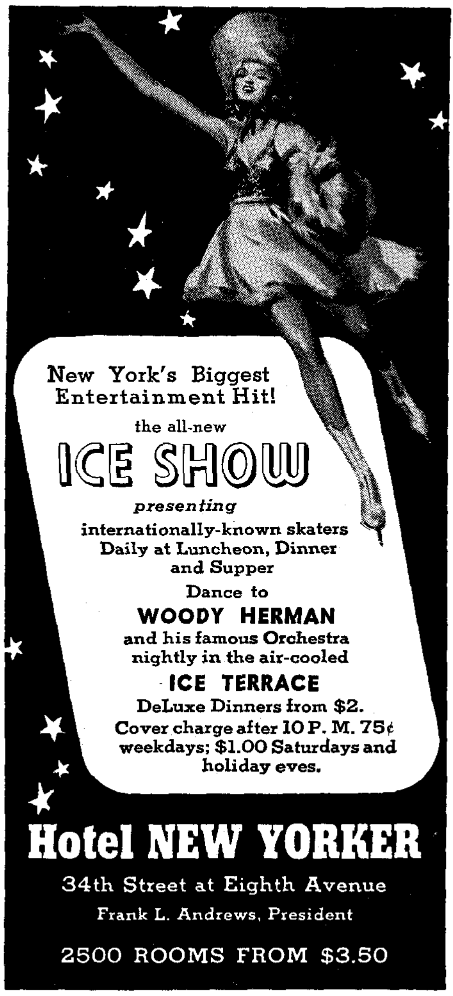
BOURJOIS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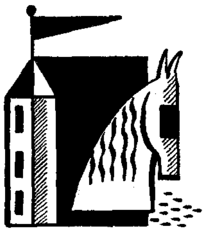
THE RACE TRACK

There's Truth in the Trial



I DON'T suppose any outsider could have caused more to-do by winning The Futurity than Our Boots did. Most of the reactions at Belmont Park last weekend changed slowly from rather stunned surprise to annoyance at having overlooked a good thing and to the illogical conclusion that the two-year-olds are not quite first class.

Our Boots had already brought off a 15–1 chance in the Futurity Trial, but there were so many excuses afterward (New World had been blocked in the stall gate at the start by Monday Lunch, Whirlaway was wearing four fat bandages, and so on) that almost nobody took his performance seriously. Well, The Futurity was simply the Futurity Trial all over again, except that there were more horses in it and different excuses. Again, Our Boots followed the pace for three-quarters of the way, and again slipped past the leaders—in this case, King Cole, Whirlaway, and New World—to win easily. Our Boots is a sleek, dark bay colt by Bull Dog out of Maid of Arches. He is owned by Royce Martin, a Toledo businessman, and has won three of his four starts and $68,850 in prize money, $67,000 of it in The Futurity. By the way, Our Boots is one of the few Futurity winners to have come from a small stable. Martin and Steve Judge, who trains Our Boots, are better than green hands with a horse, but if I had one guess to make about what the colt will do next season it wouldn't be that he'll win the Kentucky Derby.

An old racing tradition is that Jim Fitzsimmons, who trains King Cole, has no luck in The Futurity. He's saddled winners of every other important sweepstakes hereabouts—eight in the Lawrence Realization, which ought to be a record (and is), half a dozen each in the Belmont Stakes and the Saratoga Cup, and five in the Jockey Club Gold Cup. The classic for two-year-olds seems to stump him, though.

After Ben Jones, who trains Whirlaway, won a couple of earlier races Saturday with Sari Omar and Beau James, people remembered that once at Louisville on Kentucky Derby Day, Jones sent out three winners in other races but lost the one he wanted most to win. I don't believe, however, that a jinx of this sort had so much to do with Whirlaway's defeat in The Futurity as the bumping he got in it, or possibly the fast workout Jones gave him the day before. I thought he looked dull in the paddock, and I noticed that one of his ankles was heavily painted with iodine. My pick on appearance, but not performance, was Attention, who ran a dashing ninth until a furlong from home and then finished eleventh. As for the others, they can all be lumped under the description "not very good."

THE horse of the week, if you must have one, was Fenelon. Without very much apparent effort he polished off Your Chance in the Lawrence Realization Stakes, worth $18,070, on Monday, and galloped away with the Jockey Club Gold Cup, worth $6,700, on Saturday. For reasons that escaped everyone, Richards, who rode Your Chance in the Realization, claimed a foul; the claim wasn't allowed, of course, but I wondered whether, if it had been, Mrs. George Widener, who owns Your Chance, would have had to go through the ceremony of leading in the winner, a ceremony which already had been gone through by William Woodward, who owns Fenelon. If Fenelon runs in the $50,000 New York Handicap this weekend, I fancy he'll win it, for his most serious opposition will come from jumpers.

I don't know when I've seen more badly judged riding crowded into a single race than there was in the Manhattan Handicap. Wall, on Moscow II, and Longden, on Sickle T., rode as though they were going six furlongs instead of twelve. Hebert, who was on Bolingbroke, the winner, got so excited that he lost his whip and finished slapping his mount with his hand.

THERE'S always some innovation waiting for us when we come back to Belmont Park. This time it was a new public-address system, a little dandy if I ever heard one. The horns have a sound spread exactly twice as great as the loudspeakers at most tracks. Now, if Alfred Vanderbilt will supply just a bit more power, people who prefer to hear races rather than see them won't need to go to Belmont at all. They can just open their windows. And may I suggest for the announcer one of my old Belmont pals, Wrong Horse Harry?

—AUDAX MINOR

MUSICAL EVENTS

Popular Records

NEGRO performers, past and present, seem to have contributed more than their usual share of what better-than-average light entertainment has been turned out by the record-makers recently. Columbia album C-25 is something in the nature of a curio, for it contains re-pressings of eight recordings by Bert Williams, that early Ziegfeldian, who died way back in 1922. Just to make sure that no one will miss the point, Columbia has stamped the words "Collector's Item" in large letters on the cover of each set, which may seem presumptuous to collectors who like to do their own picking and choosing. It's a good album, for all that. These eight pieces will have the most meaning for people who were lucky enough to hear Williams in person, but they should please others, too, for the old up-from-vaudeville artist had a way of singing that was all his own—part recitative, part comic, part philosophic. You'll realize how true this is when you listen to him sing such pieces as "Bring Back Those Wonderful Days," "Everybody Wants the Key to My Cellar," "The Moon Shines on the Moonshine," and "O Death, Where Is Thy Sting?," accompanied by an orchestra whose only purpose, apparently, was to keep the time and the key. Don't miss those trombone slides in the vamp-till-ready measures. Prehistoric.

Almost anybody capable of tossing off a vocal chorus is called a stylist these days, and almost nobody really is one. Billie Holiday is, though, as she makes clear on Okeh 5719. Whether it's her "Tell Me More," a throaty torch piece, or "Laughing at Life," a sprightlier item, you'll find Miss Holiday ad-libbing around the tune, casually and imaginatively putting together tricky clusters of notes with dexterity and good taste. An unnamed orchestra supplies accompaniments that are neither too obtrusive nor too subdued, which helps matters along nicely.

Ella Fitzgerald, who was so busy jazzing up nursery rhymes a while back, has turned to slightly more adult works and now gives us, on Decca 3324, "Gulf Coast Blues" and "Deedle-De-Dum," which isn't as Mother Goosey as you might think from the title. Miss

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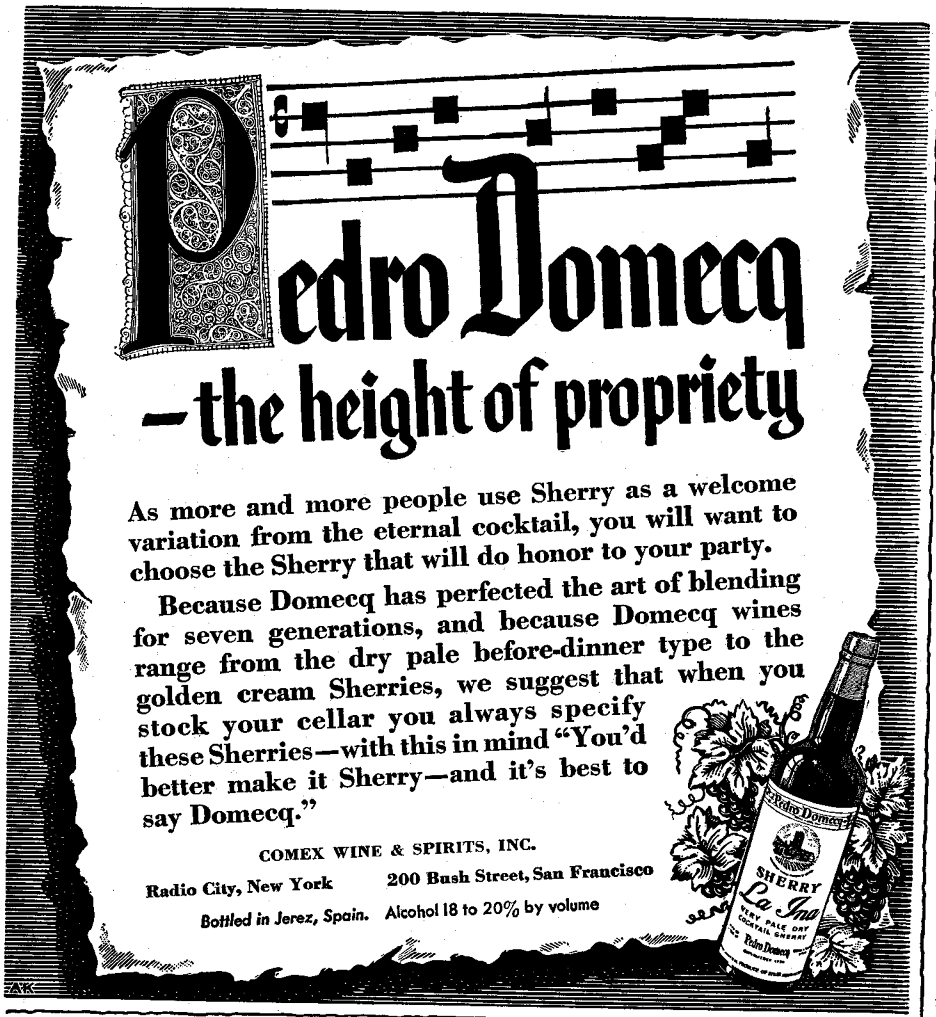
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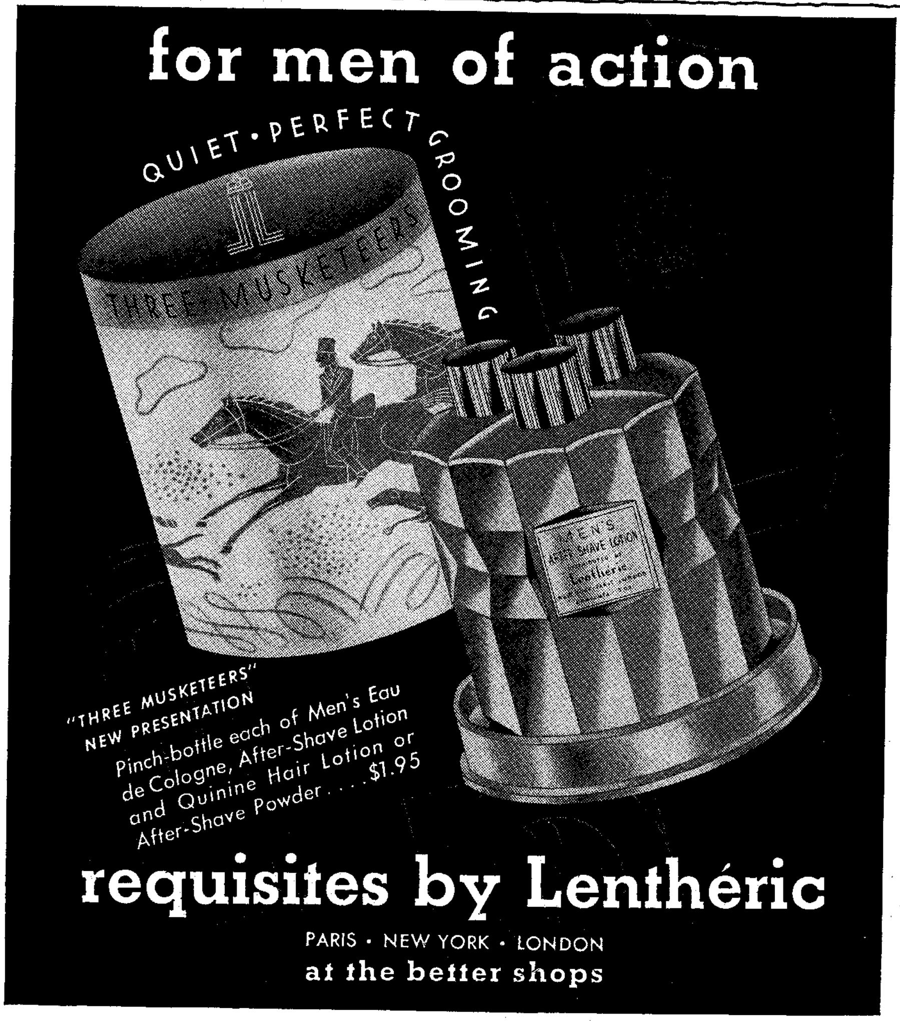
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Fitzgerald is another who deserves to be called a stylist, and you'll hear no better diction on any record. The assistance given her by the orchestra works out well.

Most of Fats Waller's recordings are thoroughgoing arrangements, in which he usually combines one of his ingratiating vocal choruses and several piano interludes—some crisp, some lacy—with an orchestral pattern that keeps in the changing spirit of the maestro. Waller's "I'll Never Smile Again" and "Stayin' at Home" (Bluebird B-10841) are a couple of good examples; they have form, nothing is left unfinished, nothing is left over.

THE hot bands have done an uncommonly large amount of fine playing of late, as the following list of recommended records indicates (as usual, swing numbers are marked with an asterisk):

Sepia Panorama* and Harlem Air-Shaft*—Duke Ellington and his orchestra. Jimmy Blanton's bullfiddling in "Sepia Panorama" really makes the piece, although the rest of the musicians aren't by any means shirking. "Harlem Air-Shaft" is one of those bits of Ellingtoniana in which everything goes on at the same time, but somehow there's plenty of order and sense to it all. (*Victor 26731*)

Would You Be So Kindly? and Don't Let It Get You Down—Leo Reisman and his orchestra. Mr. Reisman is at his best playing show tunes, and both of these are show tunes—from Al Jolson's successful "Hold On to Your Hats." So that's that. There's no complaint, either, about the way Anita Boyer takes care of the vocals. (*Victor 26732*)

Rhythm on the River* and That's for Me—Ray Noble and his orchestra. Gradually but surely, Noble's band is working toward the top as a virtuoso ensemble. You'll find plenty of expression and finish in both of these. (*Columbia 35630*)

Tonight and Never Took a Lesson in My Life*—Gene Krupa and his orchestra. "Tonight," also known as "Perfidia," is given a remarkably interesting performance in which the high spots are the use of trombones against the voice of Howard Du Lany. Irene Daye sings the chorus of the engaging companion piece. (*Okeh 5715*)

Hep-Tee-Hootie* and Dolimite—Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra. Torrid swing, intelligently planned, in "Hep-Tee-Hootie;" moody, languorous stuff in "Dolimite." (*Decca 3312*)

Diga Diga Do* and Cherry*—Rex Stewart's Big Seven. Seven masters join forces in two performances that are unbeatable as improvisation. This is a twelve-inch record and, from the standpoint of teamwork, easily one of the best, whatever the size. Occasionally you'll hear a dissonant chord, which may or may not have been an accident. (*Hot Record Society 2004*)

—Offbeat

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DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*Headline in the Daily News*]

WORLD 'NO LONGER A PARADISE,' SAYS POPE

FOOTBALL

First Flights

WHAT may turn out to be the liveliest game of the New York professional season was played out at Dexter Park, in Queens, one of those frosty nights last week. Nine touchdowns and a field goal were scored in the course of the evening. The occasion was a visit paid by the Newark Bears, last year's champions of the American Football Association, to the home grounds of the Long Island Indians. Newark won handily enough, 44–21, but the Indians didn't look bad for a team that was playing only the third formal game of its career.

The man who got the idea that what New York needed was more night professional football is William Shea, an insurance man down on lower Broadway, but the team he organized not so long ago is called "Tom Shaw's Indians" by a lot of the oldsters around town. They're referring to Shea's father-in-law, Tom Shaw, a tall, spare, pleasant-spoken man who used to be a familiar figure in the old betting rings at the New York race tracks and whose winter book on the Kentucky Derby was considered the definitive work of its kind. Shaw admits to having an enormous interest in the Indians, but insists it's sentimental rather than financial. He says he loves to watch football. Right now, you'll find him in a box at Belmont any afternoon, but you'll also find him at all of the Indians' games. Though he hasn't noticed any of his old clients in the stands yet, a number of his racing cronies show up. That helps, of course, expenses being what they are. It costs the Indians $3,000 a night to get the curtain up.

Shea tried to buy the vacant Boston franchise of the National Football League for the team, but couldn't, so he got an American Association berth. All by himself, he picked up the players—Bill Karpus, a National alumnus; Dick Tuckey, of Manhattan College; and Hershel Mosley, of Alabama, are the best—the coach, the trainer, and, in fact, everything but the name of the club. Some sportswriter on a Long Island paper thought that up for him. Shea persuaded Tuss McLaughry, who at the time was conditioning the College All-Stars for the charity game at the Polo Grounds, to let the two squads scrimmage against each other. Then, after a couple of exhibition games, the Indians were ready for their début. They hadn't been scored on up to the night they met the Bears. Shaw thinks the Indians could beat at least two teams in the National League—the Eagles and the Dodgers. Professional opinion would appear to be almost as flattering: one of the newer coaches in the National League and the entrepreneur of a team over in Jersey have both made efforts to snaffle a few Indians for their own squads.

I HAVE no idea whether N.Y.U. without Ed Boell in the backfield is as good as it used to be with him, principally because N.Y.U. chose to start off its season with Pennsylvania Military College. P.M.C. can turn out a dandy little polo team almost any year, but the school really doesn't play the kind of football calculated to give N.Y.U. a busy afternoon.

The best early-season college game is usually down at Annapolis, between Navy and William & Mary, a fact which seems to have got around considerably, for 21,000 people, besides me, turned out to see this year's renewal. William & Mary led by a point until well into the third quarter, or until its first team began to get tired. After that, Navy's coach, Emery Larson, who had been literally tearing his hair out as he paced the sidelines, was able to sit down and get a rest. Navy, which looks to be knee-deep in material (those "Uncle Sam needs you" posters must be working), may finally be ready to live up to expectations again. I think that Eugene Flathmann, a 250-pounder from Clemson College; John Harrell, intercollegiate heavyweight wrestling champion, from Oklahoma A. & M.; and Ed Svendsen, from Minnesota, will help a lot. Those teams which always seem to have trouble defending themselves against left-handed passing will be sorry to hear that Larson has a whole battery of southpaws—Boothe, whom you should all remember from last year; Clark; and Cameron. So far, Cameron, who is ambidextrous, throws better with his right hand than with his left, but say, Navy can't expect to have everything its own way right off the bat.

—J. W. L.

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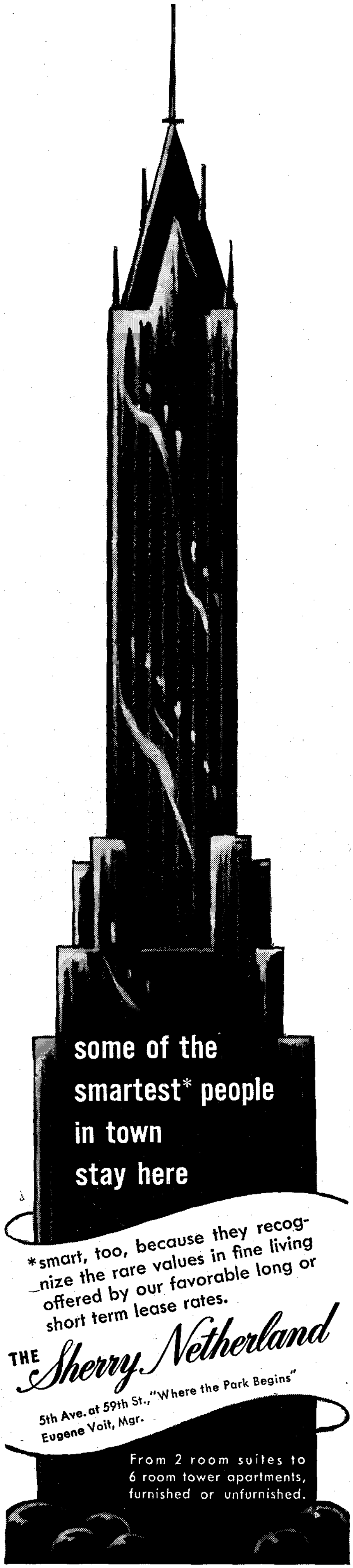
There was surprise on his chin.—*From "The So Blue Marble," by Dorothy B. Hughes.*

Better than egg, anyway.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THE ART GALLERIES

The Season's On

THE Associated American Artists have opened with their first fall exhibition, the occasion being An American Group's annual membership show of paintings and sculptures. It closes this Saturday. In some ways it's an oddly appropriate start for what may well be a curious season. Last year, too, there was a war, but it was still in its waiting phase, and after a month or two of uncertainty in the early fall, life on Fifty-seventh Street, at least, settled down much as always, and shipments of new paintings came over more or less unhindered from abroad. Now, however, with Holland (where an interesting young group of painters seemed to be developing) and Belgium overrun by the Germans, with most of France occupied and her artists scattered, and with a double blockade in operation over all the rest of Europe, it is difficult to see where any foreign art is to come from.

I doubt whether the lack is going to be very apparent at first. There will still be big shows of the great French and other European painters from time to time, and for these the American private collections will be ransacked as never before—there are, of course, now enough masterpieces in this country to keep us all busy and satisfied for years to come, if need be. But masterpieces are one thing and new work is another, and for all its gropingness the latter has a warmth and immediacy that in the long run the other can never make up for. It's my guess that if the war continues, we shall have to turn more and more to contemporary American painting to compensate for that lack. The change won't be easy. Confronted with the confused panorama of American art today, both critics and public will be faced with the problem of forming opinions on a system of schools and techniques which is itself in process of formation. Instead of merely accepting a Rouault or a Matisse at its prescribed evaluation, we shall have to set ourselves to deciding just where such a fellow as, say, James Guy or Bruce Mitchell is really going, and why.

The change won't be too easy for American artists, either. It will be in a sense a break for them, to be sure, particularly for those who have complained that they were being discriminated against in favor of foreign importations. But it will put a strain on them, too—to prove that the boldness and "native" feeling and all the other qualities that have variously been claimed for them can take the place of the sophistication and finish of their rivals abroad. Don't put me down as doubting that they will be able to do so. I think, on the whole, they will. But whatever the result, I believe it would be well for us to remember occasionally, if the war continues—or, worse, if there is a quick Hitler victory—that there are still artists in Europe and that many more young fellows there might have become artists if some such accident as a bomb splinter or belonging to the wrong race or nation hadn't intervened.

So much for prediction, all of which may turn out to be a mistake. Meantime, at least from the standpoint of quality, one could hardly ask for a more encouraging introduction to the season than the Group's collection at the Associated American Artists. Some fifty pieces are included, and though only a fraction of these are sculptures, even this department contains several items worth anybody's attention—most notably Chaim Gross's well-planned, subtly balanced "The Black Figure" and Minna Harkavy's sensitive "Head of Poet."

It's the painting that dominates the show, however, with a healthy variety of styles and a maturity of craftsmanship which I think will delight you. Just about every school is represented, from the modified Impressionism of Louis Bouché's serene, swimmingly sunny "Kingston Ferry" (what is it that makes even the most commonplace of his scenes so memorable?), through the abstractions of Stuart Davis and Francis Criss, to the extreme realism of Katherine Schmidt's tight little still life called "Used, Broken and Old." The Davis creation, called "Hot Still-Scape" (and a kaleidoscope of color if you ever saw one), is among his most striking ventures, and though its forms seem perhaps too baldly repetitive to carry the weight of tonal intensity he has put on them, I must say I was impressed by the daring and dash of this picture.

All three Soyer brothers are in the show. This time, I think, Isaac carries off the family honors, with his perceptively casual "Office Girls," though the race is close. I liked, too, Eugene Ludins' provocative essay in romantic surrealism called "Interlude," as well as Anton Refregier's deeply felt figure of Moses called "Let My People Go." There's a fine Niles Spencer, "From the Race Road," which shows to the full his ability to summarize the significant aspects of a landscape and place them in ordered array on canvas. The catalogue says that this is the Group's tenth anniversary, and so it is. How time flies! But they at least have cause to celebrate.

AT the A.C.A., through next Friday, there's a selection of paintings by Philip Evergood, Mervin Jules, William Gropper, and others. The collection is notable chiefly for Gropper's sparkling story of a little boy, called "Hallowe'en," and Philip Evergood's really brilliant and practically complete dissection of pomposity called "The Big Noise." . . . Georgette Passedoit is showing, at the moment, a collection of paintings by European and American artists, together with sculptures by José de Creeft. The sculpture is almost all excellent. A suavely handled "Madonna" and a bolder "Head of Peasant" in particular show how well this sculptor can bring modern feeling to bear on archaic construction. Though there's nothing of great account among the oils, there are a couple of early Chiricos to give the show perspective, as well as a nice "View of Pont-Aven" by Ortiz and, among the Americans, a meticulously painted but somehow fresh-looking flower study, called "Gloxinias," by Henrietta Shore.

—Robert M. Coates

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MISS CRAWFORD TAKES UP THE DRAMA

[*Irene Thirer in the Post*]

Joan Crawford would like to point out to those skeptics who haven't taken her search for a "perfect play" seriously, that she isn't fooling at all.

Surely "I've looked at hundreds of manuscripts in the past three years," she admitted—meanwhile dabbing on mild mascara, and changing from a yellow print and tomato red negligee into a form-fitting black street dress, and giving a final fluffing to her chestnut brown hair "which I always curl myself, only today the result seems to be better than usual," and slipping on sandals with four-inch heels, to bring her height up to five feet-eight (you'd never think she's as little as she actually is in her stockings), and finally donning a bright red top-hat called "Alarm" by its creator, and calling your interviewer's attention to two others: one, The Baker's Wife—In Town (blue felt, bonnet shape); the other, The Baker's Wife—In Country (white pique bonnet shape).

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THE LAW AND MR. LI

Mr. Vipond, the office manager, sat in his glass-walled quarters adjoining Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore's reception room, which an ingenious decorator had turned into a fairly convincing replica of a Pompeian court, and carefully appraised his visitor, a young Chinese. Mr. Li Yu-lin had an alert, intelligent face and spoke very good English. His clothes were inexpensive but very trim. As he had just finished explaining to the office manager, he was a student at Cornell Medical College. Mr. Vipond was puzzled; this was not at all the sort of client to which his firm was accustomed. Moreover, Mr. Li had said that he was calling to obtain legal advice about a problem concerning citizenship, and Forbes, Hathaway could hardly be expected to take a very lively interest in a matter of that nature. Everything about the young man demonstrated that he was naïvely unaware not only of the kind of law office he had come to but of what would probably be considered a minimum retainer in those parts.

"I'm afraid I really don't see how we can help you," said Mr. Vipond. "To be perfectly frank, cases pertaining to immigration aren't in our line." He frowned. "I gather that you were born in this country, for, as of course you know, America doesn't extend citizenship to persons of Chinese birth. Very likely some federal agency can give you the advice you need." He decided that perhaps Mr. Li had run into some sort of difficulty in trying to prove his origin to the satisfaction of the authorities.

Mr. Li hastened to explain that he was not making the inquiry for himself, inasmuch as he was by birth a Chinese citizen. He said that he was acting in behalf of a friend who had been born in Seattle but whose parents had returned to China shortly afterward, taking the child with them.

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Vipond. "There's really nothing we can do. Our business is of a very different nature, you see." Suddenly an interesting thought occurred to him. It might be that Li Yu-lin had a patron; possibly one of Forbes, Hathaway's clients had become interested in International House or something of the sort. The young man had not yet indicated this, but it might easily be the case. "Tell me, how did you happen to come to us?" Mr. Vipond asked cordially. "Were we recommended to you by someone who knows us?"

The visitor said that he had become familiar with Forbes, Hathaway solely through reading about the firm in the newspapers in connection with an important case that a member of the firm had recently won.

"I was hopeful," he said, "that I, too, could secure a lawyer of such distinction."

The situation, Mr. Vipond felt, was becoming absurd. "If I may make a suggestion," he said, rising, "I suspect that you had better consult some person or persons who make a specialty of the law as it pertains to immigration. If not a federal agency, a charitable organization that renders legal aid in such matters, or perhaps a lawyer whose fee would not be prohibitive. I'll be glad to see if I can find the name of someone who might be able to help you. Will you wait in the reception room?" Mr. Vipond nodded toward the grandeur that lay beyond the glass wall and went in search of advice.

At the head of a corridor along which some of Forbes, Hathaway's lesser associates were stabled, he paused to reflect. Immigration came under the jurisdiction of the Department of Labor. Who had had the most extensive dealings with the Department of Labor? Probably Henry Devore and his teammate, young Latimer. He wasn't going to bother either of *them*, certainly. Their secretaries might know, however. Devore and Latimer worked in the field of corporation law and their dealings with the Department of Labor had been chiefly with the Labor Relations Board, but it would do no harm to drop in and ask Miss Deevey. The truth was, Mr. Vipond had begun to think rather highly of his Good Samaritan impulse—so highly that he would have regretted going back to the reception room without a helpful message of some kind.

Since Mr. Devore himself happened to be rummaging through a filing cabinet in Miss Deevey's office when Mr. Vipond entered, the office manager threw a little extra pathos into his voice for dramatic effect.

"Miss Deevey, whom could a young Chinese medical student consult with reference to establishing the citizenship of one of his friends? As I understand it, his friend was born in the United States but shortly afterward was taken back to China by his parents. There now seems to be some difficulty about proving his true status. It isn't a case for us, of course, but I want to do what I can for the poor lad out there in the reception room." He had begun to look very benign. "I was thinking that there might be some branch of the Department of Labor he could go to, or perhaps a charitable foundation. Is there anything you can suggest?"

Unfortunately, the benevolent tone and the air of *noblesse oblige* that Mr. Vipond had used were looked upon by Mr. Devore as his own particular property. He made up his mind at once. The interview would take only a moment and it would be something to mention casually at the Fravells' dinner that night, with an implication that such instances of generosity were everyday occurrences as far as he was concerned.

"Send the young man in here, Vipond," he said amiably. "After all, one has a certain obligation to society, hasn't one?" Miss Deevey seemed startled. "I seldom find as many opportunities as I could wish to help those who don't come inside what I might describe as my legal bailiwick. There's no reason why I shouldn't give a few minutes, at least, to—what's the boy's name?"

"Li Yu-lin," said Mr. Vipond, managing to conceal his annoyance. "Are you sure you don't want me to take care of him?"

Mr. Devore smiled. "Perhaps," he said with dangerous good humor, "it would be more advisable for him to consult a member of the bar."

Since Mr. Vipond was not a lawyer but a greeter, Mr. Devore's point was technically unassailable. The office manager retired to the reception room a trifle sulkily. Once there, however, he adopted the kindly air of a governor granting a pardon.

"I find that I *can* do something for you," he told Mr. Li, "although I don't know just how much. I've asked Mr. Devore, one of our partners, to talk things over with you. Will you come with me?"

Mr. Devore, who had read with interest a *Saturday Evening Post* article on China a night or two before and as a result felt unusually well informed about the Orient, welcomed Mr. Li with great courtesy. "Sit down, Mr. Li," he said, "and let me hear your story in your own words." He took the precaution of looking at his watch and then settled himself to hear what he hoped would be an interesting tale of illegitimacy.

"I was born in Hosiang, a small village in Shantung Province," Mr. Li began. "While I was a child, I became acquainted with Su Pei-cheng, whose parents had left our village and gone to America—to Seattle—where Su Pei-cheng was born. Not long after his birth, however, his parents returned to Hosiang, bringing little Pei-cheng with them. When he grew up, he too went away from China, expecting someday to claim his American citizenship. Recently he tried to do so, but, alas, there were obstacles, for the city of Seattle required him to produce evidence that he was the child of the same Mr. and Mrs. Su who had returned to Hosiang."

"Couldn't he produce this evidence?" asked Mr. Devore.

"No, sir. Unluckily, the papers belonging to the Su family have been destroyed by fire and Su Pei-cheng's passport, which would easily serve as identification, was stolen while he was away from China. Last year our village was attacked by the Japanese and all the members of the Su family were killed. Almost everyone in Hosiang was killed. It was very terrible. I am one of the few remaining residents of Hosiang, and the only one now in the United States who can establish the identity of Su Pei-cheng. It is something I am most anxious to do."

"Is this friend of yours in America now?" Mr. Devore inquired. The story hadn't proved entertaining after all. Merely gruesome.

"No, sir," Li Yu-lin sighed. "When Pei-cheng attempted to establish himself as a citizen he was living in England. He is still there. He writes that if I will swear to his identity, the authorities will perhaps agree to recognize him as the son of Su Hai-sen of Hosiang."

"I see," said Mr. Devore. He hoped the recital was over.

"Su Pei-cheng is a very good man," said Mr. Li with enthusiasm. "A very good man. I have promised to do all that I can to help him."

"I'm sure you have," said Mr. Devore, rather dryly. "You are his *fidus Achates*, it would seem."

"*Non dignus sum*," Mr. Li replied courteously, with a deprecatory bow.

Mr. Devore had not supposed that he was launching a purely classical conversation and was somewhat taken aback. "If the Department of Labor were to take down in shorthand your oral description of the streets of your village, the position of the houses, and other facts, that description would tally with an oral

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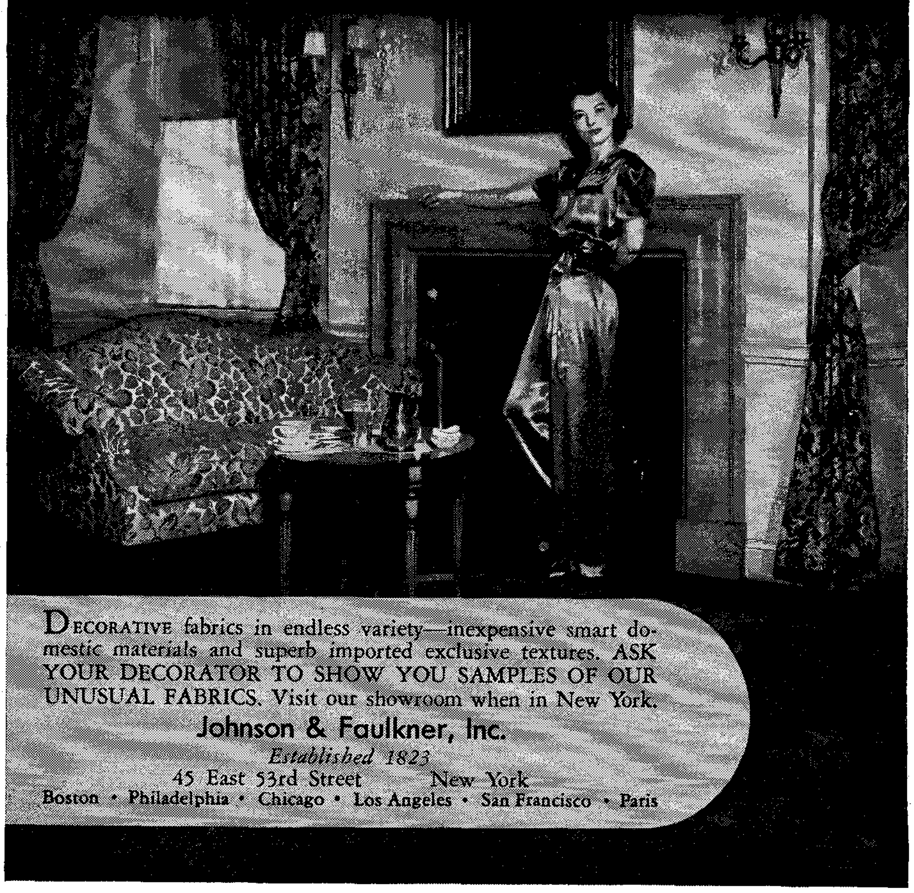

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account your friend might be asked to give before an American consul?"

"Oh, yes!" Li Yu-lin exclaimed.

"Such corroboration might be deemed necessary," the lawyer said. "On the other hand, it might not. Although this sort of thing is quite outside my particular field, I think I may possibly be able to advise you." Mr. Devore wrote a name and an address on a slip of paper. "When you have made out an affidavit telling all you know about your friend's origin and background, together with a sketch of your own life, and have had the document witnessed by a notary public, I suggest that you forward it to this man, whose name I am giving you, in the Department of Labor. I also suggest that you ask him to get in touch with the American consulate nearest wherever your friend is living and arrange for an exchange of memoranda on the case. If this man feels that your friend's credentials are valid, he'll see the whole thing through. In the event that this happens, your friend needn't worry about the Seattle authorities. They take their orders from the Labor Department."

Mr. Li was profoundly touched. He assured Mr. Devore that it was impossible for one of his own limited eloquence to convey the expression of gratitude that the occasion warranted. Mr. Devore listened with some satisfaction and bestowed his most patriarchal smile on the young man.

"I'm glad to have had this opportunity," he said, becoming an ambassador-at-large, "of showing my sympathy, my very real sympathy, for the people of your unfortunate country. This consultation will, of course, involve no fee. I should like to consider it a little gesture indicative of my personal feelings."

Li Yu-lin rose and this time made an even lower bow than before. Mr. Devore stood up and graciously inclined his head. Now that the affair had been concluded, he glanced at his watch and was pleased to discover that the interview had taken very little time.

"You may be sure that Su Pei-cheng will write you a letter," Mr. Li said, "to tell you of his great joy when he learns of your helpfulness and your generosity."

As he shook hands with Mr. Li, Mr. Devore felt increasingly pleased with what he had done. For one thing, he had shown that a corporation lawyer need not necessarily be motivated by cupidity, as so many persons seemed to believe. He rather regretted that there was no way of making his action known to the general public.

"Has your friend been able to get along all right in England?" he asked solicitously. "Is he gainfully employed?"

Mr. Li seemed surprised. Then he smiled warmly. "How good of you to ask," he said, "and how stupid of me not to have explained. Pei-cheng is not employed at all."

"Oh," said Mr. Devore, "how unfortunate!" A note of severity entered his voice.

Mr. Li sighed. "I have explained everything so inadequately," he said. "Pei-cheng formerly employed many persons himself, but at present he is busy liquidating his business interests and his investments. He desires to put as much money as possible at the disposal of our government. Pei-cheng is a very patriotic man."

"Is he?" said Mr. Devore, dazed.

"Oh, such a patriotic man!" Mr. Li assured him. "It has been many years since Su Pei-cheng left Hosiang to live in England, and he has been most fortunate in his activities on the London Exchange. He has been able to acquire many shares in Argentine railways, as well as in various other South American enterprises."

"Argentine railways!" gasped Mr. Devore.

"Yes," said the young man. His face was radiant. "Pei-cheng's contribution to the Chinese cause will be extremely welcome. It is a privilege for me to be of assistance to one who loves China so dearly, although he was born a citizen of your own beautiful country." This was followed, rather inevitably, by a bow. Li Yu-lin did not seem to notice that Mr. Devore was speechless with astonishment and, indeed, that he had grasped the back of a chair for support.

"He will write you a letter," said Mr. Li fervently, "but I—*I* must do something, too." He thought about it for a moment and then beamed. "I shall have the honor of sending you a box of very unworthy tea."

With a series of bows, he departed.

—James Reid Parker

● ●

SCIENCE KEEPS MARCHING ON

A Record of Some Significant Discoveries Which Have Been Added to Mankind's Store of Knowledge During the Past Several Months

Discovery	Discoverer
Honeybees become ill-tempered in high altitudes.	Dr. J. E. Eckert of the University of California
Milkweed contains eight times as much vitamin C as spinach.	Professor R. C. Burrell of Ohio State University
When people experience anger, the temperature of their fingers drops 7° Fahrenheit.	Dr. Harold G. Wolff of Cornell University
Sparrows cannot hear sounds pitched lower than two octaves above middle C.	Albert R. Brand of Cornell University
Cows drink less water when the temperature goes above 80° Fahrenheit.	S. W. Mead of the University of California
A housefly's wings beat ten times as fast as those of a gull.	Dr. L. E. Chadwick of Harvard University
Female canaries will sing if male hormones are injected into them.	Dr. Samuel L. Leonard of Rutgers University
Chameleons can be made to change color by putting goggles of tinted cellophane over their eyes.	Dr. F. H. Wilson of Tulane University
The average human hair has a diameter of .0025 of an inch.	Dr. Clark Wissler of the American Museum of Natural History

—W. E. Farbstein

HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

The Real Thing

FOX-HUNTING folk patted one another on the back when Mansfield Park finished first, just half a length in front of Henchman, to win the forty-second running of the Meadow Brook Cup on F. Ambrose Clark's estate at Westbury last week. Both the winner and the runner-up are bona-fide hunting horses who followed hounds for years before they ever entered a race, and their success at Westbury meant a great deal to those who hold that it's not fair for former flat racers, with their presumably superior speed but no experience in hunting, to compete against real hunters. You may recall that some conservatives were upset when the great Billy Barton was allowed to enter the 1927 Meadow Brook Cup, which he won. They felt that he should have been barred because of his earlier career on the flat. As one Master of Hounds remarked last week, "Those solid timber fences weren't meant to be jumped in Derby time."

Although Mansfield Park, who is owned by Paul G. Daly of Westport, Connecticut, is eleven years old, he never raced until last spring. For some time he had been known as a safe jumper who could outrun any mount he hunted with, and Daly decided to give him a whirl at hunt racing. At first, it looked as though Daly had made a bad guess. In Mansfield Park's first race—the Sandhills Cup, in North Carolina, last March—he left the post at a terrific pace, disregarding whatever plans his jockey, Frank Powers, may have had for him, and was leading the field by nearly half a mile when, between fences, he twisted somehow and unseated his rider. He dashed off again in the Carolina Cup and was leading by twenty lengths when, for no apparent reason, he stopped short and refused to jump. Henry Frost, Jr., who trains and rides him now, says that Mansfield Park was not only a green racer at the time but was suffering from a sore back which was irritated by the saddle. A veterinary fixed the animal up during the summer and a few weeks ago Mansfield Park won the Whitemarsh

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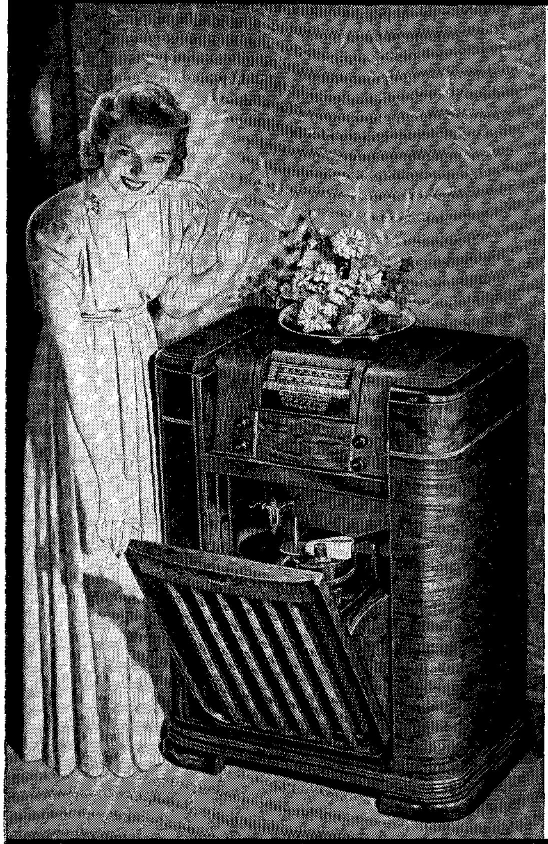

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Cup, in Whitemarsh Valley, Pennsylvania.

HENCHMAN also won a race on the Whitemarsh Valley program—the Pennsylvania Hunt Cup. He is owned by William J. Clothier of Philadelphia, who paid only $150 for him. The horse was one of six Clothier picked up for his hunting staff some time ago at a public sale on Philadelphia's Main Line, and his first race was in the Radnor Hunt Cup last May. Like Mansfield Park, he ran away, but his rider remained in the saddle, and at one point Henchman was leading the large field by fifteen lengths. He was a thoroughly tired horse at the end of the four miles, but won by a head from Comonhome. In the Meadow Brook Cup, with Ned Owen up, he went to the front again and might have won if the finish of the race hadn't been down a long hill. Mansfield Park, who had been laying off the pace, came down that hill like a box car loose on a mountain railway, caught Henchman at the final fence, and just managed to win by a neck. The remainder of the field of eight didn't have a chance.

MRS. LEWIS A. PARK's Crooked Wood won the Hayes Memorial Brush Race at Westbury, just as everybody thought he would, but no one except his owner made any money on the event because there were no pari-mutuel machines, and bookmakers, of course, weren't allowed to operate. Somebody—Mr. Clark, I presume—had a staff of Pinkerton men on hand to see that the law was obeyed, and about the best race of the day was between a bookie and one of the private agents. When last seen, the two were headed at top speed for the woods.

AS you probably know, motors are not allowed within a mile of the Meadow Brook course: people either walk to it or come in road coaches, buggies, and other horse-drawn vehicles. One up-to-the-minute gentleman I saw approached the course in an old-fashioned gig with a portable radio turned on and bawling out the news of the day from behind the dashboard. His horse didn't seem to mind at all.

—T. O'R.

●

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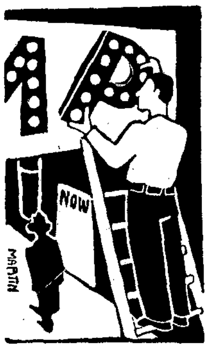
Well, not *very* offensive.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Waltzes and Congas

NO young lady today seems to be turning out more pleasantly than Deanna Durbin. Mr. Pasternak, the gentleman who discovered her ability and has guided her career, ought to be proud of her. "Spring Parade," a trifle now showing with Miss Deanna much in evidence, waltzes easily along with a properly absurd story and not the slightest sense of effort; it provides the most satisfactory kind of diversion for an off afternoon, and should even relax excitable types who must go to the movies in the morning. There's a Vienna setting, old Strauss Vienna, and naturally a good dosage of "The Blue Danube," which Deanna can take with a pretty swing and a nice lilt. That a kindly impulse and a paternalistic spasm on the part of Franz Josef solve the lovers' misunderstanding should indicate enough about the story for most people, and "The Blue Danube" cult will gather at once that none of the conventions of such musical movies and none of the romantic opportunities have been slighted. The film is about the lightest bit of fluff the Durbin girl has appeared in, and it is also about the most graceful and generally agreeable vehicle built for her. Of course, if you have an antipathy to "The Blue Danube," if, for instance, that particular melody happens to be associated in your mind with an embarrassing experience of some sort, you had better stay home and wait for Miss Durbin's next offering. "Spring Parade" is designed for waltz-lovers and "Blue Danube" devotees, of whom there are still many, not all of them senile, either.



THE world moves fast, but not an M-G-M musical. "Strike Up the Band" ought to take care of all those people who can't stand a waltz and love a conga. There is a remarkable conga, I might say at once, interpreted by Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. These youngsters are wonders and one may gape and gasp at the sight of their tireless exuberance. They handle every one of what are called in the business the numbers with a dexterity and skill that might abash the Lunts. They even seem to survive the tremendous finale devised for them, a finale which sends the audience, I think, out into the open stunned, to meet whatever personal problems a human being may have upon this earth. The numbers have their quality, and it's a pleasure, too, to run upon Paul Whiteman and his band in the course of the hurly-burly.

Yet I don't suppose that the numbers actually take up half the film's run. It's a longish film, nearly two hours, and it is amazing how much the scenario-writers have managed to squeeze into the dialogue. I can recall various subjects discussed with great deliberation, such as mother love and that other kind of love, too. There is a situation, entirely irrelevant to the plot, involving a crippled school friend. There is endless dissertation about high-school policies, the decision of a youth to become a drummer in a band instead of a doctor, and carfare trouble. We are reminded, as we look upon a serious Mickey, that "a great man is only the reflection of a great boy." In the midst of all this grave gabble, these young people can lurch forward in a nice conga, a smart song called "Our Love Affair," some bits of Gershwin music, and a lively parody of a grand old melodrama.

THE other films are different affairs. "Time in the Sun," an Eisenstein picture, would appear to be some leftover scraps from his Mexican enterprise of a few years ago. A certain Marie Seton has evidently collected what she could from his files and put them together to make this picture, which touches upon the history of the country from the days of the Aztecs to the revolution of the peons. Sometimes one feels that the film lacks animation, and some of the extracts seem more like stills than anything else. The Eisenstein sense of the beautiful and magnificent is perceptible, however, and there is a scene of peon torture which is anything but lifeless. . . . Mrs. Martin Johnson has collected extracts from her late husband's and her own travelogues and made them into a complete picture called "I Married Adventure." She has done it very well, and Borneo and Africa appear the most suitable background for a happy married couple one could imagine, with many an odd pet available.

—JOHN MOSHER

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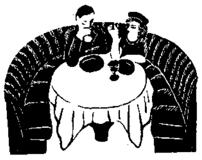
Here We Go Again



Night-Club managers, evidently assuming that the town is going to be full of gay dogs over thirty-five all winter, foresee a big season and have made an early start on it. The proprietors of many of the established places were still dusting off their headwaiters when several new spots got under way. Among the first of these was Spivy's Roof, located, peculiarly, on the top of an office building at 139 East Fifty-seventh Street. If you have no objections to being frivolous in such surroundings—and, after all, there's the Rainbow Room for a lofty precedent—you ought to like it here. Spivy has transformed the roof into a bright, gay spot (which must be astonishing some of her old friends from the back room at Tony's) with a patriotic color scheme and a lighting system that might advantageously be studied by all apprentices in the night-club-lighting guilds. Everything in the place is red, white, and blue, except, of course, Spivy herself, whose patriotism is most vividly exhibited in a number she sings about a couple of girls, named Nellie and Annie, on parade. She has several new songs and she hasn't forgotten her old ones, or how to play her singularly slapdash piano. At the moment she has with her the likable singing team of Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen, who specialize in such rhythmic ditties as "It Must Be Religion, 'Cause It Makes Me Feel So Good." By the way, though Spivy's is run along regular supper-club lines—entertainment at unscheduled intervals, no dancing, and don't crook your elbow carelessly or you'll injure your neighbor—it has, irregularly, an awninged terrace where there are endless quantities of fresh air. I don't imagine the terrace will be heavily patronized when the snow starts to fall on Fifty-seventh Street, but it's nice to know you can escape briefly from that cooped-up feeling most supper clubs give you—or me, anyway.

A COUPLE of other new places make it plain that there's going to be no letup in the trend toward the tropics. Both of these—the Club Cuba, on East Fifty-fourth Street, and the Pago Pago Club, a block north—are on sites which were not at all tropical last year. The management of the Cuba, where the Nine o' Clock Club used to be, has redecorated and, incidentally, improved the premises. Having developed a mild phobia against imitation palm trees in night clubs—especially in midwinter, when they merely serve to remind me that some of my more fortunate friends are within waltzing distance of real ones—I was glad to see that they go no further here in that decorative misdirection than to include a rather underdeveloped frond or two in one of the murals. There are a couple of rumba bands here. I especially liked the one called Machito's, which not only provides excellent Cuban music but has in its ranks a dusky young lady who is doing a creditable job of disproving the notion that a conga drum can be expertly beaten by men alone.

The Pago Pago is in the old quarters of the American Music Hall, and you'd never recognize the place. There is a substantial quota of palms, complete with illuminated coconuts, and, as something of a novelty, there are thatched roofs shading the corner tables from the hot glare of the ceiling. Never having been to Pago Pago, not even when it played at the Music Hall, I have no idea how authentic these trimmings are, but that doesn't really matter. Our Pago Pago is typical, at any rate, of the kind of palmy nook that for some time now has been sprouting up all over town. The night I was there, the show was strictly American, consisting principally of a dance team and a society singer. Now, how did they ever dream up a combination like that?

THOUGH it would be sacrilege to speak of Larue as new, since many of its loyal patrons regard it as a secondary home, the fact remains that its shiny remodelled interior, courtesy of Norman Bel Geddes, is bound to startle some of the folks accustomed to its former Victorian sedateness. Mirrored ceilings, bright metallic discs sprinkled about the walls, and other such Geddes innovations haven't, however, changed the essential Larue character. Perhaps as a reassuring note, the management has made no changes in the musical department, which is still directed by Joseph C. Smith and Eddie Davis, whose orchestras are both admirably subdued and pleasant to dance to.

TO return to the tropics, one of the best of the older Latin places right now is La Conga, on West Fifty-first

Street. Eddie LeBaron, who was getting to be a fixture at the Rainbow Room, has brought his boys down to earth for a change, and the show he introduces is a fine one, with its six handsome and lively conga dancers, and Harris, Claire, and Shannon, a trio of ballroom dancers. Maneuvering two partners as easily as most professionals do one small girl, Mr. Harris, an importation from Europe, performs gracefully, with the effortless timing that distinguishes the few good dance teams from the many poor ones. Harris does not appear to be an especially stalwart fellow, but he flips both girls around in the air at once as readily as you might a pair of gloves.

At La Martinique, which hasn't changed by so much as a single sailor's stripe on a waiter's sleeve, the customers are still providing a good deal of entertainment. For some reason, probably the excellent music, this place always attracts a flock of competent amateur rumba and conga practitioners whose efforts are well worth watching. The official show is notable chiefly for Carlos Ramirez, a South American opera singer with an uninhibited baritone voice, who shifts skillfully and without hesitation from "I'll Never Smile Again" to snatches of "Pagliacci." I kept thinking all through his performance that it was ridiculous for an opera singer to use a microphone, and when Señor Ramirez finally gave an encore without it, he proved I was right.

The Hurricane, at Broadway and Forty-ninth, is tropical, and all right in the fashion of its neighborhood. I could get along, though, without such Broadway by-products as the inevitable girl photographer who cannot comprehend the unwillingness of a man to have his picture taken at random. Here you'll find Romo Vincent, a gentleman from the Middle West who, I understand, is supposed to be a new comical sensation, or sensational comic. He is undeniably a jolly, fat fellow with an occasionally expressive face, but he depends too much for his laughs on the fact that he is overweight, which, after all, might happen to anybody. The only man who has ever really amused me by dwelling on his own anatomical peculiarities is Jimmy Durante, a sensational comic.

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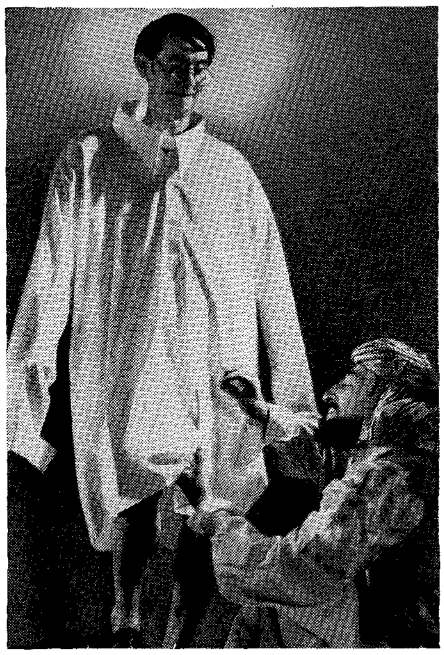
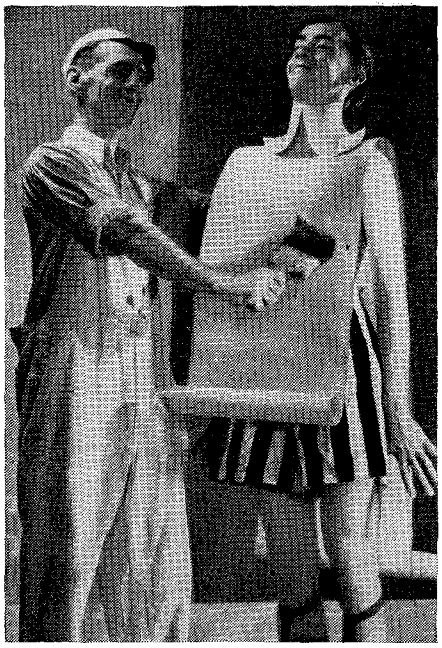


1. **OMAR THE TENTMAKER** could make you nifty little shirts like this. Our advice is: Buy tents from Omar—buy shirts from Arrow. Their "Mitoga" figure-fit is shaped to the lines of your body.

2. **HENRY THE HARNESS MAKER** could turn out a nice, roomy collar for you. Take a tip: Buy harness from Henry—buy shirts from Arrow. They have perfect-fitting, perfect-looking Arrow collars.



3. **PETE THE PAPER HANGER'S** shirts'd fit like paper on the wall. Let Pete hang paper—buy Arrow Shirts. They're Sanforized-Shrunk (fabric shrinkage less than 1%)—*always* fit comfortably —*never* shrink out of fit.

4. **YOU WANT** the perfect fit and looks Arrow Shirts give you. Ask for Arrow Hitt (fine broadcloth, non-wilt collar) $2—or Arrow Dale (superfine broadcloth with non-wilt collar) $2.50. Other Arrow Shirts, $2 up.

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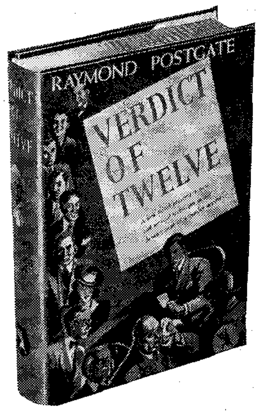
The New Yorker started this book . . .



. . . with this enthusiastic review by Sally Benson: "It seems more than likely that VERDICT OF TWELVE, a first novel by Raymond Postgate, will be judged the best mystery of the year and many years to come . . . VERDICT OF TWELVE is a superb piece of writing and makes other horror stories seem flat and undiscerning."

And many other reviewers gave it high praise: "Sardonic, intelligent and engrossing to the last amazing sentence!"—N. Y. *Herald-Tribune.* "Refreshing twist handled effectively and with grim realism. Gasp-producing terminal snapper!"—*Saturday Review.*

VERDICT OF 12 has been selling at the rate of 500 a week since publication date! Its unusual technique will keep you excited, tense and baffled right up to the astounding last-paragraph solution. Rush out and get your copy before the latest edition is sold out!

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BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Count Ten, by Hans Otto Storm. The author of "Pity the Tyrant" and "Made in U.S.A." comes through nobly with a formless but extremely intelligent development novel, probably autobiographical. This is the account of the education of a young engineer. The background includes a West Coast aircraft plant, a power-line construction camp, a seagoing yacht, and various mining sites in South America. Mr. Storm's continuous play of irony and his swift, clean use of the American language lift the book above others of its class. This is certainly one of the more significant novels of the season.

The Stone of Chastity, by Margery Sharp. An amiable bit of nonsense, as rowdy as it is delightful, about a professor interested in ancient folkways and a magic steppingstone that will suffer the foot of none but a virgin. The professor is nobody's fool and a sharp customer in an argument. The complications are numerous, obvious, and highly entertaining.

Mr. Littlejohn, by Martin Flavin. The story of a big businessman who walked out on it all and found that not being the president of a large company and not being the head of a household and the father of a family is a lot of fun. Mr. Littlejohn's road takes him from Newark to the West Coast; he meets a disgruntled Communist and a lady who communes with spirits, he is mistaken for a bandit, he learns a lot. A diverting peregrination, in short, if you don't mind some sermonizing here and there.

Journey Through Time, by Larry Barretto. The struggle between parents and children today. The parents in this book are accustomed to pre-depression affluence and security. Their son is geared to a new world of fear, war, and change. A vacation in Europe in the summer of 1939 brings the two ways of life into contrast in a sharply contemporary, thoughtful novel.

GENERAL

Trelawny, by Margaret Armstrong. Edward Trelawny lived the life that the romantic poets of the early nineteenth century wrote about. Handsome, dark, and mustachioed, he was the man Byron would have liked to be. He was the great friend of Shelley, an associate of Byron on his Greek expedition, and throughout his long life a vigorous, if not particularly intelligent, champion of the cause of freedom. Miss Armstrong recounts his extraordinary career with care and fidelity, although her prose suffers somewhat in comparison with Trelawny's.

I Saw It Happen in Norway, by Carl J. Hambro. The President of the Norwegian Parliament, No. 1 man after the King, recounts the story of his government's sixty-day war against the Nazis. He says flatly that there was no widespread treachery in Norway and that the Fifth Column job was done by German attachés, businessmen, and shippers. Documents and photographs.

Who Walk Alone, by Perry Burgess. Biography of an anonymous American soldier who discovered nine years after his service in the Spanish-American War that he had contracted leprosy. He found a hideout in New York but was later sent to the Philippine leper colony at Culion, where he started new industries and became a leader in the community. A gentle and profoundly affecting story, told, without horror, by the president of the American Leprosy Foundation. Photographs.

I Remember, by Abraham Flexner. Rich and leisurely autobiography of a great American educator who was instrumental in reorganizing the medical schools of the country and who helped to establish the New York Hospital-Cornell University Medical College in New York and the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. Illustrated.

Letters from the Corsican. Anonymous. As if from Les Invalides, Napoleon dispatches twenty-two letters of advice to Hitler on such subjects as the unity of Europe, the English gentleman, the value of science, and how to conquer America (very difficult, he says). Urbane, farsighted, and apparently quite in character.

Caesars in Goose Step, by William D. Bayles. This American reporter (who sometimes writes under the name of Bernard Lansing) served six years in Germany and now presents twenty character studies of Hitler, Göring, Hess, Goebbels, et al. Fresh data on the German generals, but you've seen much of the other material. However, it's well handled. Parts of the book have appeared in *Life* and *Time*. Illustrated.

SCIENCE PICTURE PARADE, by Watson Davis. Text-and-picture book covering the modern application of the sciences to industry, aviation, light, power, health, war, the weather, and so on. Sketchy writing, but the illustrations—over three hundred of them—are generally excellent.

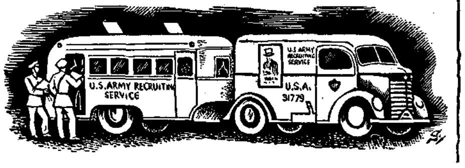
THE PORT OF GLOUCESTER, by James B. Connolly. Yarns from the adventurous history of a famous Massachusetts port: Grand Bankers, privateers, halibuters, and the rest, plus some account of the pinkies and the Essex schooners they sailed in. Journalistic style, and swift reading. First volume in the Seaport Series. Etchings by Max Kuehne.

THE MORAL BASIS OF DEMOCRACY, by Eleanor Roosevelt. Mrs. Roosevelt examines the sources of our growth as a communal and religious society, finds that "the rights of all people to some property" have often been neglected, and calls for an active moral awakening based on "a true sense of brotherhood" in democracy.

THE GREAT HATRED, by Maurice Samuel. A treatise on anti-Semitism, which the author, even before Freud, identified as concealed or subconscious hatred of Christ and the Christian morality. A moving, sometimes brilliant book, occasionally marred by overstatement.

IN THE SHADOW OF LINCOLN'S DEATH, by Otto Eisenschiml. A Lincoln authority does some fascinating detective work on the events bearing upon Lincoln's assassination: previous attempts on his life, Booth's death, the extraordinary trials of the conspirators, and so on. Prime Linconiana. Illustrated.

GOD BLESS THE DEVIL!, by James R. Aswell, Julia Willhoit, Jeannette Edwards, E. E. Miller, and Lena E. Lipscomb of the Tennessee Writers' Project. Twenty-five folk tales and tall stories in the Tennessee idiom, all about Andrew Jackson, Cap Shankle, the plague of snakes, etc. Beautiful



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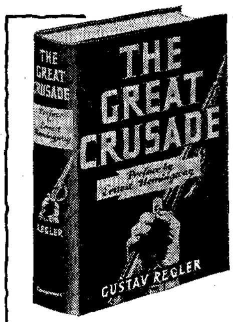

Time: "History in novel form . . . the story of the first great military action in the war against fascism, of which the Battle of Britain is the latest."—**N. Y. Times Book Review:** "A vivid story of why men fight . . . it is a book for anyone."—**N. Y. Herald Tribune Books:** "Full of personal heroism, of passionate, crusading idealism."—**Saturday Review:** "A great book about a great time."

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THE DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENTS, by Arthur E. Hertzler, M.D. The author of "The Horse and Buggy Doctor" philosophizes about his patients in childhood, adolescence, marriage, parenthood, divorce, and old age. The Doctor is fairly straitlaced, but wise and engagingly forthright.

HEAR ME, MY CHIEFS!, by Herbert Ravenel Sass. The tragic and unfamiliar history of the Indian defence of North America from Sassacus of the Pequots to Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés, told with distinction and economy by a noted student of Indian affairs. A moving book. Maps.

HOAXES, by Curtis D. MacDougall. Not merely a stupendous collection of hoaxes—all kinds, from the celebrated ones of history to suggestions for ones you might try out on your friends—but a pretty shrewd analysis of why and how they succeed. Weird pictures, too, almost as weird as some of the incredibilities Mr. MacDougall digs up.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

FAREWELL, MY LOVELY, by Raymond Chandler. Philip Marlowe, private detective, sees a murder committed, and follows the trail of the murderer through places no tourist ever visited, in this story of double-dealing in California. He is hampered in his homework by crooked police, fortune-tellers, and toughs who are stronger than he is. Loose-jointed in spots, but better than average.

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[*From the Progressive Weekly, Chester, Pa.*]

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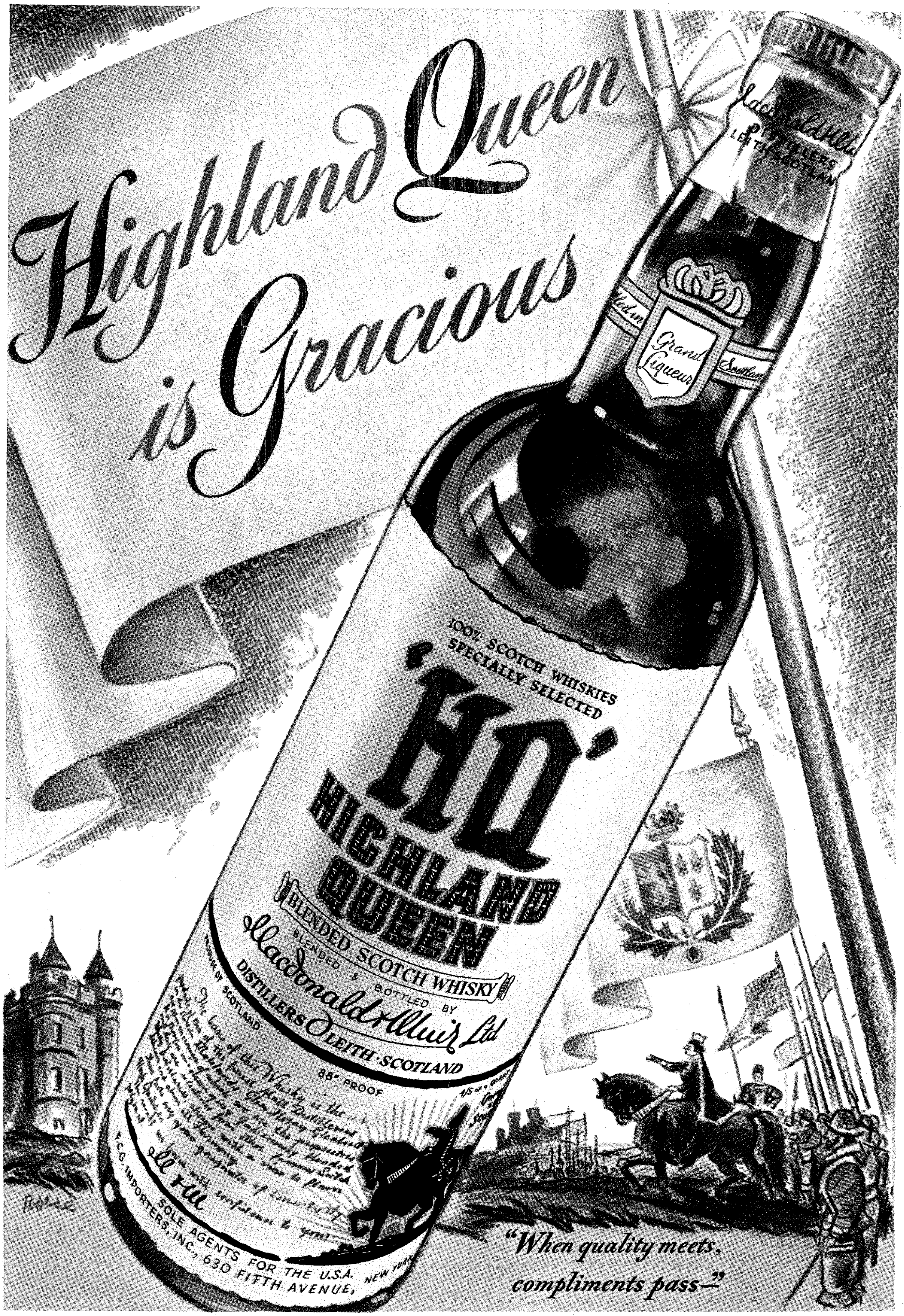
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